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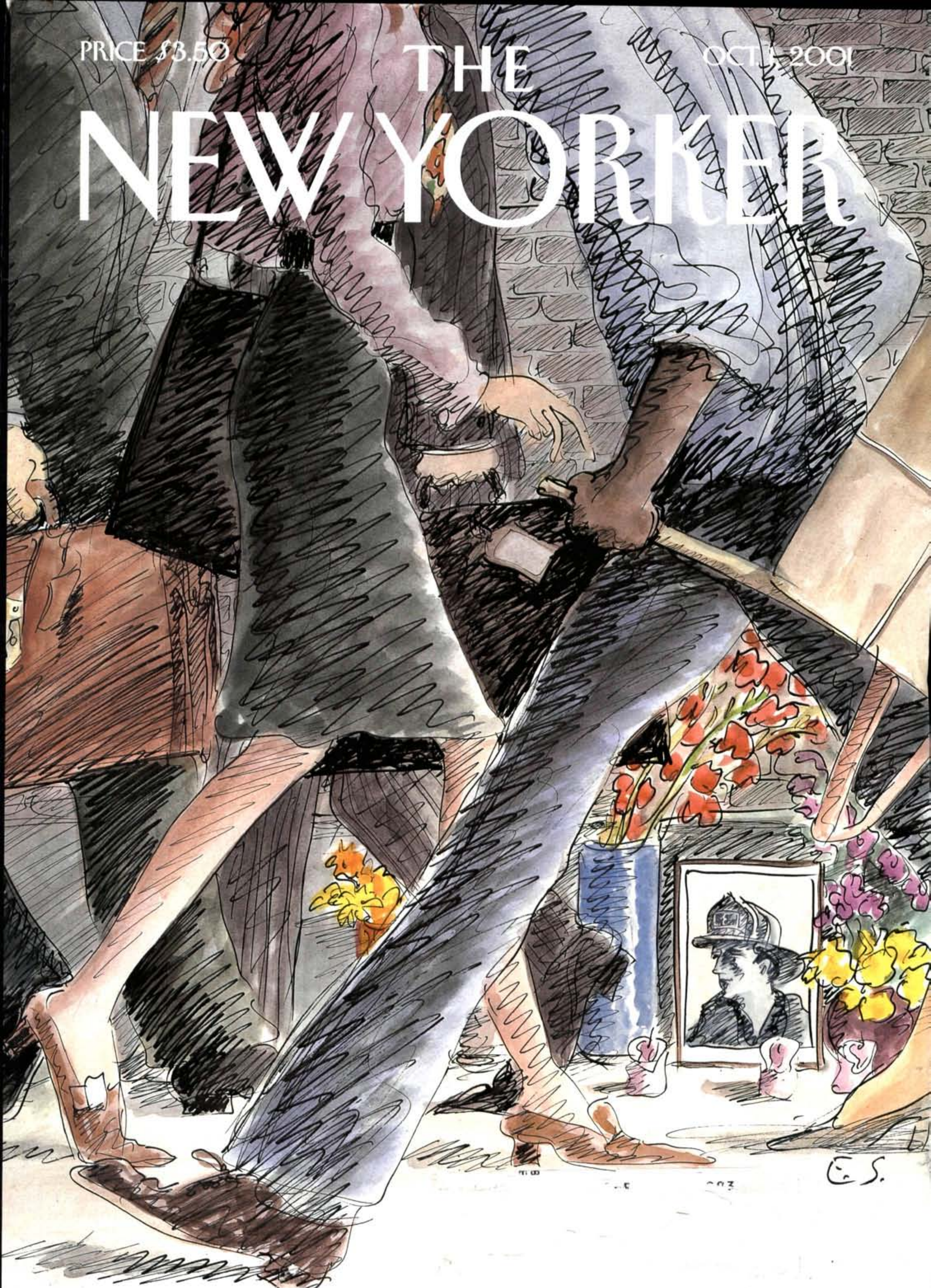
THE NEW YORKER

OCT. 1, 2001



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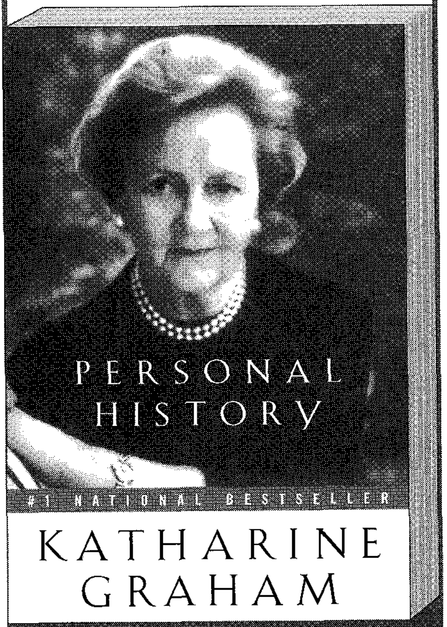

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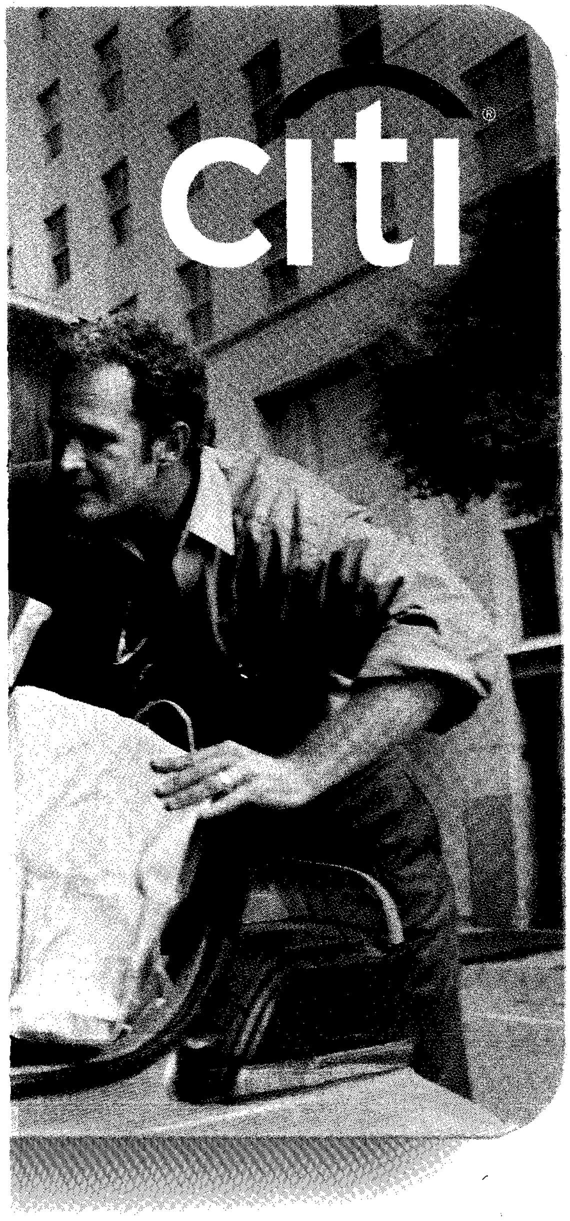

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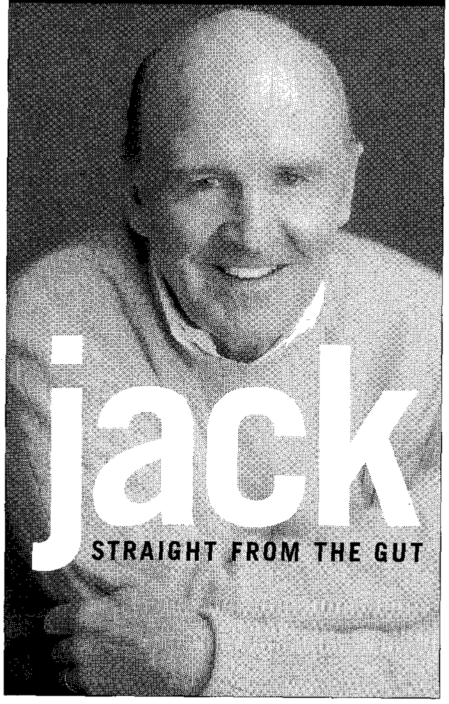

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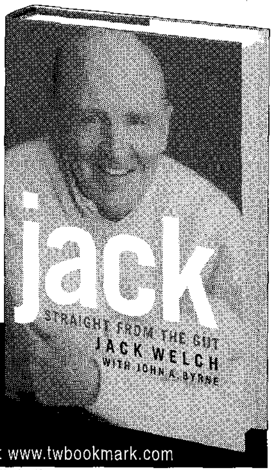

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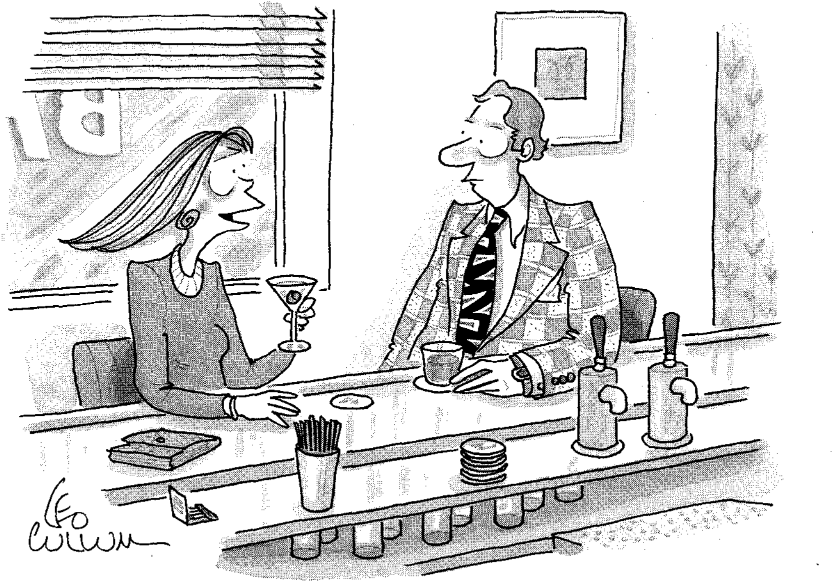

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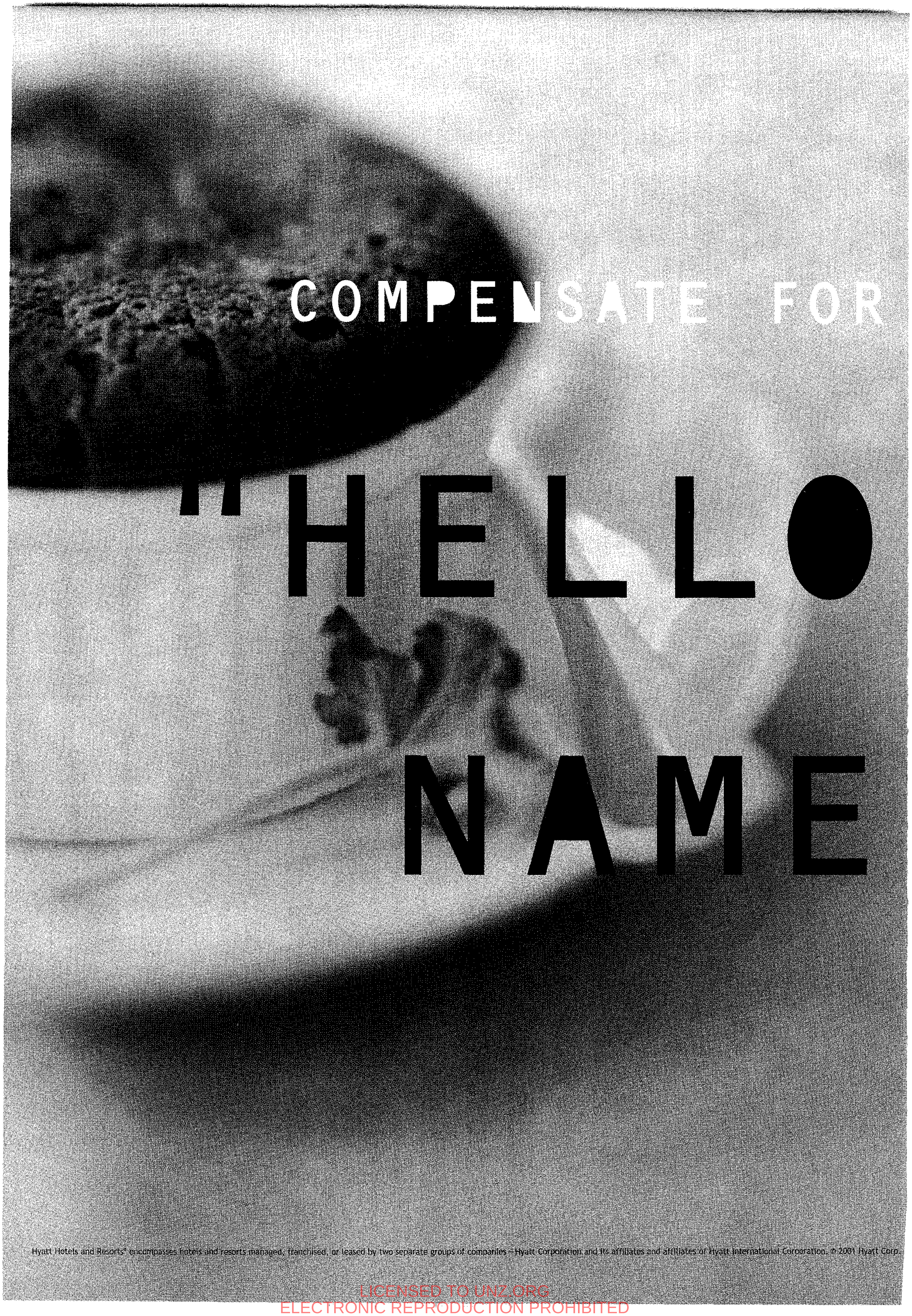
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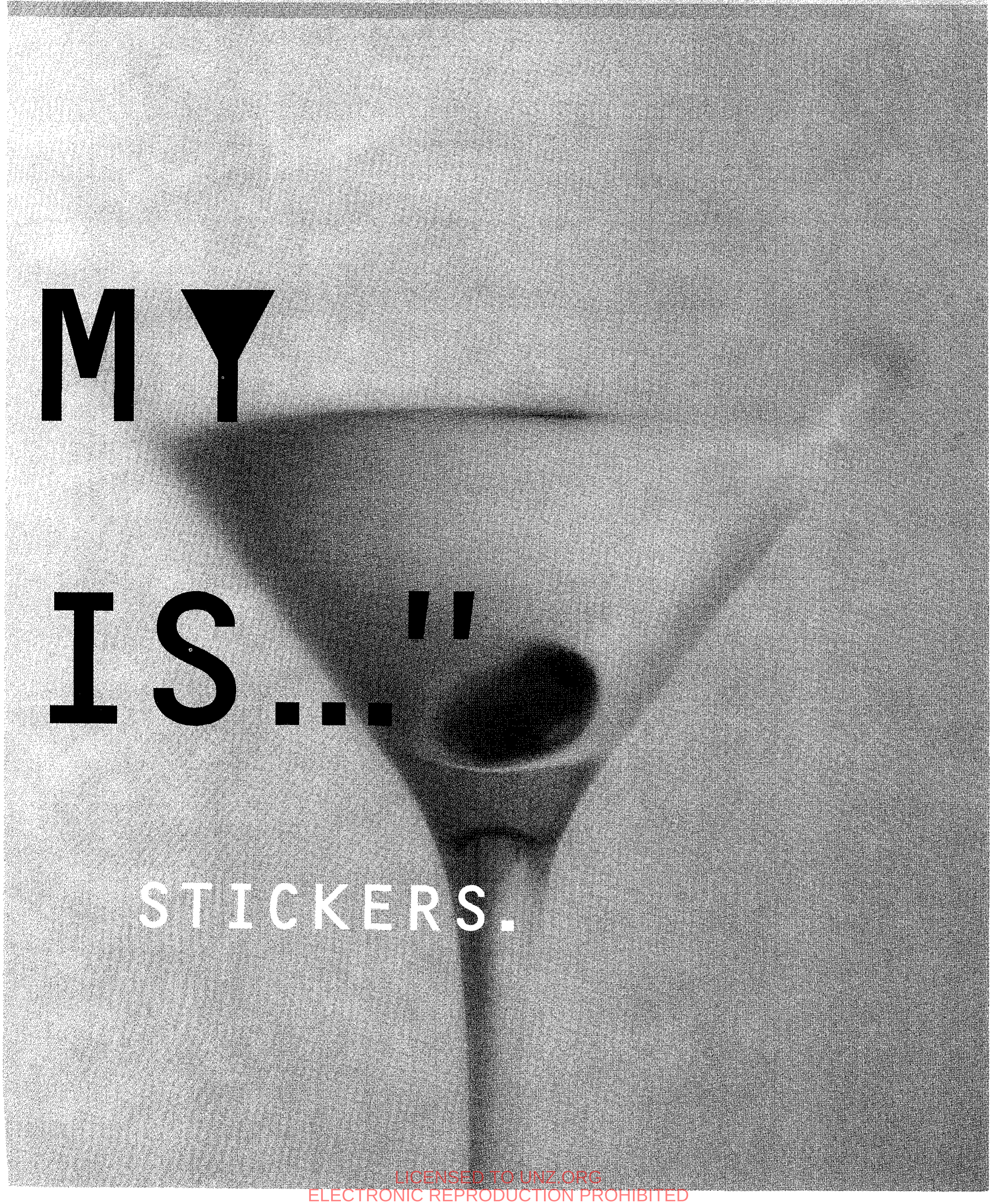
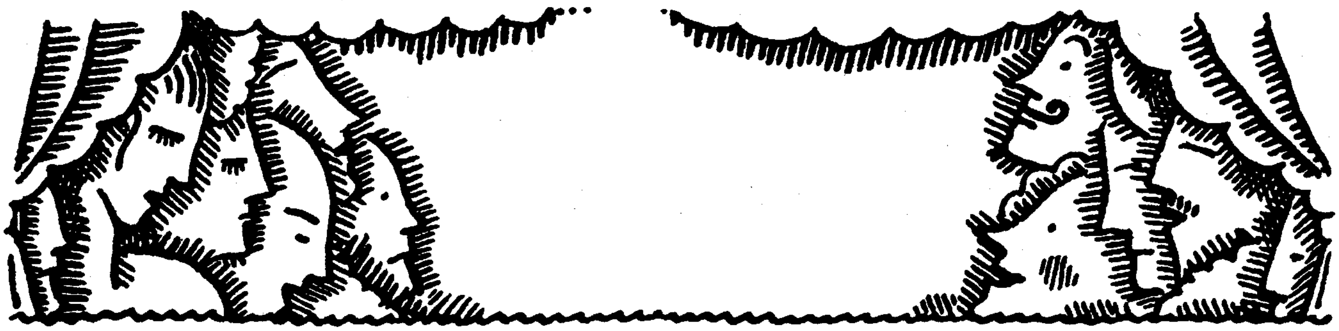


GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



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THE THEATRE
OPENINGS & PREVIEWS

Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for timetables and ticket information.

AN ADULT EVENING OF SHEL SILVERSTEIN
The Atlantic Theatre Company opens the season with ten one-acts by the writer-cartoonist-composer-lyricist. Previews begin Sept. 29. (336 W. 20th St. 239-6200.)

CLOUDSTREET
From Australia's Company B Belvoir, an adaptation of Tim Winton's 1992 novel, set in 1945, about two mismatched families who occupy the same house after fleeing postwar Sydney. Six performances only. Oct. 2 at 6:30. Continues through Oct. 7. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 718-636-4100.)

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE (ABRIDGED)
A revival of Adam Long, Daniel Singer, and Jess Winfield's comedy in which three actors (Peter Ackerman, Jeremy Shamos, and David Turner) perform thirty-seven plays and a hundred and fifty-four sonnets in under two hours. Previews begin Sept. 28. (Century Center, 111 E. 15th St. 239-6200.)

THE CREATION OF THE WORLD AND OTHER BUSINESS
Arthur Miller's 1972 interpretation of the Book of Genesis, staged by Stari Repertory Theatre. Previews begin Sept. 27. (Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 870-6784.)

DANCE OF DEATH
Ian McKellen and Helen Mirren portray Strindberg's tortured husband and wife in a new adaptation written by Richard Greenberg and directed by Sean Mathias. David Strathairn, Anne Pitoniak, Keira Naughton, and Eric Martin Brown are also in the cast. In previews. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

HEDDA GABLER
Kate Burton has the title role in Ibsen's 1890 play, which has been newly adapted by Jon Robin Baitz and is directed by Nicholas Martin. Harris Yulin and Michael Emerson are also in the cast. In previews. (Ambassador, 219 W. 49th St. 239-6200.)

THE IMMACULATE MISCONCEPTION
A drama by Carl Djerassi, better known as the inventor of the birth-control pill, about sex in the age of fertility treatments. In previews. (Primary Stages, 354 W. 45th St. 333-4052.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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IN ON IT
The playwright Daniel MacIvor ("Never Swim Alone") stars with Darren O'Donnell in his latest play, which consists of interconnected stories about the effects of chance. Preview on Sept. 27. Opens Sept. 28 at 7:30. (P.S. 122, 150 First Ave. 477-5288.)

THE MADWOMAN OF CHAILLOT
Anne Jackson has the title role and Kim Hunter portrays her friend Mlle. Gabrielle in Jean Giraudoux's 1945 comic fable, in which a group of eccentric women foil an evil plot to destroy Paris. Previews begin Oct. 2. (Neighborhood Playhouse, 340 E. 54th St. 308-6866.)

METAMORPHOSES
Mary Zimmerman's adaptation of the series of myths by Ovid is set in and around a twenty-seven-foot onstage pool. In previews. (Second Stage, 307 W. 43rd St. 246-4422.)

PUPPETRY OF THE PENIS
David Friend and Simon Morley bring their "genital origami" from the West End to New York by way of Australia, where the show originated in 1996. In previews. (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 239-6200.)

REEFER MADNESS
The 1936 film about the evils of weed has been turned into a musical by Kevin Murphy (lyrics and book) and Dan Studney (music and book). With choreography by Paula Abdul. Andy Fickman is the director. In previews. (Variety Arts, Third Ave. at 14th St. 239-6200.)

SAVE IT FOR THE STAGE: THE LIFE OF REILLY
Charles Nelson Reilly performs an autobiographical one-man show, which he co-wrote with Paul Linke. Previews begin Sept. 28. (Irish Repertory Theatre, 132 W. 22nd St. 727-2737.)

THE SHAPE OF THINGS
Gretchen Mol, Paul Rudd, Rachel Weisz, and Frederick Weller are in the cast of the Almeida Theatre Company staging of Neil LaBute's latest play. Mr. LaBute is the director. In previews. (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 239-6200.)

THE SPITFIRE GRILL
James Valcq wrote the music and the late Fred Alley wrote the lyrics for this new musical, based on the 1996 film. In previews through Oct. 1. Opens Oct. 2 at 7. (Duke Theatre, 229 W. 42nd St. 239-6200.)

THOU SHALT NOT
Susan Stroman is the director of a new musical, based on Zola's "Thérèse Raquin" and set in New Orleans after the Second World War, with a score by Harry Connick, Jr., and a book by David Thompson. Craig Bierko, Leo Burmester, Norbert Leo Butz, Kate Levering, and Debra Monk are in the cast. Previews begin Sept. 27. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

UNI-TARD 2
Three comic solo artists (Mike Albo, Nora Burns, and David Ilku) make an encore appearance together in an evening of special guests, sketches, and monologues. Sundays at 9:30. (Fez, 380 Lafayette St. 533-2680.)

UNWRAP YOUR CANDY
From Doug Wright ("Quills") a quartet of dark comedies about parenthood, childhood, secrets, and theatregoing. Leslie Lyles, Reg Rogers, Henry Stram, Michi Barall, and Darren Pettie are in the cast. In previews. (Vineyard, 108 E. 15th St. 353-0303.)

OPENED RECENTLY

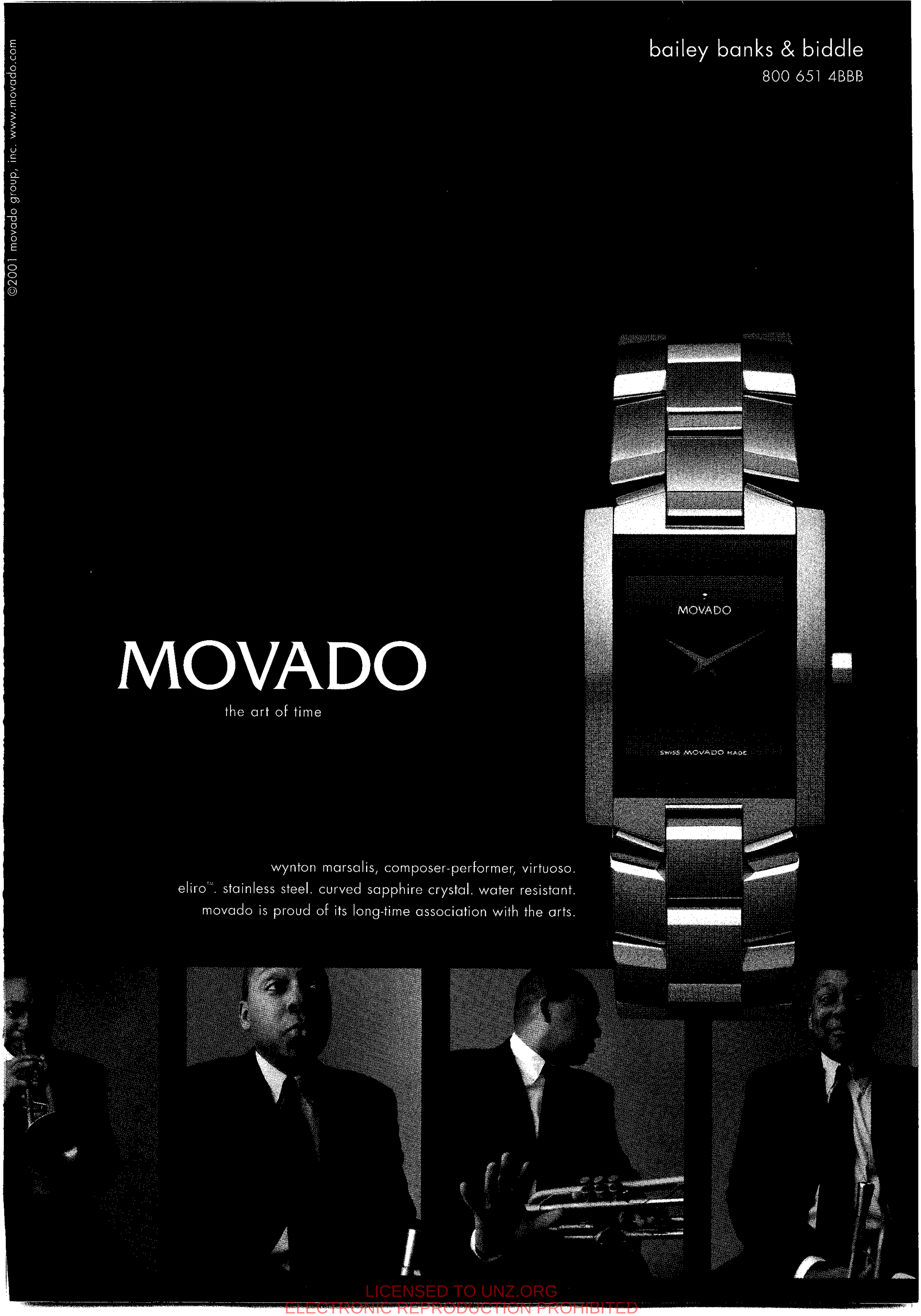
THE BAKKHAI
Euripides' tragedy, set to an "Oriental rhythm techno fusion" score by the Black Moon Theatre Company. (HERE, 145 Sixth Ave., near Spring St. 647-0202. Closes Oct. 7.)

BAT BOY: THE MUSICAL
A kind of "My Fair Bat Boy," in which a half-bat, half-man—memorably played by Deven May—emerges from his childhood cave into adult bourgeois life. But the musical world he enters is one of darkness, not light, of ironies, not idealism, where plot is a history of abdications and song extolls the emptiness of all the standard credos—Christianity, family, community, love, redemption—and of the musical form itself. It's a jejune vision, but a smart, playful, and funny one nonetheless. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/9/01.) (Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. 307-4100.)

CHICAGO CITY LIMITS
The improv company presents its latest revue, "Now and Forever . . . and We Mean It." (Chicago City Limits Theatre, 1105 First Ave., at 61st St. 888-5233.)

DOWN SOUTH
In a comedy by Doug Field, the Rattlestick Theatre takes aim at the Cuban-missile crisis. (224 Waverly Pl., at 11th St. 239-6200. Closes Sept. 30.)

EXIT THE KING
The Pearl Theatre Company kicks off the season with Ionesco's 1962 tragicomedy. (80 St. Mark's Pl. 598-9802.)



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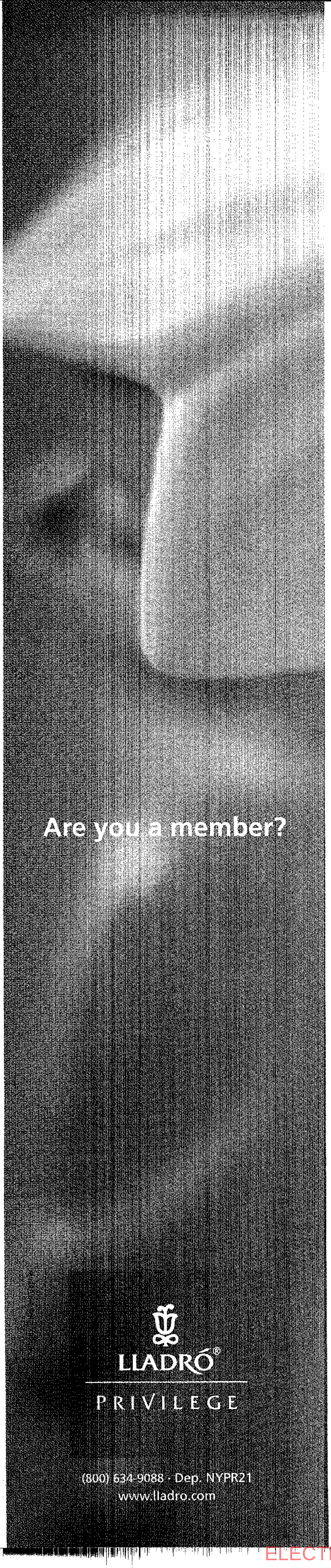
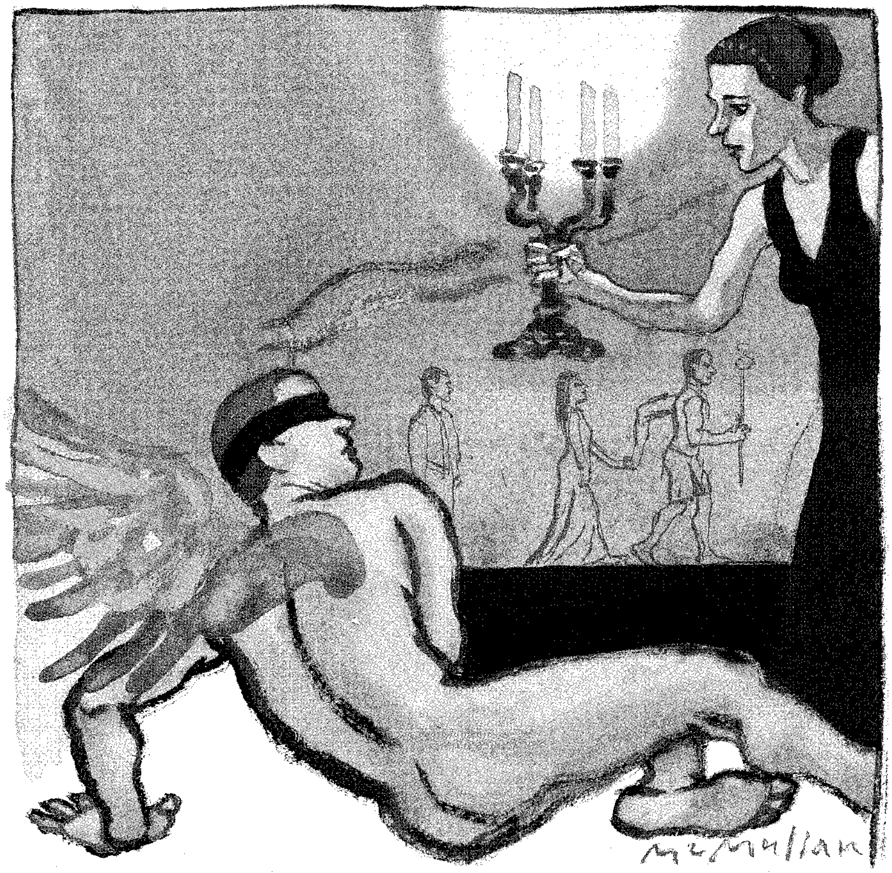


FIRST LOVE
Ruth Maleczech and Frederick Neumann portray two strangers whose lives are transformed by a chance meeting, in a play by Charles Mee. (New York Theatre Workshop, 79 E. 4th St. 239-6200. Closes Sept. 30.)

42ND STREET
As a domineering diva who breaks her ankle before the big opening night, the wonderful Christine Ebersole steals the show in this revival of the 1980 tap musical based on the 1933 film. But it has to be said: it was probably easy to do. As the young chorine who steps in to save the day, Kate Levering doesn't have enough star power to shine above the legions of hoofers who crowd the stage, and Michael Cumpsty, as the gruff director, is sorely miscast. Still, if this sort of show is your cup of tea, the songs are wonderful and the dancing is fine—just know that the cup is not quite full. (Ford Center, 213 W. 42nd St. 307-4100.)



"Metamorphoses," written and directed by Mary Zimmerman.

HELSINOR
At the outset of Todd Alcott's take on "Hamlet," which stars James Urbaniak, the King is still alive and running the country badly. Sheri Graubert, Chuck Montgomery, Steven Rattazzi, and Sean Runnette are also in the cast. (Present Company Theatorium, 198 Stanton St. 420-8877. Closes Sept. 29.)

THE HOLY MOTHER OF HADLEY, NEW YORK
After suffering a nervous breakdown, a small-town woman claims to have been healed by the Virgin Mary, in a black comedy by Barbara Wiechmann. Rachel Dickstein is the director. (Ohio Theatre, 66 Wooster St. 206-1515. Closes Sept. 29.)

IONESCO FESTIVAL
The absurdist playwright's œuvre, performed by twenty-nine Off and Off-Off Broadway companies, including the Pearl, the Jean Cocteau Rep, the Looking Glass Theatre, and the Sanctuary Theatre. Through Dec. 2. (For information about schedules, venues, and tickets, call 387-2043.)

THE LAST BARBECUE
Brett Neveu's dark comedy, set during a suburban family picnic. (29th Street Rep, 212 W. 29th St. 465-1714.)

THE LATE HENRY MOSS
A pair of estranged brothers (Ethan Hawke and Arliss Howard) confront each other after the death of their father, in Sam Shepard's latest play. Joseph Chaikin is the director. (Signature Theatre, 555 W. 42nd St. 244-7529.)

LOVE
The former television writer and producer David S. Rosenthal's first play, which was inspired by his overwhelming desire to bed a particular supermodel. (East 13th Street Theatre, 136 E. 13th St. 307-4100.)

LOVE, JANIS
A musical play about Janis Joplin, built around her songs, writings, and interviews. Though it contains no new insight, it's a useful corrective to the drunken, drug-addicted legend, and the production is a fine one. Randal Myler directed with a sure eye for the telling detail, and the seven-member band really cooks. (Village Theatre, 158 Bleecker St. 307-4100.)

THE PRODUCERS
High-camp heaven from Mel Brooks, who wrote the music and the lyrics for this monster-hit version of his 1968 movie—in which two scoundrels try to bilk their investors by staging a surefire failure, entitled "Springtime for Hitler." The performing centerpiece of the show is Nathan Lane, as the flamboyant huckster Max Bialystock; his kind of high-amperage panache is in limited supply these days, and both he and the excellent Matthew Broderick, as the hapless accountant Leo Bloom, deliver the mail. Expertly staged by Susan Stroman. (5/7/01) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

RUDE ENTERTAINMENT
Three one-acts by Paul Rudnick ("Mr. Charles, Currently of Palm Beach," "Very Special Needs," and "On the Fence"). The casts include Peter Bartlett, Harriet Harris, and Neal Huff. Christopher Ashley is the director. (Greenwich House, 27 Barrow St. 239-6200.)

JAMES MC MULLAN

RUTHERFORD & SON
Githa Sowerby's 1912 drama, about the heir to a glass factory who tyrannizes his family while trying to save his failing business. (Mint, 311 W. 43rd St. 315-0231. Closes Oct. 7.)

SMALL CRAFT WARNINGS
Tennessee Williams's 1972 play, in a Jean Cocteau Rep production. (330 Bowery, at Bond St. 677-0060.)

TALE OF 2CITIES: AN AMERICAN JOYRIDE ON MULTIPLE TRACKS
In her latest project, the "standup novelist" Heather Woodbury uses the Dodgers' departure from Brooklyn in 1957 to examine notions of home and community. The third installment in the six-part series, which will take place at different venues around the city, is on Sept. 26 at 8. (El Taller Latino Americano, 2710 Broadway, near 103rd St. 665-9460.)

TICK, TICK . . . BOOM!
The title represents the late author Jonathan Larson's fear of time running out on his musical dreams. The show is set on the eve of the composer's thirtieth birthday—his Walpurgisnacht—as he is caught between the pressures to succeed and to settle. The slick, hardworking cast of three is well directed by Scott Schwartz, and, with Larson's plotline deftly reworked by David Auburn, the production has a fetching modesty and reveals Larson's idiosyncrasy, energy, and promise. (7/9/01) (Jane Street Theatre, 113 Jane St. 239-6200.)

URINETOWN
Mark Hollmann and Greg Kotis's musical comedy about a city in the throes of ecological disaster, starring John Cullum, has moved to Broadway. John Rando is the director. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Henry Miller, 124 W. 43rd St. 239-6200.)

THE VOICE OF THE TURTLE
John van Druten's 1943 romantic comedy about an actress and a soldier who have both sworn off love. (Blue Heron, 123 E. 24th St. 560-7284. Closes Sept. 30.)

LONG RUNS

AIDA
Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 307-4747.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST
Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 307-4747.

BLUE MAN GROUP/TUBES
Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370.

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Studio 54, at 254 W. 54th St. 239-6200.

CHICAGO
Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200.

CONTACT
Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.

DE LA GUARDA
Daryl Roth, 20 Union Sq. E., at 15th St. 239-6200.

THE FANTASTICKS
Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838.

FORBIDDEN BROADWAY 2001: A SPOOF ODYSSEY
Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-6200.

THE FULL MONTY
Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 239-6200.

KISS ME, KATE
Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 239-6200.

THE LION KING
New Amsterdam, 214 W. 42nd St. 307-4100.

LES MISÉRABLES
Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200.

THE MUSIC MAN
Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 307-4100.

PERFECT CRIME
Duffy, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. 695-3401.

THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA
Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200.

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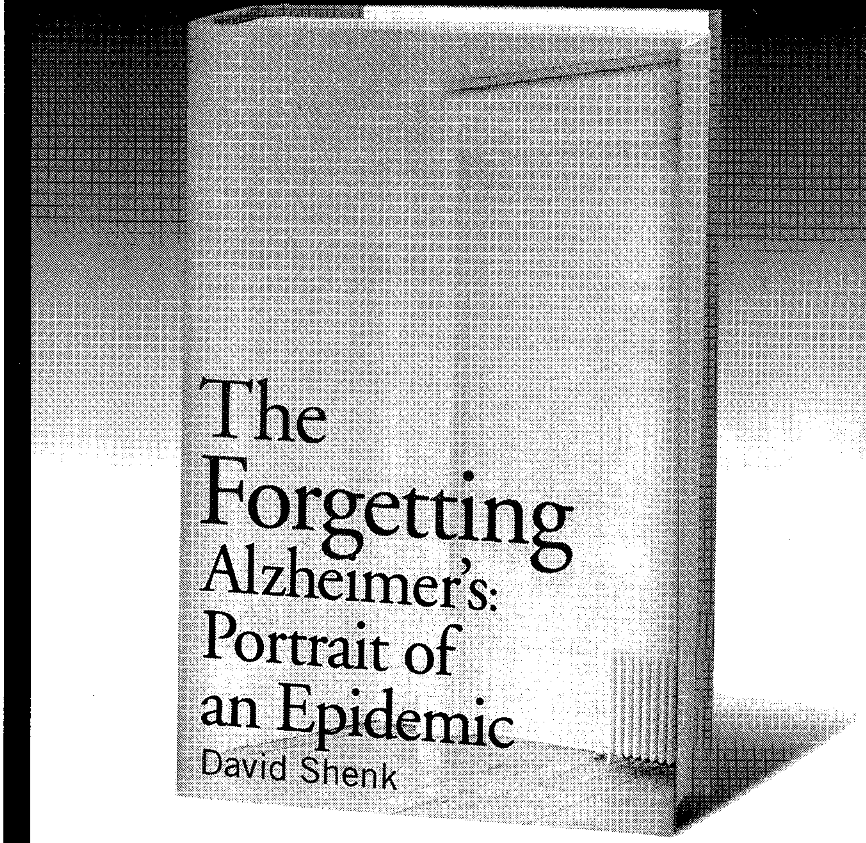

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DANCE

DANCE THEATRE OF HARLEM
When the Dance Theatre of Harlem choreographer Robert Garland chose Bach's Violin Concerto No. 1 in A Minor for his latest work, he says the company founder, Arthur Mitchell, reminded him that when Bach wrote this music it was completely cutting edge. Garland paid attention, and has dubbed his work "New Bach": in it he lets loose the shimmy of the Uptown Shake ("Walk up to any kid in Harlem," Garland says, "and they'll do it for you") and West African dance's rippling spine and rolling hips, all within the architecture of ballet. A few years ago, Garland was desperate to find his way as a choreographer. "But the ruby slippers were on my feet all along," he says. "I could have gone home"—to Africa, he means, and to African-American social dances—"at any time." The engagement includes four premières by resident choreographers and works from the repertory. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-1212. Sept. 25 at 7:30, Sept. 26-28 at 8, Sept. 29 at 2 and 8, Sept. 30 at 2 and 7, and Oct. 2 at 8. Through Oct. 7.)

"GLOBAL EXCHANGE: QUÉBEC/NEW YORK"
"A lot of my memories of childhood are of the snow, the quiet," the choreographer Laurence Lemieux, of Montreal, says. She grew up in the small, old capital city, Québec, where "everything is muted, and then when the sun comes out—it's blinding." The four dancers in her "Novembre" float and melt, then hit the air in swift jabs of motion. "You can sense relationships between people," Lemieux says, "but there's almost no unison. It's lonely." Completing the Québecois double bill is Dominique Porte's "Retard Probable 5mn," in which the four performers repeatedly halt their happy, squiggly dancing to deliver obscure directives to one another. (Danspace Project, St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. 674-8194. Sept. 28-30 at 7:30 for "Novembre" and at 9:30 for "Retard Probable 5mn.")

"FRANÇAIS COMME EN ANGLAIS, IT'S EASY TO CRITICIZE"
PME, a group of dancers, actors, and performance artists under the direction of Jacob Wren, offers a piece about criticism and miscommunication. The company bases the work partly on translation problems within the company, which is made up of Anglophones from Toronto and Francophones from Montreal. (P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288. Sept. 26-30 at 8:30.)

PEARL LANG DANCE THEATRE
The choreographer marks her eightieth birthday with an engagement that includes the première of "The Time Is Out of Joint." (Kaye Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 772-4448. Sept. 28-29 at 8 and Sept. 30 at 3.)

ARIANE REINHART
The dancer performs solos by Martha Clarke, Mark Haim, Shen Wei, and Doug Varone. (Joyce SoHo, 155 Mercer St. 334-7479. Sept. 28-29 at 8.)

REBUDAL DANCE GROUP
Two choreographers, E. E. Balcos and J. M. Rebudal, present a suite of works from a Filipino-American perspective, including "Acts of Intimacy," about first-generation Filipinos in the U.S., and "Kawayan," which incorporates movement from traditional Mindanao dance. (Merce Cunningham Studio, 55 Bethune St. 924-0077. Sept. 27-28 at 9 and Sept. 29 at 8.)

"DANCE RINK"
The Lar Lubovitch dancer Scott Rink and his longtime dance partner, Lenna Parr, with the help of his four-member dance company and the cabaret singer Jack Donahue, première "On His Deathbed, Holding Your Hand," based on the work of David Foster Wallace, and reprise "Of Melodrama and Murder," set to the songs of Kurt Weill. (ATA Theatre, 314 W. 54th St. 367-0816. Sept. 25-29 at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE
CONCERTS

WORLD MUSIC INSTITUTE
The majority of the population in Zimbabwe belong to the Shonas, a group of people whose beliefs include the notion of communication with the dead through the use of the mbira, a form of shell-encrusted thumb piano. The instrument is often used in all-night ceremonies, and two of its finest practitioners, **Beauler Dyoko** and **Cosmas Magaya**, offer a somewhat shorter sampling on Sept. 28 at 8. (Washington Square Church, 135 W. 4th St.) ♦ An evening of Indian music with three veterans of the seventies jazz group Shakti: the violinist **L. Shankar**, who is also known for his work with Peter Gabriel on the soundtrack for "The Last Temptation of Christ"; the renowned tabla player **Zakir Hussain**; and **Vikku Vinayakram**, a master of the *ghatam* (a drum made of an earthenware pot). (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. Sept. 29 at 8.) For more information about both events, call 545-7536.

JIMMY SCOTT AND CARMEN LUNDY
A double bill opening Lincoln Center's "Singers Over Manhattan" series. No longer "Little" in either appellation (he dropped that moniker years ago) or age (he's now seventy six), Scott has a readily accessible reservoir of emotion and expressivity to back up his time-worn voice. A fresher face on the vocal scene is the forty-six-year-old Lundy, who has spent the better part of the last fifteen years gathering critical kudos, recording sporadically, and then, unfortunately, slipping back into the sidelines. She

still has all the goods that attracted attention in the first place, and with assured vocalists now a hot commodity this could be her moment. (Kaplan Penthouse, Rose Building, 165 W. 65th St. 721-6500. Sept. 27-28 at 8 and Sept. 29 at 8 and 11.)

WILCO

Since splitting up the country-punk group Uncle Tupelo seven years ago and creating Wilco, the charismatic Chicago-based songwriter Jeff Tweedy has taken the band on an American odyssey that has included a crash course in the songs of Woody Guthrie (two albums backing the British neo-folkie Billy Bragg) as well as a delightful pop record of original material, 1999's "Summer Teeth." Wilco is now a lean quartet, following the recent departure of the guitarist Jay Bennett, and out on its own after a successful battle with its former label, Reprise. The issue was creative control of its latest album, "Yankee Hotel Foxtrot," which the band retained rights to. But until Tweedy settles on a new label the only way to hear songs from it is to try to get them off the band's Web site, where they've promised to stream the record. A much better way, though, to follow Wilco's shimmering trajectory from alternative-country heroes to underground pop avatars is to catch them live. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Sept. 27-28 at 8.)

TONY BENNETT & K. D. LANG

The beloved balladeer from Astoria shares the bill with the androgynous chameleon from Alberta. It's not such a strange match. Bennett and Lang have sung together before, on the 1994 album "MTV Unplugged," and Lang, for her part, explored the champagne-and-cufflinks pop of Burt Bacharach and Doris Day on her most recent release, "Invincible Summer." (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 247-4777. Sept. 28-29 at 8.)

WEEZER

This Los Angeles-based quartet garnered a cult following on the strength of only two albums, the second of which, "Pinkerton," slipped from the charts without a trace. After the commercial failure of that 1996 release, Rivers Cuomo, the painfully shy front man, withdrew from the public eye. In the band's absence, though, "emo-core" kids (fans of the derisively tagged subgenre of hardcore which emphasizes earnest emotion over punky brawn) turned "Pinkerton" into a milestone, and Weezer is now back on the road promoting its third album, "Weezer," which features Ric Ocasek as producer. Expect lots of flea-market cardigans and sensible shoes in the crowd. (Jones Beach Theatre. 516-221-1000. Sept. 29 at 5.)

TOOL

The country's favorite cryptic cybermetal band returns with songs from its new album, "Lateralus," an ambitious collection of progressive rock. (Madison Square Garden. 307-7171. Oct. 1-2 at 8.)

"COME TOGETHER"

Subtitled "A Night for John Lennon," this concert, which is for the benefit of victims of the tragedy at the World Trade Center and had originally been scheduled for Sept. 20 (as a benefit for nonviolence organizations), enlists Alanis Morissette, Cyndi Lauper, Dave Matthews, the Isley Brothers, Lou Reed, Marc Anthony, and others. The concert will be shown live on the cable station TNT. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 247-4777. Oct. 2 at 8.)

CLUBS

Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives; it's advisable to call ahead to confirm engagements.

B. B. KING BLUES CLUB & GRILL

243 W. 42nd St. (997-4144)—Sept. 28: The Virginia quintet **Max Creek** keeps jamming, thirty years after its founding. Oct. 1: The singer-songwriter and slide guitarist **Lee Roy Parnell.**

BOWERY BALLROOM

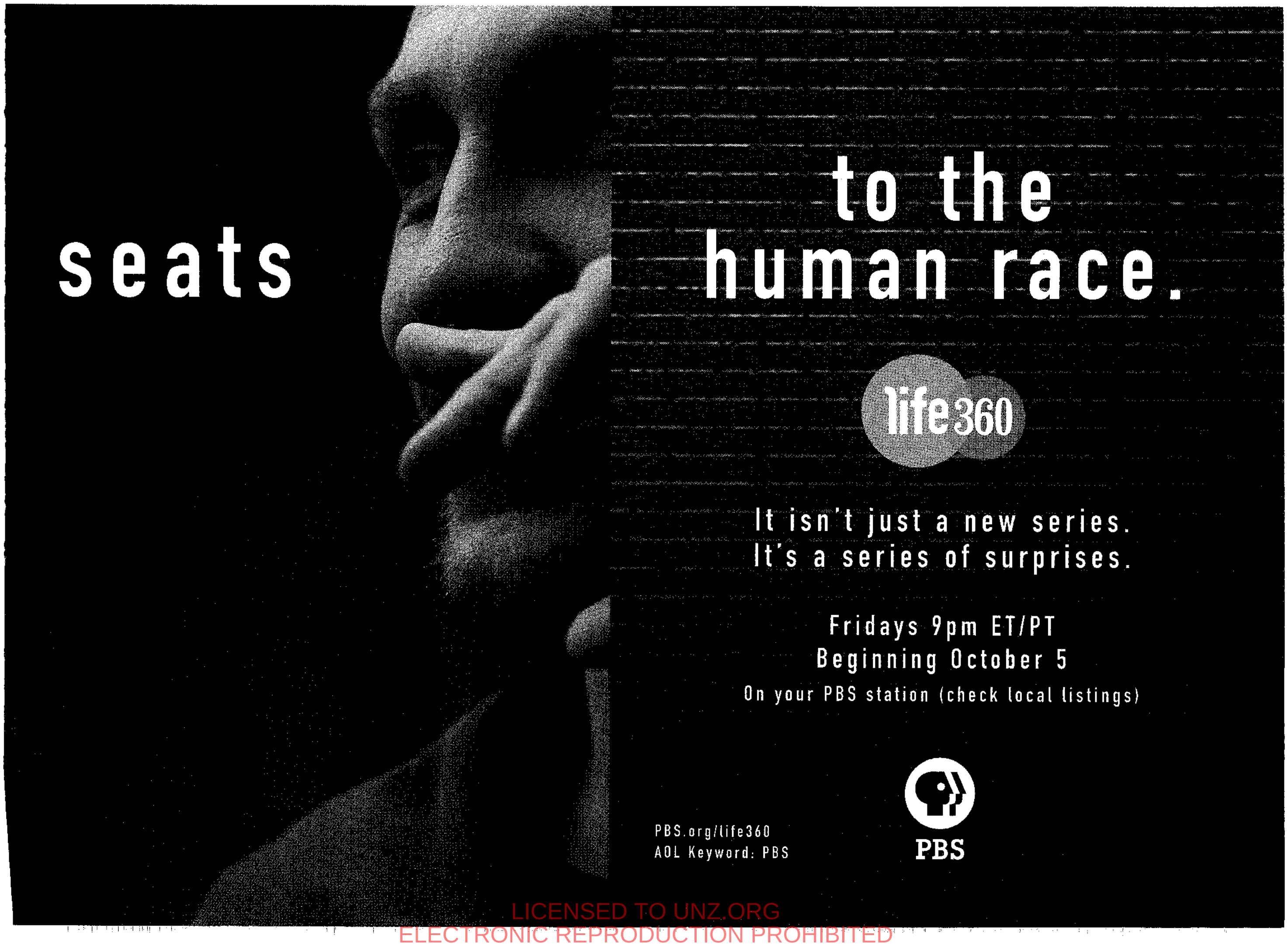
6 Delancey St. (533-2111)—Sept. 27: **Sparklehorse,** the pet project of the former chimney sweep and slacker extraordinaire Mark Linkous, who, a few years ago, suffered a bizarre medical emergency that seemed to encapsulate his twisted, highly personal music. After a night of mixing Valium and antidepressants, he passed out; more than twelve hours later, he suffered a heart attack upon being revived and wound up partially paralyzed. He spent six months in a wheelchair and returned with the acclaimed "Good Morning Spider" in 1999. His latest album, "It's a Wonderful Life," features contributions from PJ Harvey, Nina Persson, and Tom Waits. Sept. 29: **Andrew Bird's Bowl of Fire.** The classically trained violinist Bird, a frequent collaborator with the Squirrel Nut Zippers, stops by with his acoustic quartet, which mixes folk, rock, lieder, and New Orleans jazz, all bound together with Bird's agile wit. With the up-and-coming singer-songwriter **Paul Ruderman** and the sonic waves of **Drums & Tuba.**

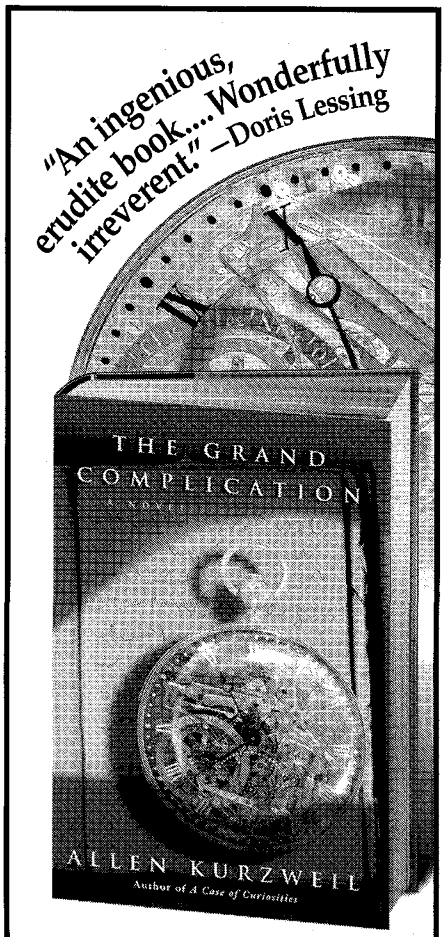
FEZ

380 Lafayette St. (533-7000)—Starting Sept. 29: An old-fashioned vaudeville show titled **"The Va Va Voom Room"** fills this subterranean space on Saturday nights. The show, which got its start in Los Angeles three years ago and was once housed here in New York City in Show World, an old porn theatre in Times Square, features such acts as burlesque dancers, sword swallowers, and Ukulele Louie, a depressed clown who sings suicidal songs. The **Mingus Big Band** still packs them in every Thursday. Dining.

MAXWELL'S

1039 Washington St., Hoboken (201-798-0406)—Sept. 26: **Sparklehorse** (see the Bowery Ballroom). Sept. 28: The **Supersuckers** play a decidedly tongue-in-cheek brand of high-octane punk rock, celebrating the simpler pleasures of life, like driving fast, drinking, and being a gleefully belligerent ne'er-do-well. Sept. 30: **Andrew Bird's Bowl of Fire** (see the Bowery Ballroom).

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VILLAGE UNDERGROUND
130 W. 3rd St. (777-7745)—Sept. 28: An original member of Big Star, the largely unsung seventies band of British Invasion-loving popsters, **Alex Chilton** is a patron saint of what became power pop. Big Star's signature brand of simple, melodic music (fused with flecks of country and folk) made the world safe for comparatively successful upstarts like the Replacements, Matthew Sweet, Dream Syndicate, and almost the entirety of the alternative-country scene. Sept. 29: A night of garage rock with **Mark Lindsay,** formerly of Paul Revere and the Raiders.

WARSAW
261 Driggs Ave., Brooklyn (718-387-5252)—Sept. 28: **Sparklehorse** (see the Bowery Ballroom).

JAZZ AND STANDARDS

ALGONQUIN HOTEL
59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—Through Oct. 6: A terrific program featuring three very game and able performers. Essaying some of the kingly songs that have slipped out of the Hollywood Dream Machine are **Eric Comstock,** the rising singer-pianist who seems to have been born and raised in a cabaret; the sly, winning jazz-based vocalist-pianist **Dena DeRose;** and the sensational veteran jazz singer **Bill Henderson,** who steals the show with light-handed grace. Dining.

BIRDLAND
315 W. 44th St. (581-3080)—Sept. 27-29: "Bouncin' with Bud," a birthday tribute to Bud Powell. It's about time that Powell (1924-66), the chief architect of bebop piano, is getting his turn in the retrospective limelight. Celebrating the late master first will be the contemporary giant of bop piano, **Tommy Flanagan,** who brings in his crack trio on Sept. 27. A rising talent, **Bill Charlap,** takes over the next night, followed by a triumvirate of superior piano stylists on the final evening, including the veterans **Steve Kuhn** and **Don Friedman,** along with the younger player **Mike LeDonne,** all goaded on by the bassist **Sean Conley** and the drummer **Billy Drummond.** Sundays: Although the Maestro passed this year, the **Chico O'Farrill Afro-Cuban Jazz Big Band** is in good hands under the direction of his son, the energetic pianist **Arturo.** The senior O'Farrill, after being consigned to the storage room of history, found himself recognized late in life for his massive achievements; the big band that he nurtured in the late nineties is fully primed to keep his legacy fresh for a new generation of Latin-jazz fans. Mondays: The **Toshiko Akiyoshi Jazz Orchestra.** How Akiyoshi has kept her big band going strong for thirty-plus years is nothing less than a triumph of the jazz spirit. A personal forum for its leader's skillful compositions, modernist arrangements, and fluid bop piano, the orchestra also has a guaranteed whirlwind of a soloist in Akiyoshi's husband, the tenor saxophonist and flutist **Lew Tabackin.** Dining.

BLUE NOTE
131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—The **Toots Thielemans** quartet has the floor through Sept. 30. How does Thielemans maintain a competitive edge? No one plays jazz harmonica with as much passion, invention, and control. (Granted, the field is limited.) He's also a supple guitarist and a virtuoso whistler (again, few challengers).

DANNY'S
346 W. 46th St. (265-8133)—Through Sept. 30: **Blossom Dearie,** she of the porcelain voice and cunning interpretive skills, knows her way around standards both shopworn and contemporary, enlivening everything she touches with just the right blend of pathos, wit, and stiletto-sharp swing.

HIDEAWAY CABARET & SUPPER CLUB
32 W. 37th St. (947-8940)—Sept. 26-28: How the singer **KT Sullivan** picked up a taste for the sophisticated songcraft of Harold Arlen in her hometown of Boggy Depot, Oklahoma, is anyone's guess (although TV screenings of "The Wizard of Oz" and the early recordings of Barbara Streisand are likely clues). A staple of the contemporary cabaret scene, Sullivan, and her partner, **Larry Woodward,** will have plenty to amuse themselves with during this all-Arlen program.

IRIDIUM
1650 Broadway, at 51st St. (582-2121)—Some fifty years into an unassuming yet brilliant career, pianist **Hank Jones** (here with his trio through Sept. 30) has become a contemporary version of his early model, Teddy Wilson: each silken phrase is guaranteed to be perfect in form and diction. But Jones's ambition and repertoire continue to expand. He's long practiced an elegant mélange of pre-swing, swing, and bop phraseology, and his continuing collaboration with younger players is proof of his commitment to stay on his toes. Mondays belong to the electric-guitar innovator **Les Paul.**

TONIC
107 Norfolk St. (358-7503)—Sept. 25: **Susie Ibarra,** a veteran of the rhythmic contusions of David S. Ware's quartet, brings in her trio. Sept. 27: The **Philip Johnston Transparent Quintet.** Evoking West Coast jazz as easily as it reinvents the conventions of silent-film music, the Transparent Quartet combines the leader's saxophone with vibraphone, piano, and bass, pumping iron-rich blood into contemporary chamber jazz. Sept. 28: **Anthony Coleman's Sephardic Tinge** brings to mind a bar Mitzvah with Duke Ellington and Thelonious Monk taking turns at the piano.

Sparklehorse plays the Bowery Ballroom, Maxwell's, and Warsaw this week.

MICHAEL WELDON

VILLAGE VANGUARD
178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Through Sept. 30: Touched by the spirit of Carmen McRae, **Mary Stallings** possesses an enchanting vocal tone and a sure way with standards. She has the added bonus of the **George Cables** trio as accompanists. The **Vanguard Jazz Orchestra** holds sway on Mondays.

ART
MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM
Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. (879-5500)—**"Pieter Breugel the Elder, Drawings and Prints"** brings together fifty-four of the sixty-one known drawings by the Flemish artist and sixty prints that he designed. Through Dec. 2. ♦ For **"Caspar David Friedrich: Moonwatchers,"** the Met presents seventeen paintings and two works on paper, many of which ("Two Men Contemplating the Moon," "Man and Woman Contemplating the Moon," etc.) capture the German artist at his most Romantic. Through Nov. 11. ♦ **"Along the Nile: Early Photographs of Egypt"** documents nineteenth-century Egypt—the pyramids of Giza, the temples of Karnak, Luxor, and Abu Simbel—in forty-three well-preserved prints from the eighteen-forties and

fifties. Through Dec. 30. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:30, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 9.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART
11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480)—Olafur Eliasson's **"Seeing Yourself Sensing"** affixes a set of alternating clear and mirrored bars on the lobby windows, so museumgoers see reflections of the lobby, entry desk, and themselves, between glimpses of the dismantled sculpture garden. Eliasson says, "For a while it has been meaningless to speak of objective, autonomous conditions," and perhaps the curators were thinking along those lines, too. Meanwhile, there's something on the windows that partially hides the ongoing construction in the garden. (Open Saturdays through Tuesdays, and Thursdays, 10:30 to 5:45; Fridays, 10:30 to 8:15.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM
Fifth Ave. at 89th St. (423-3500)—Selections from the permanent collection are on display. (Open Sundays through Wednesdays, 9 to 6; Fridays and Saturdays, 9 to 8.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART
Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-3676)—**"Sharon Harper: Photographs from the Floating World"** includes black-and-white images of rural scenes taken from a high-speed train, as well as images of clouds in metallic tones. The exhibition inaugurates the Whitney's "First Exposure" series, dedicated to the museum débuts of young photographers. Through Jan. 6. (Open Tuesdays through Thursdays, and weekends, 11 to 6, Fridays, 1 to 9.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY
Central Park W. at 79th St. (769-5100)—**"Meeting God: Elements of Hindu Devotion"** shows the rituals, prayers, customs, and festivals of Hinduism in more than seventy-five photographs, talismans, and video portraits. Accompanied by **"Meeting God,"** an exhibition of photographs of office shrines, taken around New York. Through Feb. 24. ♦ **"The Genomic Revolution"** is as stagy as the museum's permanent wildlife dioramas and as wired as the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame. Throughout the dark, labyrinthine exhibit, sound bites from scientists and Everymen overlap with a soundtrack of doubt-fostering minor-key hums and beeps. The tone tends toward boosterish enthusiasm for progress, with an occasional raised eyebrow; pronouncements like "Our perception of medicine and ourselves is forever changed" are spoken within hearing range of explanations of why it might be unwise to clone Rex or Muffin. (For one thing, two calico cats with the same genes would be unlikely to have the same pattern of spots.) Touch-screen surveys tabulate visitors' responses to controversial questions, and the museumgoers prove much more enthusiastic about genetic technologies than respondents in a recent national sample—at last count, thirty per cent of the visitors would replicate a person. Through Jan. 1. (Open daily, 10 to 5:45, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM OF ART
Eastern Parkway (718-638-5000)—**"My Reality: Contemporary Art and the Culture of Japanese Animation."** *Anime* and *manga*, Japan's alternately sugary and violent caricatures of American animation and comic-book art, have become major influences on a generation of Asian and Western contemporary artists. Lee Bul's opening karaoke booth, "Gravity Greater Than Velocity II," offers the show's lightest and most direct example of the genre's gift for aping and appropriation: singing someone else's songs. Mariko Mori's self-starring sci-fi tableau and Takashi Murakami's shiny pastel mushrooms, whose heavily lashed eyes blink on every side, epitomize the sinister, funhouse twist on cartoon imagery. Kenji Yanobe's "Atom Car (White)," with Geiger counter, parked next door, reminds viewers that everything here is built on the radioactive soil of postwar Japan. Through Oct. 7. ♦ **"Wit and Wine: A New Look at Ancient Iranian Ceramics from the Arthur M. Sackler Foundation"** presents vessels, primarily for wine, many shaped like animals or painted with their likenesses. Through Dec. 30. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

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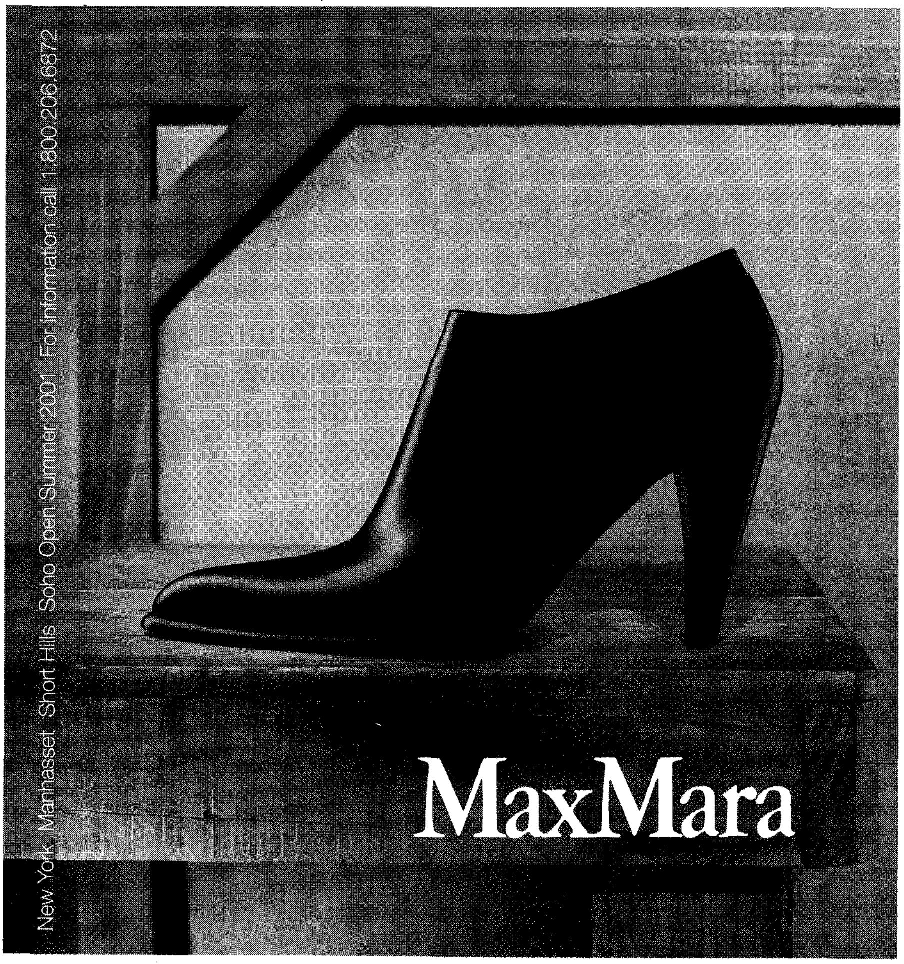

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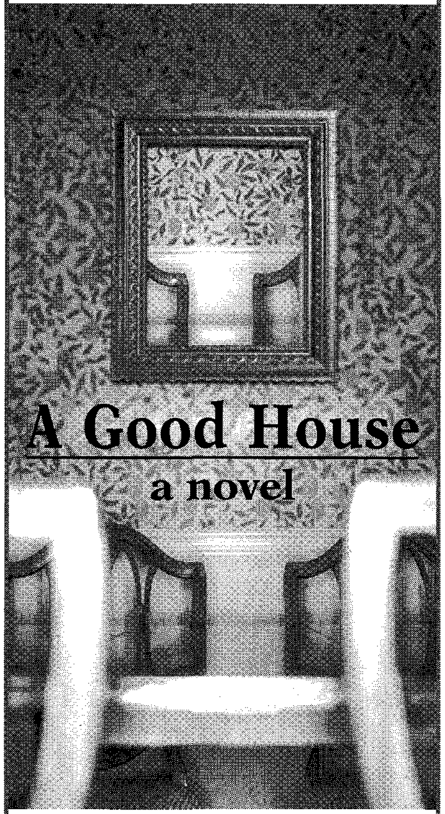

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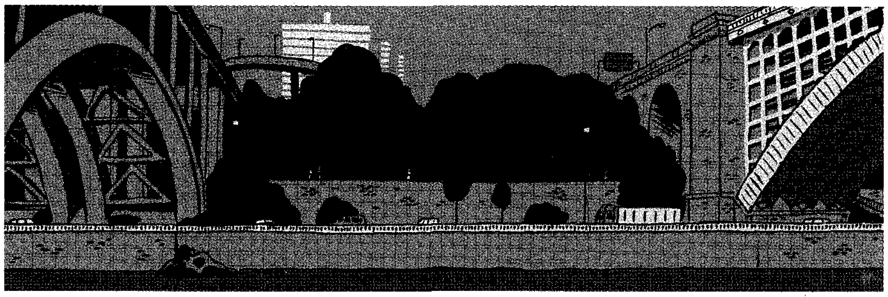
EXCURSIONS

Down Upon the Harlem River



"I've been walking all my life," Cy A Adler said late last August, as he walked toward the University Heights Bridge, at 207th Street and Ninth Avenue. A short man with a salt-and-pepper goatee and deep lines in his face, the seventy-two-year-old Adler was headed for one of his favorite stomping grounds, the Harlem River. As the founder of a nonprofit group called Shorewalkers and the author of "Walking the Hudson, Batt to Bear," an anecdotal guidebook that traces the journey on foot from the lower tip of Manhattan (just south of the site of the recent tragedy) to Bear Mountain, Adler knows the terrain well.

A hundred years ago, the Harlem River regularly hosted regattas, often complete with thousands of cheering spectators; at the turn of the century its banks were home to more than a dozen Victorian boathouses. These days, though, you are lucky if you spot a single boater. Still, the river's environs offer a relatively innocent adventure along an overlooked part of the New York City waterfront. Adler wants more people to enjoy the river. He would like to turn the tidal strait into a giant saltwater lake and create what he describes as a nine-hundred-acre, six-mile-long park—a city oasis larger than Central Park. Recently, Adler has been stumping for this project by offering tours of the area. Interested parties can check with **SHOREWALKERS** (330-7686) to find out when he will be returning.

Above the leafy expanse of Highbridge Park, the tan bricks of George Washington High School stood out against the blue sky. Just ahead, three bridges—the Washington, the Alexander Hamilton, and the High Bridge—cross the river. Beyond their spans is the mid-Manhattan skyline. Adler pointed to the low green spread of Roberto Clemente State Park, in the Bronx. "If more people knew about these parks they'd be more widely used," he said.

Just beyond the shadows of the forty-story River Park Towers, at the park's southern edge, Adler came upon an overgrown field. He stomped through the waist-high mugwort. "Last time I was here, there was a hole in the fence," he said as he made easy work of the summer weeds. "Let's see if it's still there." Sure enough, in the far corner, a tree with a thick trunk and persistent limbs was growing through the chainlink.

Adler squeezed through and started down a wide stretch of sun-faded asphalt; tall, dry grasses; and wildflowers. The river flowed off to his right. Railroad tracks ran parallel, to the east. A sign from the Parks Department, dated March 2001, indicated that we were in Bridge Park. Adler pressed on, stopping occasionally to pick a bit of Queen Anne's lace. The feeling of desolate beauty, achieved by years of neglect, was strong as we strolled along the deserted heavy vegetation and nineteenth-century roadbed.

Passing beneath the silver arches of the Washington Bridge and the concrete pillars of the Hamilton Bridge, Adler said, "There used to be a colony of hound-dog raisers down here." A few yards on, we came upon their shacks. A pungent canine odor wafted through a chain-link fence, accompanied by a faint bark and a low howl. Stopping mid-span on the Washington Bridge, Adler picked up some small, round seashells. Back in Manhattan, he smiled. "You never know what's out there," he said. "When you walk along the water you get wide-open vistas. You get sun. You get boats. You even get little shells."

—*John J. Donohue*

MATT MADDEN

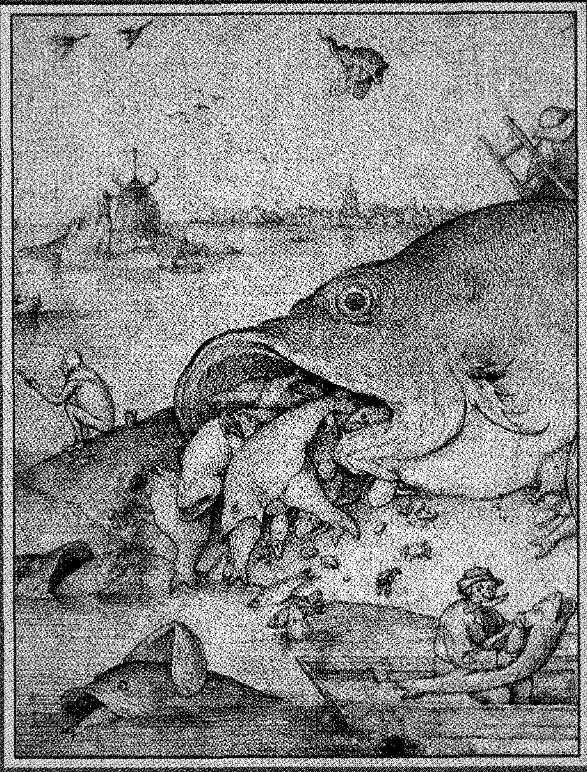
COOPER-HEWITT NATIONAL DESIGN MUSEUM
Fifth Ave. at 91st St. (849-8300)—**"Glass of the Avant-Garde: From Vienna Secession to Bauhaus."** The German economist and collector Torsten Bröhan, who began acquiring glass as a teen-ager, amassed this exquisite collection of early-twentieth-century objects with an emphasis on innovations pioneered in German-speaking Europe. The earliest pieces, designed for the Lötz Witwe glassworks of southern Bohemia, reveal the influence of Louis Comfort Tiffany in their iridescent surfaces and Art Nouveau forms, and hint at the mosaic patterns of Klimt. Otto Prutscher, a designer affiliated with the Wiener Werkstätte, offers a surprisingly whimsical spin on modernism with a wineglass whose blue stem takes the form of a rectilinear chain. The show culminates with the work of the Bauhaus-trained Wilhelm Wagenfeld, with its minimally embellished, solid forms, like the 1931 teapot that's still in production today. Through Feb. 24. (Open Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

JEWISH MUSEUM
Fifth Ave. at 92nd St. (423-3200)—Doug and Mike Starn's **"Ramparts Café"** offers visitors seats at only one table, a banquet-size Lucite case filled with transparencies of the Torah, the Koran, a Crusader's Bible, and the New York *Times*, as well as an accumulation of maps and documents that the Starn twins describe as "3,000 years of written accounts of the fighting over Jerusalem." The glass cups and ashtrays filled with Marlboro Light butts on the smudged top seem meant to evoke a friendly chat over the morning paper, but they're also reminders of stressful political strategy sessions and personal crises. Through Feb. 10. ♦ **"Ben Katchor: Picture-Stories"** pulls viewers into a world of deadpan oddity, full of sneakworm infestations, Mortal Coil-brand mattresses, smoke-cured undershirts, and shoes "made of apricot leather for the daughter of a Czar." His best known comic-strip protagonist, Julius Knipl, Real Estate Photographer, is charged with documenting New York's streets and buildings. Like him, the Brooklyn-born Katchor records the passing of neighborhoods and their ways of life. His compelling drawings and graphic novels, for which he was awarded a MacArthur grant in 2000, appear here in the original and in prints and books, including "The Jew of New York." Through Feb. 10. (Open Sundays through Thursdays, 11 to 5:45, and Tuesday evenings until 8.)

MORGAN LIBRARY
29 E. 36th St. (685-0008)— **"Oscar Wilde: A Life in Six Acts,"** an exhibition imported from the British Library, offers a chronological version of the life of the "lord of language" seen as a succession of juvenilia, manuscripts, love letters, photographs, caricatures, theatre programs, and personal possessions. Sorry, no wallpaper. Through Jan. 13. (Open Tuesdays through Thursdays, 10:30 to 5; Fridays, 10:30 to 8; Saturdays, 10:30 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

MUSEUM FOR AFRICAN ART
593 Broadway (966-1313)—**"Bamana: The Art of Existence in Mali"** showcases objects from village life, including many of the sort of *ci-wara*, or headdresses, that influenced André Derain, Léger, Matisse, Braque, and Picasso. Through March 3. (Open Tuesdays through Fridays, 10:30 to 5:30; Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 6.)

NATIONAL ACADEMY MUSEUM
Fifth Ave. at 89th St. (369-4880)—Red Grooms, the artist who put the Pop in pop-up, gets a mini-retrospective of his prints on the museum's fourth floor. Best known for the elaborate, life-size constructions that he calls "sculpto-pictoramas," Grooms has been experimenting with lithography since 1956, in the days when he was frolicking in "happenings" with the likes of Allan Kaprow and Claes Oldenburg. More than a hundred works on paper are on display, including the winningly titled "Aarrrrrhh"; a fire engine with a 3-D ladder, from 1971; and the artist's own wedding invitation, from 1987. Through Nov. 11. (Open Wednesdays through Thursdays, and Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 5, and Fridays, 10 to 6.)



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Pieter Bruegel the Elder, *Big Fish Eat Little Fish* (detail), 1556, Graphische Sammlung Albertina, Vienna

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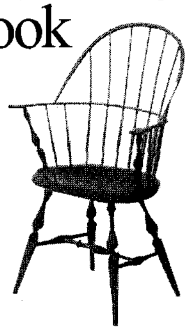

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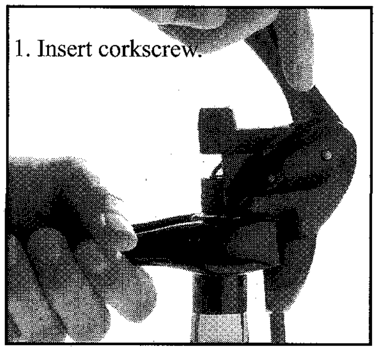

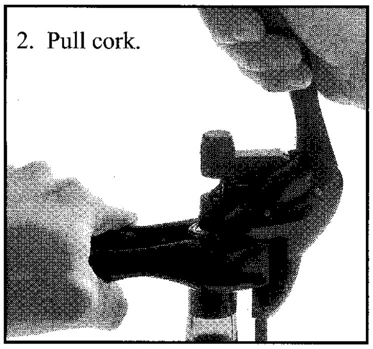

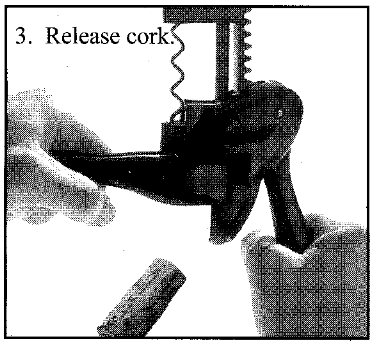

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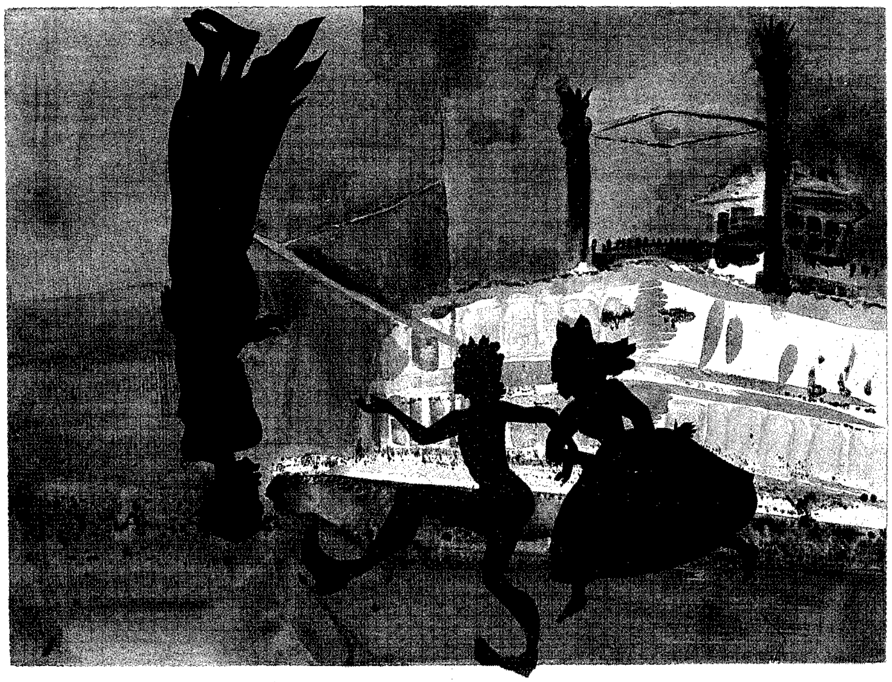
GALLERIES–UPTOWN

Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays, from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.

BENJAMIN EDWARDS
Edwards's "Convergence," the show's title painting, is a chaotic, brightly colored, multilayered work that assembles parking-lot and architectural elements from approximately two hundred and fifty consumer sites photographed by the artist. Jamming these token design efforts into one manic canvas turns mini-mall listlessness into grandiose compulsion. The show manages to be contemporary and historically allusive at once: accompanying studies and preparatory works ("Delirium" and "Proposal for a Megastructure") recall the palimpsest quality of Giacometti sketches, while larger, later works, like "Decoherence," take the trend toward busy graphics to an explosive extreme. Through Oct. 6. (Artemis Greenberg Van-Doren, 730 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. 445-0444.)

KOJO GRIFFIN
Cross a Saturday-night special with the Saturday-morning cartoons and you get a sense of the shady-sweet flavor of this Atlanta-based artist's paintings. Crayola-colored refugees from the toy chest—Teddy bears, elephants, and rag dolls—don human garb and star in ambiguous narratives laced with menace. A green horse holds a gun to the head of an orange bear while a blasé yellow doll checks his watch; a red elephant offers candy to a reticent purple bear cub in kneesocks. Over all, Griffin gives us a sense of compassion, which is not to say hope, for his hapless menagerie. Through Oct. 13. (Mitchell-Innes & Nash, 1018 Madison Ave., at 78th St. 744-7400.)



"They Say Water Represents the Subconscious in Dreams," by Kara Walker, at Sikkema.

BRUCE McCALL
Satirical fantasies (many of which appeared in *The New Yorker*) of a pseudo-future as it might have been imagined by fifties-era Utopians. Through Oct. 30. (James Goodman, 41 E. 57th St. 593-3737.)

Short List

PHILIP GUSTON
McKee, 745 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. 688-5951. Through Sept. 29.

AL HELD
Ameringer Howard, 41 E. 57th St. 935-1110. Through Oct. 13.

TIM LITZMANN
Mary Boone, 745 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. 752-2929. Through Oct. 20.

GERHARD RICHTER
Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. 977-7160. Through Oct. 27.

GALLERIES–CHELSEA

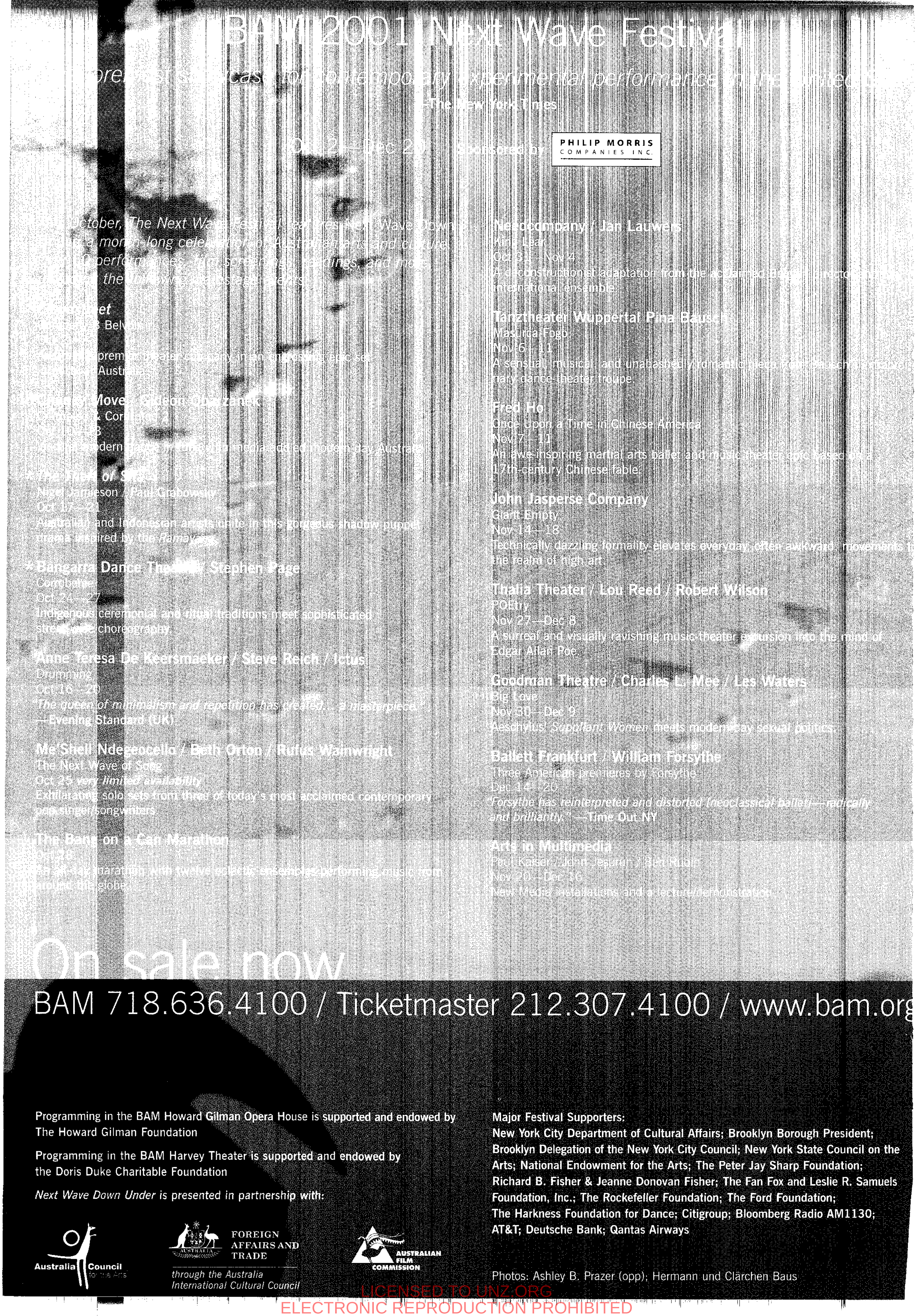
RODNEY GRAHAM
An installation, "The Phonokinetoscope," composed of a 33⅓-r.p.m. record on a turntable with an amplifier and a five-minute 16-mm. film of the artist's bicycle ride through Berlin on LSD. Through Oct. 27. (303 Gallery, 525 W. 22nd St. 255-1121.)

DAVID KORTY
Large-scale watercolors and acrylics on panel that recall the calligraphic delicacy of Chinese scroll painting, the abstract roil of Turner's seas, the laconic haze of Ruscha's Los Angeles, even Seurat's dot-happy obsessiveness. At times, the palette turns fluorescent (a municipal building glares orange and acid green) at others, aquatic (an ocean-colored Ellis Island Ferry). The artist's touch is so fluid that a pale-gray urban nightscape—the ashen glow of its skyscrapers unavoidably conjuring the recent tragedy—looks less rendered than wept into existence. Through Oct. 19. (Greene Naftali, 526 W. 26th St. 463-7770.)

JIM LAMBIE
Last year this Scottish rock musician-turned-artist converted the gallery into a psychedelic clubhouse, covering the floor with concentric bands of grisaille tape, and later versions have become a staple of the international circuit. Lambie's second show focusses on quieter objects fashioned from everyday materials—think of it as the visual equivalent of a great B-side. Stripes recur in the strings of beads suspended between floor and ceiling like absurdly skinny columns and in the shamanic stick wound with skeins of colored thread. Across the room, a lavender belt rises from the floor like a cobra ready to strike. Through Oct. 13. (Kern, 532 W. 20th St. 367-9663.)

REE MORTON
A delightful, if somewhat scattershot, show focussing on the last two years of this exuberant artist's

BAM 2001 Next Wave Festival



BAM 2001 Next Wave Festival

"[illegible] foremost showcase for contemporary experimental performance in the United [illegible]"
—The New York Times

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[illegible] October, The Next Wave Festival features Next Wave Down [illegible] a month-long celebration of Australian arts and culture [illegible] performances, film screenings, readings, and more [illegible] the following [illegible]

[illegible]et
[illegible] B Belv[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] premi[illegible] theater company in an engrossing epic se[illegible] Austr[illegible]

[illegible] Move / Gideon Obarzanek
[illegible] & Corr[illegible] 2
[illegible]—13
[illegible] modern [illegible] contemporary Australia

***The Theft of Sita**
Nigel Jamieson / Paul Grabowsky
Oct 17—21
Australian and Indonesian artists unite in this gorgeous shadow puppet drama inspired by the *Ramayana*.

***Bangarra Dance Theatre / Stephen Page**
Corroboree
Oct 24—27
Indigenous ceremonial and ritual traditions meet sophisticated stre[illegible] choreography.

Anne Teresa De Keersmaeker / Steve Reich / Ictus
Drumming
Oct 16—20
"The queen of minimalism and repetition has created... a masterpiece."
—Evening Standard (UK)

Me'Shell Ndegeocello / Beth Orton / Rufus Wainwright
The Next Wave of Song
Oct 25 *very limited availability*
Exhilarating solo sets from three of today's most acclaimed contemporary pop singer/songwriters.

The Bang on a Can Marathon
Oct 28
An all-day marathon with twelve eclectic ensembles performing music from around the globe.

Needcompany / Jan Lauwers
King Lear
Oct 31—Nov 4
A deconstructionist adaptation from the acclaimed [illegible] director [illegible] international ensemble.

Tanztheater Wuppertal Pina Bausch
Masurca Fogo
Nov 6—11
A sensual, musical, and unabashedly romantic piece from Bausch's [illegible]ary dance-theater troupe.

Fred Ho
Once Upon a Time in Chinese America
Nov 7—11
An awe-inspiring martial arts ballet and music/theater epic based on a 17th-century Chinese fable.

John Jasperse Company
Giant Empty
Nov 14—18
Technically dazzling formality elevates everyday, often awkward, movements t the realm of high art.

Thalia Theater / Lou Reed / Robert Wilson
POEtry
Nov 27—Dec 8
A surreal and visually ravishing music-theater excursion into the mind of Edgar Allan Poe.

Goodman Theatre / Charles L. Mee / Les Waters
Big Love
Nov 30—Dec 9
Aeschylus' *Suppliant Women* meets modern-day sexual politics.

Ballett Frankfurt / William Forsythe
Three American premieres by Forsythe
Dec 14—20
"Forsythe has reinterpreted and distorted [neoclassical ballet]—radically and brilliantly." —Time Out NY

Arts in Multimedia
Paul Kaiser / John Jesurun / Ben Rubin
Nov 20—Dec 16
New Media installations and a lecture/demonstration.

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Photos: Ashley B. Prazer (opp); Hermann und Clärchen Baus abbreviated career. (Morton enrolled in art school in her thirties, when she was already the mother of three, and produced her entire oeuvre in the six years between 1971 and her death, in 1977.) The main gallery is dominated by painted objects fashioned from Celastic, a material that can be draped like fabric before it hardens. The image of red and yellow ribbons tied in a bow—punningly titled "Beaux Painting #4"—has a pleasing visual sing-song, like a nursery rhyme sprung to life. Through Oct. 13. (Alexander and Bonin, 132 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. 367-7474.)

JOHN PILSON
While cubicles and corridors spell office space to most, to Pilson they're sites of child's play and mysterious games—a truth not lost on anyone who's ever made a three-point shot with a crumpled piece of paper. The artist's enigmatic videos set in vacant corporate environments nabbed him a prize at this summer's Venice Biennale, and now he makes an auspicious solo début with an eight-channel piece focussed on the quiet reverie of a little girl playing in an office tower. It is as mesmerizing as it is cryptic. Through Oct. 6. (Klagsbrun, 526 W. 26th St. 243-3335.)

KARA WALKER
Four years ago, at the age of twenty-seven, Walker won a MacArthur Foundation grant for her mural-size silhouettes of Civil War-era masters and slaves. The cutouts, which continue to provide a discomfiting mixture of decoration and confrontation, are embellished here with illuminated projections, ranging from a red-blue-and-green landscape evocative of Colorforms to a nineteenth-century illustration of a steamboat. It's heartening to see the artist expanding her already powerful vocabulary, but the projections dilute more than they enhance. The back gallery features a salon-style installation of small drawings and selected writings. Through Oct. 13. (Sikkema, 530 W. 22nd St. 929-2262.)

Short List

SANTI MOIX
Kasmin, 293 Tenth Ave., at 27th St. 563-4474. Through Oct. 6.

DAVID RATHMAN
Clementine, 526 W. 26th St. 243-5937. Through Oct. 6.

LORNA SIMPSON
Sean Kelly, 528 W. 29th St. 239-1181. Through Oct. 20.

PETER WEGNER
Mary Boone, 541 W. 24th St. 752-2929. Through Oct. 20.

GALLERIES–DOWNTOWN

PAUL CHOJNOWSKI
Chojnowski's medium precludes setting up an easel and working in the field: he photographs for reference, then goes back to the studio to burn his images onto wet paper with a blowtorch. The elegant night city scenes that dominate this collection almost all meditate on variations of the same composition, looking up the center of an alley of buildings, out of which a set or two of headlights shine a bright path down the paper to the viewer's eye (the odd one out is a view of the Brooklyn Bridge in which the East River serves as the shining path). The attempts at darker, rural scenes, in "Pines at Sunset" and "Light Through the Trees," are not as successful as the cityscapes that are so dizzy with haloed lights and theatre marquees. Through Oct. 13. (Bridgewater, Lustberg, 560 Broadway. 941-6355.)

ANYA GALLACCIO
The London-based artist, whose previous work has included violets crushed under glass, recently engaged a photographer to take a picture of her floating belly-up in a Hertfordshire swamp, a ritual she describes as "killing the flower girl." She is showing that photograph along with bronzed botanical elements here—several gauzy gold lima-bean shells with shiny, heavy beans; twenty sprouted potatoes of baroque detail and strong resemblance to human organs, and a whole apple tree, festooned with real apples. The first tree Gallaccio decorated like this, in a Swiss valley, went unmarked and unadvertised; all that remains of the project is a limited edition of twenty-one bottles of schnapps. This more permanent version, in an edition of five, will be sold with several bushels of ceramic apples for easy home installation. Through Oct. 20. (Lehmann Maupin, 39 Greene St. 965-0753.)

MICHELLE LOPEZ
Sculptures of unidentifiably salacious objects (oyster? macadamia nut? pancreas?) covered in glistening, pettable deerskin, calfskin, pony skin, etc. The underlying flirtatiousness is made explicit in the show's title, "Adventures in the Skin Trade." The imaginary glands are legitimately well made and fashionable, as if Vuitton had designed artificial organs, but they're all ridiculously subliminal, filled with lumpish labiomorphs and phallaciousness. The effect of such teasing is both an homage to and a sendup of the desirable. Through Oct. 27. (Deitch Projects, 76 Grand St. 343-7300.)

Short List

DAN MC CLEARY
Beitzel, 102 Prince St. 219-2863. Through Oct. 6.

AUCTIONS AND ANTIQUES

CHRISTIE'S
Sept. 26 at 10 A.M. and 2: The final session of a two-day sale of Continental furniture, art works, tapestries, and carpets. (20 Rockefeller Plaza, at 49th St. 636-2000.)

CHRISTIE'S EAST
Sept. 26 at 10 A.M.: A sale of antique and fine jewelry. ♦ Oct. 1 at 5: More than six hundred lots of fine wine, including vintages from such producers as Grange, Screaming Eagle, and Château Pétrus. A selection of historic sherries from Bodegas Williams & Humbert is the highlight of the sale. A preview tasting precedes the auction, at 4. (219 E. 67th St. 606-0400.)

SWANN
Oct. 2 at 2: Photographs from the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. In addition to work by such artists as Berenice Abbott, Eadweard Muybridge, and Minor White, the auction includes travel photographs, cartes de visite from the Civil War era, and a selection of nudes by Herb Ritts, George Platt Lynes, Louis Stettner, and others. ♦ Oct. 2 at 7: "100 Fine Photographs." Among the many offerings are two major items: a photo study by Thomas Eakins for "The Biglin Brothers Turning the Stake" (one of his celebrated paintings of sculling on the Schuylkill River), estimated to sell for up to a hundred thousand dollars, and nineteen lavishly illustrated volumes of Edward S. Curtis's "The North American Indian" (from 1907 to 1930), expected to bring at least half a million dollars. (104 E. 25th St. 254-4710.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

JEFF BROUWS
These photographs of carnivals and amusement parks, empty and observed at off-hours, revel in the extravagant shapes and colors of rides including the Gravitron, the Hurricane, the Satellite, and the Sky-Diver. Brouws's techniques—among them long exposures that leave the midways' colored lights blurred and glowing—aren't new, but the nostalgia is sincere and, for those with a sweet tooth for carnivals, hard to resist. Through Nov. 3. (Mann, 210 Eleventh Ave. 989-7600.)

PAUL D'AMATO
Though D'Amato often works in locations that have already been documented by other photographers, his environmental portraits are distinguished by his sensitivity to light and gesture. A series on Mexican communities in Chicago

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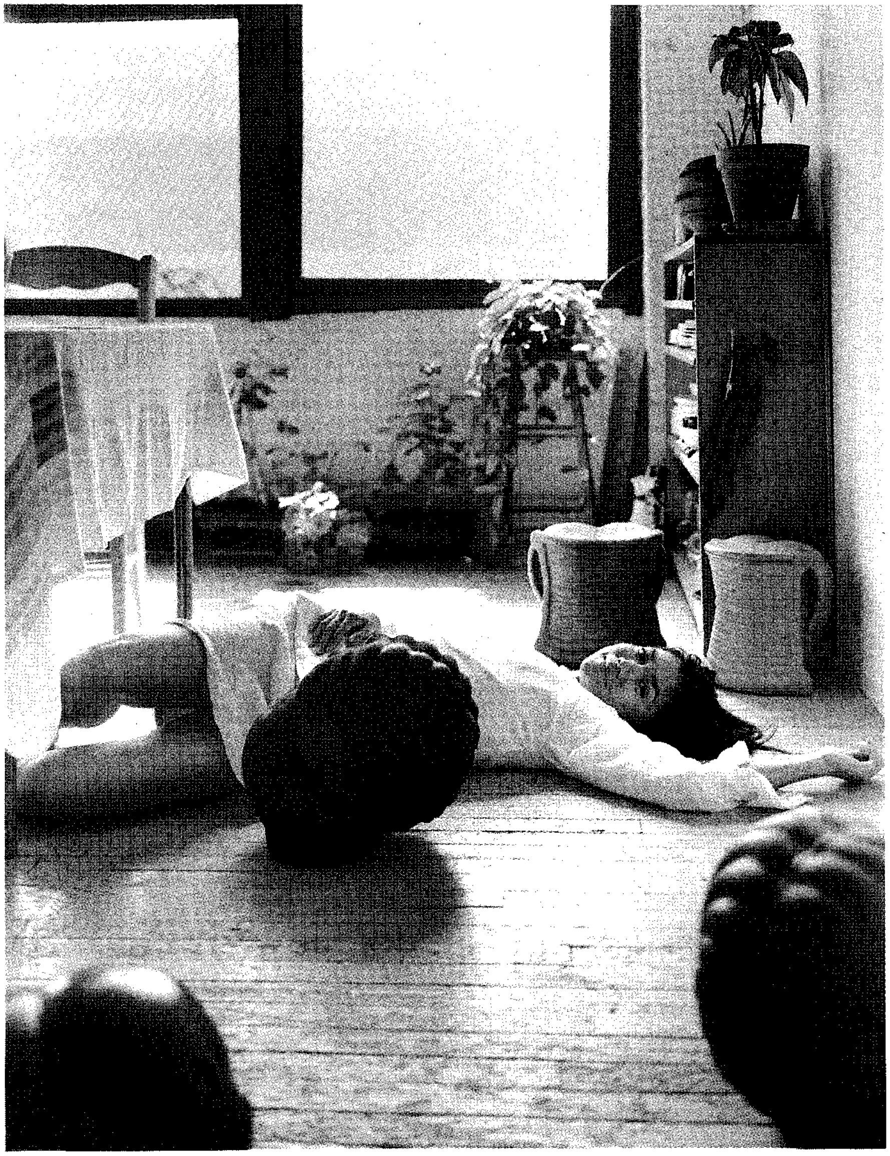


Michelle Lopez, with sculptures from her show at Deitch Projects, in SoHo.

JESSICA WYNNE

includes a picture of a young girl screaming from the seat of a shopping cart in the middle of a debris-filled lot—the scene's one ray of light touches her tightly closed eyes and illuminates the tip of her extended tongue. The exhibition also includes images made at men's social clubs in New England and on the rave scene in New Orleans. Through Oct. 13. (Milo, 552 W. 24th St. 414-0370.)

PAUL FUSCO
These images of mourners photographed from aboard Robert Kennedy's funeral train (a different selection of which was on show at Leica this winter) are in town again with new relevance. The city crowds and country families who lined the tracks from New York to Washington, D.C., on June 8, 1968—holding flags, holding babies, and holding hands—look alternately betrayed, grief-stricken, and simply glad to be alive. Through Oct. 13. (Benrubi, 52 E. 76th St. 517-3766.)

JOHN SCHABEL
Schabel, whose eerie, grainy, and gorgeously printed images won him a place at the 1997 Whitney Biennial, is back with a series of black-and-white pictures taken at night, some in New York City. Seeking out tourists who are themselves taking pictures, he captures the flash of their cameras suspended in the darkness. Details are limited, but rewarding: a braceleted arm holding a flashing camera, two heads lit from behind, a woman silhouetted in a knee-length coat. The results offer an interesting counterpoint to the Philip-Lorca diCorcia show on the Short List below. While diCorcia creates studiolike effects that belie the spontaneity of his works, Schabel plays up the role of chance. Through Oct. 6. (Morris, 465 W. 23rd St. 727-2752.)

"101 BOOKS"
This show of seminal photography books of the twentieth century begins with Alvin Langdon Coburn's "London" (1909) and goes through to David LaChapelle's "LaChapelle Land" (1996). The volumes in between include a *Camera Work* issue devoted to Paul Strand (1917), Leni Riefenstahl's "Schönheit im Olympischen Kampf" (1937), and work from more recent leaders and mavericks—Peter Beard, Michael Lesy, and Allen Ginsberg make it in. The show is a pleasure, but most of all it's an excuse for its lush catalogue, "The Book of 101 Books" (2001). Through Nov. 3. (Roth Horowitz, 160A E. 70th St. 717-9067.)

Short List

GUY BOURDIN
Pace/MacGill, 32 E. 57th St. 759-7999.
Through Oct. 20.
JOHN COFFER
The Viewing Room, 114 W. 17th St.
646-638-1920. Through Oct. 31.
MARK COHEN
Silverstein, 504 W. 22nd St. 627-3930.
Through Nov. 10.
PHILIP-LORCA DI CORCIA
PaceWildenstein Chelsea, 534 W. 25th St.
929-7000. Through Oct. 13.
LUIGI GHIRRI / TODD HIDO
Saul, 535 W. 22nd St. 627-2410.
Through Oct. 20.
SHEILA METZNER
Stevenson, 338 W. 23rd St. 352-0070.
Through Oct. 30.
LARRY SULTAN
Borden, 560 Broadway. 431-0166.
Through Oct. 13.

See the museum listings for photography exhibitions at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the Whitney Museum of American Art, and the American Museum of Natural History.

CLASSICAL MUSIC

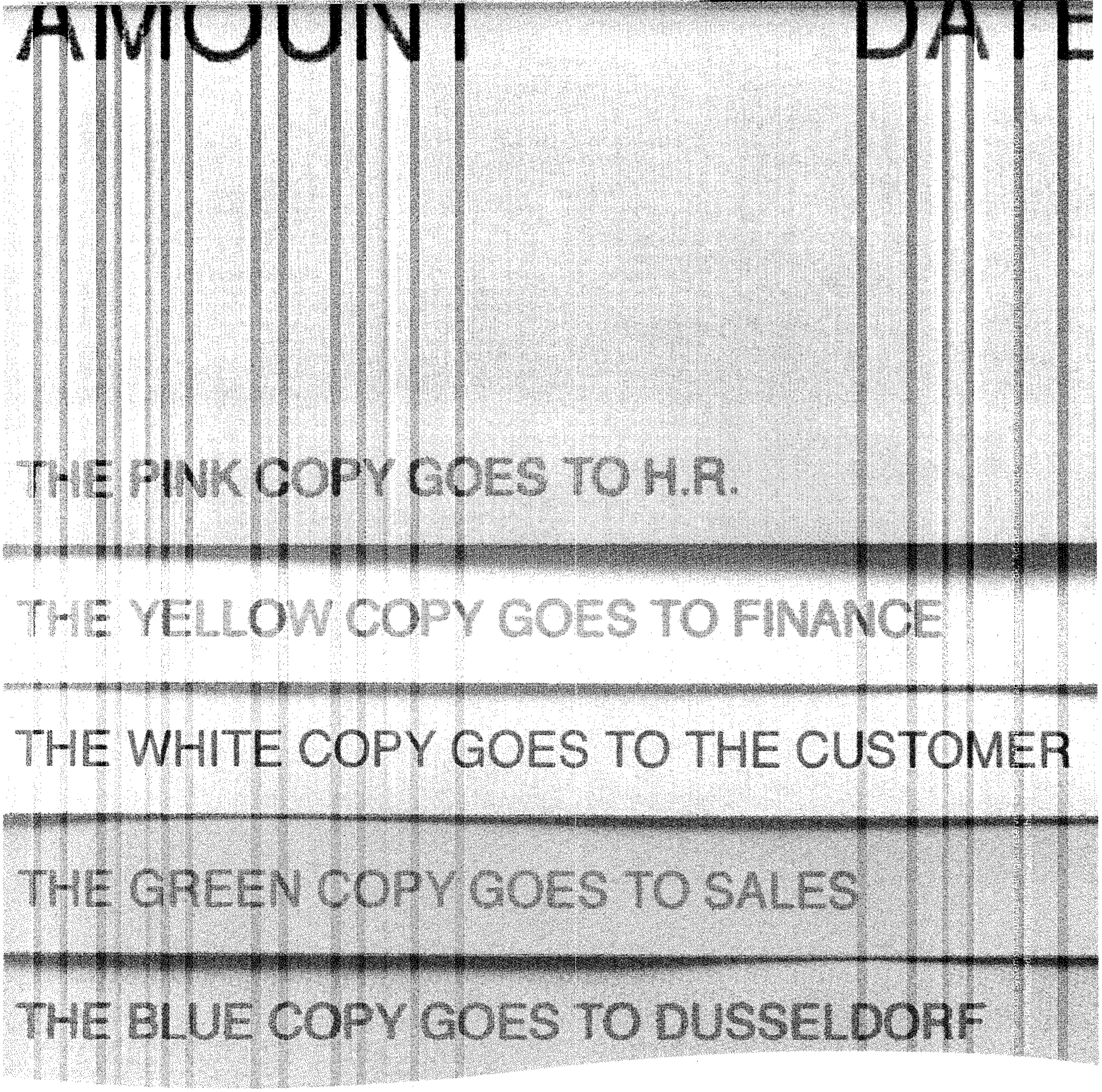
OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA
Berg's **"Wozzeck,"** with Katarina Dalayman (as Marie), Wolfgang Neumann, Graham Clark, Falk Struckmann, and Michael Devlin; James Levine conducts. (Sept. 26 and Oct. 2 at 8 and Sept. 29 at 8:30.) ♦ Tchaikovsky's **"Eugene Onegin,"** with Solveig Kringelborn, Katarina Karnéus, Marcello Giordani, Thomas Hampson, and Robert Lloyd; Vladimir Jurowski. (Sept. 28 at 8.) ♦ The first performance this season of Mozart's **"Idomeneo."** Jean-Pierre Ponnelle's 1982 production returns (directed by David Kneuss) with an impressive cast, featuring Dawn Upshaw, Carol Vaness, Susan Graham, Plácido Domingo, Mark Oswald, Antonio Barasorda, and Hao Jiang Tian; James Levine. (Sept. 29 at 1:30.) ♦ **"La Bohème"** makes its season début. With Hei-Kyung Hong (as Mimi) and with Inva Mula and Bruno Caproni (both making their débuts) as Musetta and Marcello; Carlo Rizzi. (Oct. 1 at 8.) (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000.)

NEW YORK CITY OPERA
Mark Delavan takes the title role in Wagner's **"The Flying Dutchman,"** which is performed in the one-act Bayreuth version, without intermission. The other singers include Susan B. Anthony (as Senta), Marion Capriotti, Carl Tanner, Scott Piper, and Kevin Langan; George Manahan conducts. (Sept. 27 and Oct. 2 at 7:30.) ♦ Jonathan Miller's production of **"The Mikado,"** with Jan Opalach (in the title role), Angela Turner Wilson, Linda Roark-Strummer, Jennifer Dudley, Richard Troxell, and Richard Suart; Gerald Steichen. (Sept. 28 at 8 and Sept. 30 at 1:30.) ♦ The second performance of Bellini's **"The Capulets and the Montagues"** (directed by Thor Steingraber, making his début), which enjoys its first production ever at the company. Drawn from Italian Renaissance sources rather than from Shakespeare, it turns Romeo into a pants role (for mezzo-soprano), overflows with florid vocal writing, and culminates in a swift and dramatic final scene. Mary Dunleavy and Sarah Connolly are Juliet and Romeo, heading a cast that also includes Raul Hernandez, Jan Opalach, and John Marcus Bindel; Joseph Rescigno. (Sept. 29 at 1:30.) ♦ **"The Magic Flute,"** sung in English, with Pamela Armstrong, Aline Kutan, John Osborn, Daniel Belcher, Gustav Andreassen, and Keith Jameson; David Agler. (Sept. 29 at 8.) (New York State Theatre. 307-4100.)

AMATO OPERA
"Aida," presented on a very small scale (no live elephants here). The conductor (and director) is Anthony Amato. (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery. 228-8200. Sept. 29 at 7:30 and Sept. 30 at 2:30. Through Oct. 14.)

DICAPO OPERA
The small company, admired for its intimate productions with fine young professional singers, opens its season with **"La Bohème,"** conducted by Fiora Contino and directed by Michael Capasso. (Dicapo Opera Theatre, 184 E. 76th St. 288-9438. Oct. 2 at 8. Through Oct. 14.)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ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC
Sept. 28 at 2, Sept. 29 and Oct. 1 at 8, and Oct. 2 at 7:30: Alfred Schnittke's "(K)ein Sommernachtstraum," which begins Kurt Masur's all-Russian concert, was written when Schnittke was commissioned by the Salzburg Festival to write music for Shakespeare's "A Midsummer Night's Dream." The composer wisely refused to try to outdo Mendelssohn; his work begins with a Mozartean minuet that gradually morphs into an ugly march; at the end only a solo flute continues to play, a survivor carrying hope for the future. Khachaturian's Violin Concerto (with Silvia Marcovici), full of energy, color, and the zest of Armenian folk music, provides a welcome contrast; the program ends with Tchaikovsky's Fourth Symphony. ♦ **Note:** On Oct. 1 at 6, Masur and Zarin Mehta, the orchestra's executive director, will discuss the 2001-02 season and answer questions from the public. No tickets necessary. (Avery Fisher Hall. 721-6500.)

MANHATTAN SCHOOL OF MUSIC PHILHARMONIA
David Gilbert conducts the orchestra in music by Haydn, Walton (the Symphony No. 1 in B-Flat Minor), and Grieg (the Piano Concerto, with Ning Bo Miao). (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, Broadway at 122nd St. Sept. 28 at 8. No tickets necessary.)

ORPHEUS CHAMBER ORCHESTRA
Carnegie Hall hosts the orchestra for a program of Ravel, Frank Martin (the Concerto for Seven Winds, Percussion, and Strings), and Beethoven (the Violin Concerto, with Itzhak Perlman). (247-7800. Sept. 29 at 8.)

RECITALS

BARGEMUSIC
The lower-Manhattan view offered by this Brooklyn chamber-music standby may be irrevocably altered, but the series' spirit endures. Sept. 27-28 at 7:30: The guitarist Simon Wynberg joins the violinist Mark Peskanov and others for Piazzolla's "Histoire du Tango" and Paganini's Quartet No. 15 for Guitar and Strings. Music by Schubert (the winsome String Trio in B-Flat Major) rounds out the program. ♦ Sept. 29 at 7:30 and Sept. 30 at 4: Cohen, the violinist Mark Peskanov, and the pianist Paul Ostrovsky present music by Beethoven, Prokofiev (the acidic First Violin Sonata), and Schubert (the Piano Trio in E-Flat Major, Op. 100). (Fulton Ferry Landing, Brooklyn. 718-624-2083.)

MILLER THEATRE
Sept. 28-29 at 7:30: Mark-Anthony Turnage has become one of Britain's leading young composers by forging a style that joins a grieving, Berg-like lyricism with the grungy sounds of avant-garde jazz. "Blood on the Floor," an hour-long work for jazz trio and thirty classical players, is named after a painting by Francis Bacon; the work receives its New York première from Kristjan Järvi's Absolute Ensemble. ♦ Oct. 2 at 8: Klangforum Wien, Vienna's renowned new-music ensemble, starts a two-concert residency with a program devoted to music by Beat Furrer, a progressive Austrian composer, and by Christian Wolff, one of the leading radical voices (along with Cage, Feldman, and Earle Brown) of the postwar New York scene. (Broadway at 116th St. 854-7799.)

ORION STRING QUARTET
The Orion, the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center's quartet-in-residence, excels as much at the standard repertory as it does at the most challenging of modern scores. Their all-Beethoven program at the Mannes School of Music offers music from across the composer's career: the Quartet in F Major, Op. 18, No. 1, the expansive Quartet in F Major from the "Razumovsky" set (Op. 59, No. 1), and the Quartet in E-Flat Major, Op. 127, the most ironic and elusive of the later masterpieces. (150 W. 85th St. Sept. 28 at 8. No tickets necessary.)

MERKIN CONCERT HALL
Sept. 29 at 8: The pianists Sandra Yun and Beatrice Long present a program including duets by Lutoslawski (the "Paganini Variations"), Debussy, and Rachmaninoff (the Suite No. 2 for Two Pianos). ♦ Sept. 30 at 8: The pianist Fred Hersch, a wanderer in both the jazz and classical worlds, presents a solo recital of improvisations and original compositions. (129 W. 67th St. 501-3330.)

SUNDAYS ON THE ISLAND
The "Trout" Quintet is the highlight of a relaxing all-Schubert program at Le Refuge, the French-style country inn on City Island; the musicians include three "Sundays" regulars, the pianist Ilan Rechtman, the violinist Lisa Lee, and the cellist Wolfram Koessel. (620 City Island Ave., the Bronx. 718-885-2478. Sept. 30 at 12:30.)

"ON WINGS OF SONG": TROY COOK
Cook, a young American baritone who made his Metropolitan Opera début last season, offers the latest program in the Marilyn Horne Foundation's concert series, including songs by Wolf, Purcell, Poulenc (the rarely performed "Le Travail du Peintre," an homage to painters such as Picasso and Klee set to poems by Paul Eluard) and a group of German lieder by the American composers Ives, Griffes, and MacDowell. (Kosciuszko Foundation, 15 E. 65th St. 734-2130. Sept. 30 at 3.)

SARA DAVIS BUECHNER
The American pianist presents a program of Mozart, Schubert (the "Wanderer" Fantasy), Friml, and Gershwin (including "Five Improvisations in Foxtrot Style," transcribed from the composer's player-piano rolls.) (Pro Piano Hall, 85 Jane St. 206-8794. Sept. 30 at 4.)

JEANNE GOLAN: "CHILD'S PLAY"
Music by Jorge Martín, a young composer who is winning renown for his vocal works, is featured on Golan's wide-ranging piano recital, a program inspired by images and experiences of childhood and adolescence. The other composers include Schumann ("Papillons"), Cowell, Ives ("The Alcotts," from the "Concord" Sonata), Leo Ornstein, and Debussy (the mysterious and suggestive ballet score "Jeux," arranged by Golan for solo piano). (Weill Recital Hall, Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Oct. 1 at 8.)

GALAPAGOS ART SPACE
The "New Music on North Sixth" series begins its season with a benefit concert at this funky bar and performance space in Williamsburg, Brooklyn. A varied group of avant-garde musicians, including the vocalist Shelley Hirsch and the percussionist Michael Evans, is scheduled to appear. (70 N. Sixth St., near Bedford Ave. Oct. 2 at 8. Tickets at the door.)

ABOVE AND BEYOND

READINGS
Sept. 25 at 7:30: By the Canadian writers David Adams Richards, David Macfarlane, and Alistair MacLeod, from their work. (Barnes & Noble, 33 E. 17th St. No tickets necessary.) ♦ Oct. 1 at 7:30: By Leif Enger, from his novel, "Peace Like a River." (Barnes & Noble, Broadway at 82nd St. No tickets necessary.) ♦ Oct. 1 at 7:30: By the poets Sharon Mesmer and Joan Murray. (K.G.B., 85 E. 4th St. No tickets necessary.)

TALKS
Sept. 26 at 7: The actress and musician Kitty Sullivan offers an evening of Irish song, verse, and storytelling. (Glucksman Ireland House, New York University, 1 Washington Mews, at Fifth Ave. 998-3950.) ♦ Oct. 1 at 6: Kenneth Laws, the author of the forthcoming "Physics and the Art of Dance: Understanding Movement," discusses the science of ballet. The dancer Magrielle Eisen assists. (Graduate Center, City University of New York, Fifth Ave. at 34th St. 817-8215.) ♦ Oct. 2 at 7: John Ashbery, Richard Howard, Robert Polito, Alice Quinn, and other poets, translators, and editors pay tribute to the late poet A. R. Ammons. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. No tickets necessary.)

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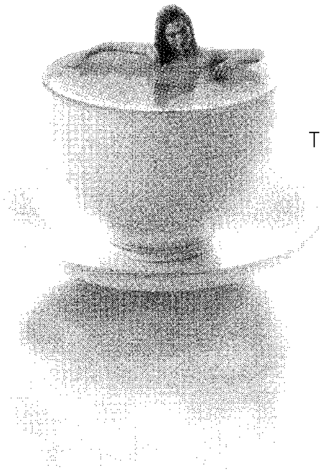

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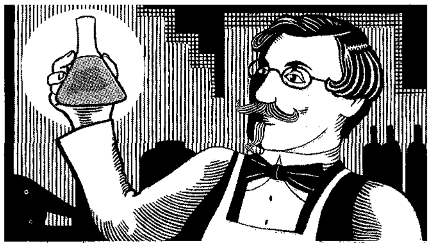
BOOK CURRENTS

Rhapsodies in Blue and Mauve

In 1856, a failed attempt to synthesize quinine from an extract of coal tar left eighteen-year-old William Perkin with an unappealing "black residue." Instead of throwing it out, he found that "the solution of it resulted in a strangely beautiful color." As described in Simon Garfield's **MAUVE** (Norton), this purplish pigment soon became extraordinarily popular and profitable. Mauve was big with both Queen Victoria and Empress Eugénie of France—and, consequently, with women everywhere. By 1859, *Punch* magazine had reported that London was in the grip of "Mauve Measles."

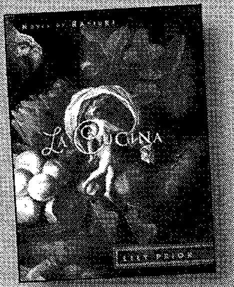


Few people get to invent a new color, but society reinvents color all the time. Michel Pastoureau's **BLUE** (Princeton), translated from the French by Markus I. Cruse, insists that color is "first and foremost a social phenomenon." Most ancient cultures ignored blue, and it wasn't until the color became associated with the Virgin Mary that its fortunes picked up. Since then, it has been popular with everyone from medieval aristocrats to Goethe, whose Young Werther is famously obsessed with his blue frock coat.

Pastoureau can do patterns as well as colors. In **THE DEVIL'S CLOTH: A HISTORY OF STRIPES AND STRIPED FABRIC** (Columbia), translated from the French by Jody Gladding, he begins with the medieval mistrust of stripes, as evidenced by the Rouen cobbler who was "caught in striped clothes" and condemned to death in 1310. Gradually, more positive connotations prevailed, thanks in part to the stripes of the American and French flags. This was good news for zebras; in the seventeenth century the species was considered a "wild donkey," but a century later the Enlightenment naturalist Buffon declared it "the most elegantly dressed" of quadrupeds.

—*Leo Carey*

MICHAEL KUPPERMAN



DISCOVER AUTHOR

DELICIOUS

The magic Rosa creates in her Sicilian kitchen is legendary. Middle-aged and alone, she resigns herself to consummating her desires through her exquisite cooking until the arrival of an enigmatic chef adds a dash of spice to her love life.

LA CUCINA
by Lily Prior
Pub. Price: $13.00
Our Price: $10.40
Readers' Advantage Price: $9.36

DATES

Tart-tongued Phoebe Fine is embarking on a series of dates and invites us along for the ride. The end result is a tortured and often hilarious odyssey through contemporary guyland that offers cutting insights into the vagaries of modern romance.

WHAT SHE SAW...
by Lucinda Rosenfeld
Pub. Price: $13.00
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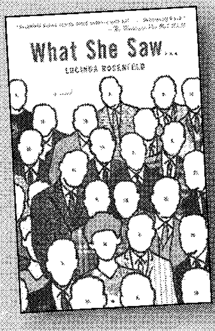
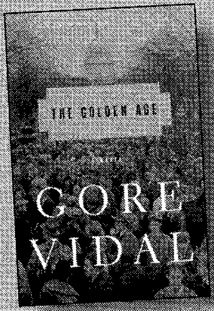




DESTINY

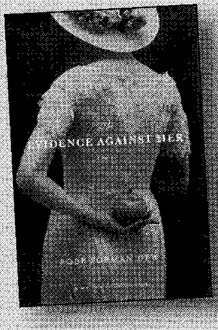
The capstone to Gore Vidal's American Chronicle series dramatically recreates the pivotal WWII period—from FDR's skillful maneuvering of the country into the war to America's eventual emergence as the most powerful nation on the globe.

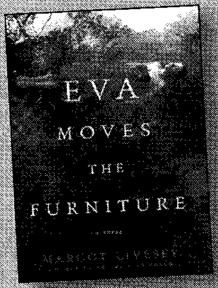
THE GOLDEN AGE
by Gore Vidal
Pub. Price: $15.00
Our Price: $12.00
Readers' Advantage Price: $10.80

DESIRE

Robert, Lily and her cousin Warren are all born on the same day in 1888, and are inseparable from birth. Though Lily marries Robert, her heart belongs to Warren. When he falls in love with another woman, their lives are irrevocably altered.

THE EVIDENCE AGAINST HER
by Robb Forman Dew
Pub. Price: $24.95
Our Price: $19.96
Readers' Advantage Price: $17.96





DELUSION

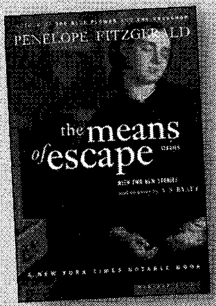
Growing up in small-town Scotland with her father and aunt, young Eva encounters two otherworldly companions invisible to all but her. As she interacts with this mysterious woman and her child, Eva draws closer to knowing and loving her lost mother.

EVA MOVES THE FURNITURE
by Margot Livesey
Pub. Price: $23.00
Our Price: $18.40
Readers' Advantage Price: $16.56

DENOUEMENT

The last book by the late Penelope Fitzgerald is also her only collection of short stories. Spanning both time and place, this collection of tales travels from England and France to New Zealand and from today back to the seventeenth century.

THE MEANS OF ESCAPE
by Penelope Fitzgerald
Pub. Price: $11.00
Our Price: $8.80
Readers' Advantage Price: $7.92



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MOVIES OPENING

BORN ROMANTIC
A comedy about the London dating scene, featuring salsa music. Written and directed by David Kane. With Adrian Lester, David Morrissey, and Jane Horrocks. Opening Sept. 28.

DINNER RUSH
Reviewed this week in The Current Cinema. Opening Sept. 28.

HEARTS IN ATLANTIS
Scott Hicks ("Shine") directed this adaptation of Stephen King's story about a fatherless boy (Anton Yelchin) who is befriended by a man with strange powers (Anthony Hopkins). Opening Sept. 28.

ZOOLANDER
Ben Stiller wrote and directed this comedy, in which he plays a male model who uncovers a worldwide conspiracy. With Owen Wilson, Milla Jovovich, and Will Ferrell. Opening Sept. 28.

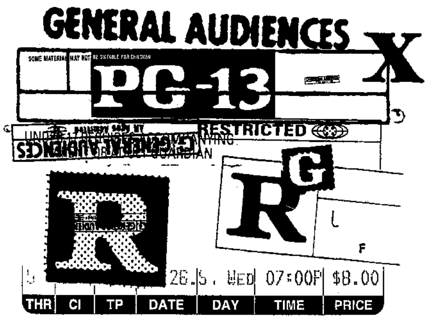
FILM NOTES

AMERICAN PIE 2
More humiliating sex adventures from America's favorite dumb-dumb teens. In this one, they allegedly take the next step into adulthood, but the material seems more infantile and antierotic than ever. It's amazing that actual teen-agers accept this picture of themselves and don't throw popcorn or something worse at the screen. With Jason Biggs, showing some comic style as the stumbling Jim, Chris Klein, Seann William Scott, Mena Suvari, and Eugene Levy.—*David Denby* (Battery Park 16, Chelsea West, 84th Street Sixplex, First & 62nd Cinemas, 42nd Street E Walk, Kips Bay Theatre, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, and Union Square.)

APOCALYPSE NOW REDUX
Francis Ford Coppola's steaming, misshapen epic, now twenty-two years old, is with us once more, and it feels madder and more necessary than ever. With the editorial support of Walter Murch, Coppola has revisited the scene of his movie and recut from the original dailies, adding, along the way, some forty-nine minutes of excised footage. This includes, you will be charmed to discover, more sex: a dinner party and postprandial seduction scene on a French plantation, and the dreamy, sorrowful coupling of soldiers and Playboy models in the cockpit of a grounded helicopter. Whether we need this stuff remains arguable, but it certainly thickens the surfeit of half-satisfied desires that were already boiling away inside the movie. For good measure, there is also our first sight of Brando in broad daylight, mocking the imprisoned Martin Sheen. The new print is ripe and lustrous, and the sound recording—of river whispers as much as of music—could have come straight from a hypnotist's handbook.—*Anthony Lane* (Reviewed in our issue of 8/6/01.) (Astor Plaza, BAM Rose Cinemas, Cinema I, Union Square, and Waverly.)

BAND OF OUTSIDERS
This 1964 Jean-Luc Godard film is like a reverie of a gangster movie as students in an espresso bar might remember it or plan it. It has the gangster-film virtues (loyalty, daring), but they are mixed with innocence, amorality, lack of equilibrium. It's as if a French poet took a banal American crime novel and told it to us in terms of the romance and beauty he read between the lines; Godard re-creates the gangsters and the moll with his world of associations—seeing them as people in a Paris café, mixing them with Rimbaud, Kafka, and Alice in Wonderland. In French.—*Pauline Kael* (Film Forum.)

THE CAMERAMAN
It's a romantic charmer—this 1928 movie is the exhilarating first product of Buster Keaton's ultimately calamitous turn from independent production to studio work at M-G-M. Keaton plays a lowly tintype photographer who transforms himself into a newsreel ace to win over the office girl at the studio's New York newsreel department. Under the direction of his old vaudeville buddy Edward M. Sedgwick, Jr., Keaton gets marvellous support from a cast that includes Marceline Day (the girl), Edward Brophy (a man in a cramped changing stall), and Josephine (an amazing performing monkey).—*Michael Sragow* (Film Forum; Oct. 1.)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THE CURSE OF THE JADE SCORPION
Woody Allen's latest comedy, set in an auburn-colored and jazz-haunted past, looks good, but the picture feels attenuated, redundant, and trivial. Dressed in a fedora and a loosened tie, Allen plays a garrulous nineteen-forties insurance investigator (a sort of crotchety, self-pitying Edward G. Robinson). Helen Hunt is the newly hired office-efficiency expert (a Rosalind Russell type, except blond). They meet, hate each other, and engage in baroquely phrased period insults that allegedly hide their true attraction. You have to enjoy the movie (if you can) as a put-on, not as the romantic comedy it's intended to be.—*D.D.* (Empire 25, Kips Bay Theatre, Lincoln Square, New York Twin, 19th Street East 6, Olympia I and II, and Village East Cinemas.)

THE DEEP END
A heartfelt and beautifully made neo-noir thriller that takes its moods and colors from the turquoise blue of Lake Tahoe. A mother of three, Margaret (Tilda Swinton), discovers a dead body outside her family's lakeside home one morning. It is her teenage son's gay lover, a Reno club owner and lowlife, and Margaret sets about disposing of the corpse as if it were a particularly cumbersome household nuisance. The movie, which is beautifully shot by Giles Nuttgens, develops rhapsodic and fatalistic moods that hold you even when the story becomes improbable. Written and directed by the team of Scott McGehee and David Siegel.—*D.D.* (8/13/01) (Angelika Film Center, Chelsea Cinemas, Cinema 3rd Avenue, Empire 25, Lincoln Square, Murray Hill Cinemas, and Park & 86th Street Cinemas.)

THE FRENCH CONNECTION
A hugely successful 1971 thriller that zaps the audience with noise, speed, and brutality. It's certainly exciting, but that excitement isn't necessarily a pleasure. The ominous music keeps tightening the screws and heating things up; the movie proceeds through chases, pistol-whippings, slashings, murders, snipings, and more chases for close to two hours. This is what's meant to give you a charge. There are no good guys. Gene Hackman plays the lowlife police detective who cracks the case; he's porkpie-hatted and lewd and boorish. William Friedkin directed.—*P.K.* (Film Forum; Sept. 28-Oct. 2.)

FUNNY GIRL
A bravura performance by Barbra Streisand. As Fanny Brice, she has the wittiest comic inflections since the comediennes of the thirties; she makes written dialogue sound like inspired improvisation. As the shady gambler Nicky Arnstein, phlegmatic Omar Sharif appears to be some sort of visiting royalty, with a pained professional smile to put the common people at their ease. But Streisand's triumphant talent rides right over the weaknesses of this 1968 movie. William Wyler directed, with musical sequences staged by Herbert Ross.—*P.K.* (Chelsea Cinemas and Ziegfeld.)

GHOST WORLD
Two strip-mall Savonarolas, Enid (Thora Birch) and Rebecca (Scarlett Johansson), gaze with disgust at the fallen world around them. Terry Zwigoff's movie is based on Daniel Clowes's cartoon novel, which he and Clowes adapted. For a while, "Ghost World" seems to be a new type of dyspeptic comedy, acid yet tender. Zwigoff's sense of visual elegance gives clarity and snap to material that might have fallen into a crabby nowheresville. But the movie loses its cool. It zeros in on Enid's unhappiness, and she begins to seem like a typical teen-ager, one who makes jokes to cover her pain and who needs to grow up. See it for Birch's hostile stare and Johansson's devastating monotone.—*D.D.* (8/6/01) (Angelika Film Center, Battery Park 16, Empire 25, 59th Street East Cinema, Kips Bay Theatre, and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

THE GODFATHER PART II
The daring of Part II is that it enlarges the scope and deepens the meaning of the first film. Visually, it's far more complexly beautiful than the first, just as it's thematically richer, more shadowed, fuller. The completed work, contrasting the early manhood of Vito (Robert De Niro) with the life of Michael, his inheritor (Al Pacino), is an epic vision of the corruption of America. Directed by Francis Ford Coppola; originally released in 1974.—*P.K.* (BAM Rose Cinemas; Sept. 29.)

GO TIGERS!
You know you have arrived in a place where high-school football is taken seriously when the dedication of the team exceeds that of the marching band. Massillon, Ohio, is one such town, a mostly blue-collar community of thirty-three thousand, where boys are held back in the eighth grade so they will have more time to become bigger and stronger. The filmmaker Ken Carlson documents the season of the local team, the Tigers, and follows the fates of three players: the black defensive end who sees football as his ticket out, and the white quarterback and linebacker who sense that senior year is their reward, not their staging ground. Carlson gets at the way the adults and the teens feed off each other, making the game into a test of the town's character. He also catches the fever himself: the second half of the movie plays like a highlight reel.—*Michael Agger* (Quad Cinema.)

HEDWIG AND THE ANGRY INCH
Trash perfection. Flamboyant costumes, lollipop colors, and glam-rock music come together explosively in John Cameron Mitchell's movie adaptation of his Off Broadway hit. Hedwig, a transsexual rocker, tours the dives of America in pursuit of her gorgeous, successful former protégé (Michael Pitt). Mitchell's confident, nonpandering direction brings out cheeky performances from his actors, and songwriter Stephen Trask's tunes, worthy of Bowie at his gender-bending best, wrap the film in loving, outré fashion.—*Bruce Diones* (Chelsea Cinemas and Union Square.)

JAY AND SILENT BOB STRIKE BACK
Kevin Smith sums up his career thus far in a ragtag affair that's profane, silly, and likable. Jay (Jason Mewes) and Silent Bob (Smith himself), leave their turf outside a Quick Stop convenience store in Leonardo, New Jersey, and head for Hollywood. Jay, who looks like a stoned Viking, is a ranter—obscene, empty-brained, sublimely confident with women yet scoreless as a eunuch. Silent Bob, his patsy and fool, plays off Jay's tirades with yearning eyes. The movie is filled with antic references to the early Smith canon and much in-joking about the movie business. When the boys arrive in Los Angeles, they run into current and former stars of the independent cinema, including Matt Damon and Ben Affleck, who take turns dumping on one another's careers. With Chris Rock, Jason Biggs, Mark Hamill, and many others in cameo appearances.—*D.D.* (9/3/01) (Battery Park 16, 42nd Street E Walk, Kips Bay Theatre, and Village Theatre VII.)

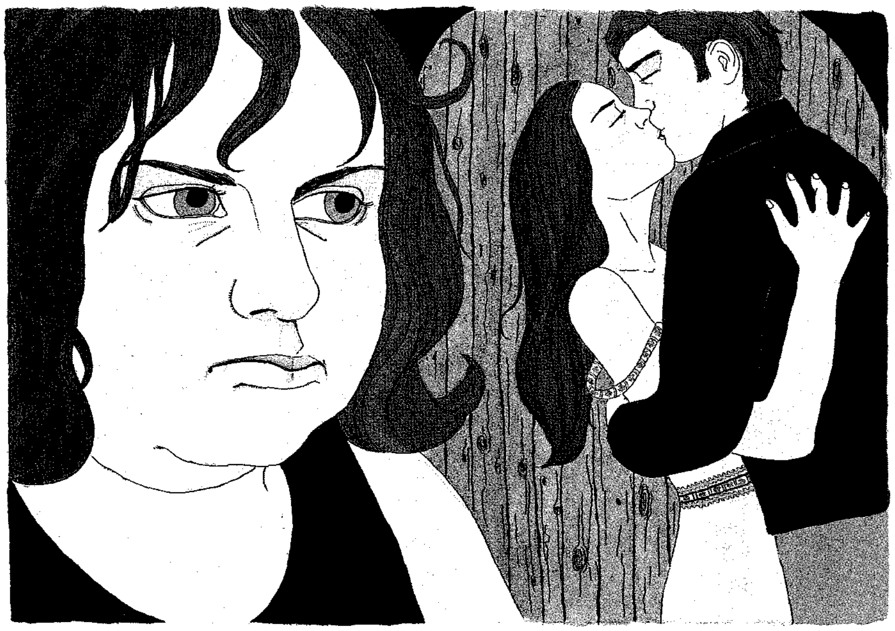
JEEPERS CREEPERS
Produced by Francis Ford Coppola and directed by Victor Salva, this road-trip horror film (two siblings are relentlessly pursued by a fanged demon) develops into an effective and sinister ride. Lushly photographed, with a surprising number of jolts and surprises, it skirts the clichés of most fright entertainment with roller-coaster pacing and some inspired mordant wit.—*B.D.* (Battery Park 16, Empire 25, Lincoln Square, and Orpheum VII.)

L.I.E.
A delinquent kid (Paul Franklin Dano) first robs and then befriends a middle-aged ex-marine (Brian Cox),

who knows a lucky chance when he sees one. As movie subjects go, pedophilia is volatile to the point of explosive, and Michael Cuesta has done well to hold his nerve and forge something so clever and careful. If anything, the cleverness cuts too deep. Cuesta's desire for tolerance is so pronounced, and Cox's skill is so generous and engaging, that, if you don't watch out, you can end up being seduced by the same strategic charm that ensnares the boy. The picture is suavely shot and never less than disturbing. Cuesta falters only when the comedy of sly, vicious seduction recedes to make way for a solid event—a guy keeling over with a heart attack, say, in the middle of a restaurant. But this is Cox's film, by a mile; as a good Shakespearean, he knows how to flood villainy with dramatic life. What do you do with a monster who dares you not to like him?—*A.L.* (9/10/01) (Empire 25, Kips Bay Theatre, Lincoln Plaza Cinemas, and Union Square.)

LISA PICARD IS FAMOUS

Two unemployed actors came up with the canny idea of starring in a mock documentary about two unemployed actors starring in a documentary about their search for success. The actors, Laura Kirk and Nat DeWolf, also wrote the script, and the film's director, Griffin Dunne, plays a director in the film. Instead of another insider diatribe about the players and poseurs of Hollywood, we are given the other side: a deftly shaped sendup of insecurity and ambition. Even so, the filmmakers are smart enough and connected enough—Mira Sorvino produced—to sprinkle their tale of wannabes with real-life celebrities (Sandra Bullock and Spike Lee, among others) doling out tongue-in-cheek career advice. Although Kirk and DeWolf's satirical script occasionally misfires, their film has a biting charm.—*B.D.* (Chelsea West, 62nd & Broadway, and Village East Cinemas.)



FRENCH KISS *Catherine Breillat follows her 1999 succès de scandale, "Romance," with "Fat Girl," screening at the New York Film Festival, which begins on September 28.*

LARA TOMLIN

O

This transposition of "Othello" to a Southern prep school, with Mekhi Phifer as a black star basketball player, Julia Stiles as his white girlfriend, and Josh Hartnett as a jealous white rival, was held from distribution following the shootings at Columbine, but there was probably no need for caution, since the movie is sincere, nonexploitative, and heartfelt, and has no resemblance to any of the school shootings. Phifer's performance develops some tragic power, but Hartnett's Iago figure seems merely improbable. The movie is a decent try, but the attempts to stay close to Shakespeare's plot and to say something about American racism make for a complicated and confused way of telling a story that should have been straightforward. Directed by Tim Blake Nelson, sensitively, but without sensuality or excitement.—*D.D.* (Battery Park 16, Coronet Cinemas, East 85th Street, 42nd Street E Walk, Kips Bay Theatre, Lincoln Square, 19th Street East 6, 72nd Street East, and Village Theatre VII.)

THE OTHERS

Nicole Kidman plays an upper-class Englishwoman living in a big house on Jersey at the end of the Second World War. Her husband is off fighting, and her two small children are so sensitive to light that the curtains must always be drawn and anyone passing from room to room must shut one door before opening the next. The electricity is out, and the house is covered in fog. One rather misses a beast howling on the moors or a madwoman in the attic, but there are voices, many voices, and the servants make creepy remarks. The Spanish director Alejandro Amenábar works by suggestion much of the time: he favors ambiguity rather than outright horrors, and the sepulchral gray light of the house and grounds can be elegant. But the movie becomes monotonous; it's like a sluggish computer game in which movement is limited to one room at a time.—*D.D.* (8/13/01) (Battery Park 16, East 86th Street Cinemas, Empire 25, Kips Bay Theatre, Lincoln Square, 19th Street East 6, Olympia I and II, 72nd Street East, and Village Theatre VII.)

OUR LADY OF THE ASSASSINS

In Barbet Schroeder's new movie, a Colombian writer returns to his native Medellín to mourn his lost youth and, while he's at it, pick up a new one. Schroeder has made some spicy pictures in his time, but this one feels lacklustre by comparison, and the two main performers—Anderson Ballesteros as the hustler and German Jaramillo as his aging mentor—tend to drift through their scenes, trying not to notice the hellfire around them. Whether they are genuinely ground down by the woes of the world or simply exhausted by years of casual sex is hard to work out; to be fair, few directors could make a film about moral anesthesia without sinking into glumness, and Schroeder does a pretty good job of insuring that no one in the audience will book a Colombian vacation in the near future. In Spanish.—*A.L.* (9/10/01) (Angelika Film Center and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

RAT RACE

The director Jerry Zucker gathers together a group of comic actors, including Whoopi Goldberg, Jon Lovitz, and John Cleese, for this sporadically zany comedy about a cross-country race for two million dollars. Some of Zucker's elaborate stunts are inspired, and the sight gags have the pleasing obviousness of his earlier work. The jokes tend to hang around waiting for a laugh, but the film builds enough momentum for a proper goofball finish.—*B.D.* (Battery Park 16, Coronet Cinemas, 84th Street Sixplex, 42nd Street E Walk, Kips Bay Theatre, 19th Street East 6, Orpheum VII, and Village Theatre VII.)

RIFIFI

A quartet of thieves breaks into a jewelry store, and for a tense half hour we watch as they work, silently. This 1955 film is like a highly skilled documentary on how to disconnect a burglar alarm and open a safe, and it is thoroughly engrossing, because we see the criminals as craftsmen, and we celebrate their teamwork, their finesse, their triumph. Ironically, we find ourselves sympathizing with their honest exhaustion after their dishonest labor. From there on, this movie, made in France, by the American director Jules Dassin, follows the tradition of "Scarface," "Public Enemy," and "The Asphalt Jungle," bringing the tragic, trapped figures (now symbols of our own anti-social impulses) to a cadaverous finish. In French.—*P.K.* (Florence Gould Hall; Oct. 2.)

ROCK STAR

Mark Wahlberg is Chris, a well-brought-up Pittsburgh boy who repairs copy machines during the day and tarts himself up at night as the lead singer in Blood Pollution, a tribute band devoted to the implacably mediocre Brit kings of heavy metal, Steel Dragon. When the lead singer of Steel Dragon gets kicked out, Chris steps in as his replacement. The movie is a sardonic look at the mechanics of the rock world: we get the clear idea that in this kind of high-schlock touring band no difference exists between the original and the copy. The details of Chris's rise are enjoyable, but the picture turns into a rather obvious morality tale. With Jennifer Aniston as his shrewd girlfriend, who inserts a nipple ring into his chest with great delicacy.—*D.D.* (9/17/01) (Battery Park 16, First & 62nd Cinemas, 42nd Street E Walk, Kips Bay Theatre, Lincoln Square, 19th Street East 6, Orpheum VII, and Village Theatre VII.)

SEXY BEAST

A tale of expatriate Cockneys, dry-roasted by the Spanish sun and determined to get England off their backs. Gal (Ray Winstone), once a crook, and his wife, Deedee (Amanda Redman), once a porno star, have retired to the Costa del Sol; now they are tracked down by an old acquaintance, Don (Ben Kingsley), who invites Gal back home for one last crime. Jonathan Glazer, the young British director making his début feature, turns the first half of the picture into a cool study of hotheads, saturated with creative cursing; the second half, which finds Gal returning to London, stumbles and slides into the grim traditions of gangsterland. But the movie needs to be seen for its clean compositions, its sure touch of fantasy, and, above all, for the forbidding presence of Kingsley—the prince of darkness, lightly disguised as a human being.—*A.L.* (6/18 & 25/01) (Murray Hill Cinemas, Sutton 1 and 2, and Village East Cinemas.)

TOGETHER

Lukas Moodysson's exemplary comedy, one part distressing to two parts delectable, is set in a hippie commune in the mid-nineteen-seventies—in Sweden, no less, where the hippie ethic was an article of faith. Within minutes, we know not only where we are but whom we are dealing with; as a director, Moodysson is the perfect host, calmly introducing us, without the trace of a sneer, to a broad selection of trolls and fruitcakes. What follows is a dance of desire, as men, women, and even children pair off with one another; under it all, like a bass note, sounds the story of Elisabeth (Lisa Lindgren) and her drunken husband, Rolf (Michael Nyqvist), strangers to this utopian colony, who finally find refuge, and a kind of reconciliation, in its absurd dreams. That is Moodysson's great trick: to blow hot and cold, allowing us both to laugh at these bearded types and to respect, even envy, their frazzled companionship. With the excellent Emma Samuelsson as the warring couple's daughter, and with the help of Abba—what did you expect?—on the soundtrack. In Swedish.—*A.L.* (8/20 & 27/01) (Angelika Film Center, BAM Rose Cinemas, Chelsea Cinemas, Cinema II, and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

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Z
How a political murder is made to look like an accident. Costa-Gavras's extraordinary 1969 thriller—one of the fastest, most exciting melodramas ever made—was based on contemporary events in Greece. In 1965, Gregoris Lambrakis, a professor of medicine, was struck down by a delivery truck as he left a peace meeting; the investigation of his death uncovered such a scandalous network of corruption and illegality in the police and in the government that the leader of the opposition party, George Papandreou, became Premier. The movie shows how the mechanics of fascist corruption may be hidden under the mask of law and order. When the picture is over and you've caught your breath, you know perfectly well that its techniques of excitation could as easily be used by a smart fascist filmmaker, if there were one. Luckily there isn't. With Yves Montand and Jean-Louis Trintignant.—*P.K.* (American Museum of the Moving Image; Sept. 29-30.)

ALSO PLAYING

CHILDREN UNDERGROUND
Film Forum.
THE CLOSET
Angelika Film Center, East 86th Street Cinemas, Eastside Playhouse, Metro Cinema 1 and 2, Murray Hill Cinemas, and State.
THE GLASS HOUSE
Battery Park 16, Chelsea Cinemas, Empire 25, First & 62nd Cinemas, Kips Bay Theatre, Lincoln Square, Orpheum VII, and Village East Cinemas.
HARDBALL
Battery Park 16, 84th Street Sixplex, 42nd Street E Walk, Kips Bay Theatre, New York Twin, 19th Street East 6, Orpheum VII, and Village Theatre VII.
LIAM
Angelika Film Center and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.
LUMUMBA
The Screening Room.
RUSH HOUR 2
Battery Park 16, 84th Street Sixplex, Empire 25, Kips Bay Theatre, Orpheum VII, and Union Square.
SHREK (5/21/01)
Empire 25 and First & 62nd Cinemas.
TWO CAN PLAY THAT GAME
Battery Park 16, 84th Street Sixplex, Empire 25, Kips Bay Theatre, 19th Street East 6, Orpheum VII, 64th and 2nd, and Village Theatre VII.
VENGO
BAM Rose Cinemas and The Screening Room.

THEATRE ADDRESSES

Unless noted, call 777-FILM for show times.

Angelika Film Center, 18 W. Houston St.
Astor Plaza, 44th St. at Broadway.
BAM Rose Cinemas, 30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn.
Battery Park 16, West St. at Vesey St. (945-3418).
Beekman, Second Ave. at 66th St.
Chelsea Cinemas, 260 W. 23rd St.
Chelsea West, 333 W. 23rd St.
Cinema I, Third Ave. at 60th St.
Cinema II, Third Ave. at 60th St.
Cinema 3rd Avenue, Third Ave. at 60th St.
Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th St. (924-3363).
Coronet Cinemas, Third Ave. at 59th St.
East 85th Street, First Ave. at 85th St.
East 86th Street Cinemas, Third Ave. at 86th St.
84th Street Sixplex, Broadway at 84th St.
Empire 25, on 42nd St. near Eighth Ave. (398-3939).
59th Street East Cinema, 239 E. 59th St.
Film Forum, W. Houston St. west of Sixth Ave. (727-8110).
First & 62nd Cinemas, 400 E. 62nd St.
42nd Street E Walk, 42nd St. near Eighth Ave.
Kips Bay Theatre, Second Ave. at 32nd St.
Lincoln Plaza Cinemas, Broadway at 63rd St.
Lincoln Square, Broadway at 68th St.
Metro Cinema 1 and 2, Broadway at 99th St.
Murray Hill Cinemas, 160 E. 34th St.
New York Twin, Second Ave. at 67th St.
19th Street East 6, Broadway at 19th St.
Olympia I and II, Broadway at 107th St.
Orpheum VII, Third Ave. at 86th St.
Paris, 4 W. 58th St. (688-3800).

Ben Stiller in "Zoolander."

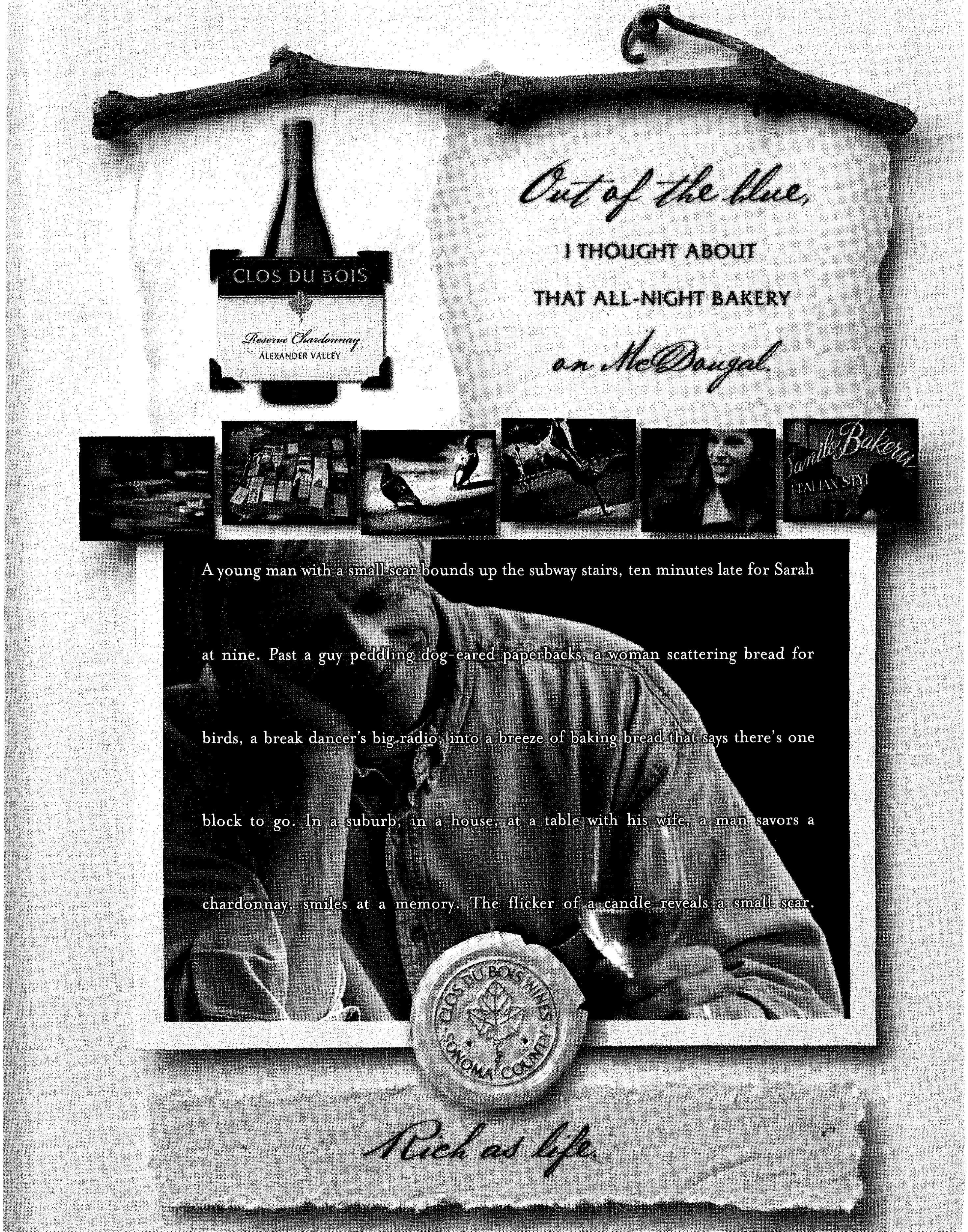
Park & 86th Street Cinemas, 125 E. 86th St.
Pioneer, 155 E. 3rd St. (254-3300).
Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th St.
The Screening Room, 54 Varick St. (334-2100).
72nd Street East, Third Ave. at 71st St.
64th and 2nd, Second Ave. at 64th St.
62nd & Broadway, 62 W. 62nd St.
State, Broadway at 45th St.
Sutton 1 and 2, Third Ave. at 57th St.
Union Square, Broadway at 13th St.
Village East Cinemas, Second Ave. at 12th St.
Village Theatre VII, Third Ave. at 11th St.
Walter Reade Theatre, Lincoln Center (875-5600).
Waverly 1 and 2, Sixth Ave. at 3rd St.
Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th St.

REVIVALS, CLASSICS, ETC.

Titles with a dagger are reviewed above.

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF THE MOVING IMAGE
35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria (718-784-0077)—Through Sept. 30: "Social Engineering: Highlights from the A/V Geeks Educational Film Archive," screenings of the 16-mm. films you may have endured in high school. Sept. 29 at 2: "Cinema VD: Sin, Sex, and Sores" (1941-72). ♦ Sept. 29 at 4:15: "As the Office Turns" (1958-74). ♦ Sept. 30 at 2: "Drugs, Drugs, Drugs" (1968-72). ♦ Sept. 30 at 4:30: "Could This Have Happened by Accident?" (1955-76). ♦ Repertory night. Sept. 29-30 at 6:30: "Z" (†).
ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES
32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5110)—Through Sept. 30: "Revolution in the Revolution: Soviet Cinema of the Sixties."
BAM ROSE CINEMAS
30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn (777-3456)—Sept. 26 at 6:50 and 9:10: "Morocco" (1930, Josef Von Sternberg). ♦ A retrospective of films featuring the Italian comic Totò. All films are in Italian. Sept. 27 at 4:30, 6:50, and 9:10: "The Passionate Thief" (1960, Mario Monicelli). ♦ Sept. 28 at 2, 4:30, 6:50, and 9:10: "Totò Versus the 4" (1963, Steno). ♦ Repertory favorites. Sept. 29 at 4 and 8: "The Godfather Part II" (†). ♦ Sept. 30 at 2, 5:10, and 8:20: "The Godfather Part III" (1990, Francis Ford Coppola). ♦ Oct. 1-2 at 4:30, 6:50, and 9:10: "An American Werewolf in London" (1981, John Landis).
FILM FORUM
W. Houston St. west of Sixth Ave. (727-8110)—Through Oct. 4: "N.Y.P.D.," an eight-week festival of New York City crime movies. Sept. 26 at 4 and 8: "Cop Land" (1997, James Mangold). ♦ Sept. 26 at 2, 6, and 10: "Romeo Is Bleeding" (1993, Peter Medak). ♦ Sept. 27 at 2:50, 5:50, and 9: "Prince of the City" (1981, Sidney Lumet). ♦ Sept. 28 and Sept. 30-Oct. 2 at 2, 4, 6, 8, and 10: "The French Connection" (†). ♦ Buster Keaton classics. Oct. 1 at 2, 4:40, 7:20, and 10: "The Cameraman" (†). The 7:20 show features live piano accompaniment by Steve Sterner. ♦ Oct. 1 at 3:20, 6, and 8:40: "Daydreams" (1922), "Convict 13" (1920), and "Hard Luck" (1921).
FLORENCE GOULD HALL
55 E. 59th St. (355-6160)—Through Oct. 30: "French Classics in Black & White." Oct. 2 at 12:30, 3:30, 6:30, and 9: "Rififi" (†).
MUSEUM OF MODERN ART
Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480)—Through Oct. 2: A Kon Ichikawa retrospective. All films are in Japanese. Sept. 27 at 2:30 and Sept. 29 at 2: "Money Talks" (1964). ♦ Sept. 27 at 6 and Sept. 29 at 5: "Hakai" (1962). ♦ Sept. 28 at 2:30 and Sept. 30 at 5: "The Makioka Sisters" (1983). ♦ Sept. 28 at 6: "I Am Two/Being Two Isn't Easy" (1962). ♦ Sept. 28 at 8 and Sept. 30 at 2: "I Am a Cat" (1975). ♦ Oct. 1 at 2:30 and Oct. 2 at 6: "Matatabi" (1973). ♦ Oct. 1 at 6 and Oct. 2 at 2:30: "Ten Dark Women" (1961).
THE MUSEUM OF TELEVISION & RADIO
25 W. 52nd St. (621-6800)—Through Nov. 2: Selected short films from "Saturday Night Live." Sept. 27-28 at 6:30 and Sept. 29-30 at 4.
THE NEW YORK FILM FESTIVAL
Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (875-5050)—Through Oct. 14. Sept. 28 at 8:15 and Sept. 28 at 9: "Va Savoir" (2001, Jacques Rivette; in French). The 9:00 showing is at Avery Fisher Hall. ♦ Sept. 29 at 12 and Sept. 30 at 9: "What Time Is It There?" (2001, Tsai Ming-liang; in Taiwanese). ♦ Sept. 29 at 3:30 and Sept. 30 at 7: "I'm Going Home" (2001, Manoel de Oliveira; in French). ♦ Sept. 29 at 6:30 and Sept. 30 at 4: "Warm Water Under a Red Bridge" (2001, Shohei Imamura; in Japanese). ♦ Sept. 29 at 9:30 and Sept. 30 at 1:30: "Storytelling" (2001, Todd Solondz). ♦ Oct. 1 at 6: "La Libertad" (2001, Lisandro Alonso; in Spanish) and "That Old Dream That Moves" (2000, Alain Guiraudie; in French). ♦ Oct. 1 at 9:15 and Oct. 2 at 6: "La Cienaga" (2001, Lucrecia Martel; in Spanish). ♦ Oct. 2 at 9: "Italian for Beginners" (2001, Lone Scherfig; in Danish and Italian).
WALTER READE THEATRE
Lincoln Center (875-5600)—Through Oct. 12: "The Outsider Looking In: The Films of Leonardo Favio." A ten-film retrospective of the career of the Argentinean actor, singer, and director. All films are in Spanish. Sept. 29 at 1 and 5, Oct. 1 at 5:45 and 9:15, and Oct. 2 at 4 and 7:30: "Chronicle of a Lonely Child" (1965, Favio). ♦ Sept. 29 at 3, Oct. 1 at 4 and 7, and Oct. 2 at 5:45 and 9:15: "The Kidnapper" (1958, Leopoldo Torre Nilsson). ♦ Sept. 29 at 7: "The Romance of Aniceto and Francisca" (1967, Favio). ♦ Sept. 29 at 9:15: "The Employee" (1968, Favio). ♦ Sept. 30 at 2: "Perón, a Symphony of Feeling" (1999, Favio).

EDWIN FOTHERINGHAM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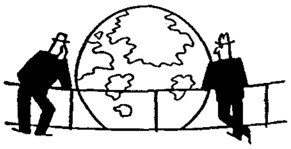
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

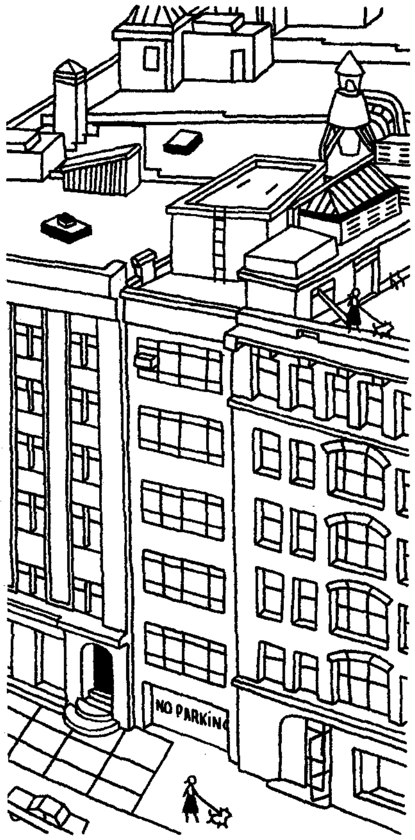
COMMENT
THE TRAP



Three years ago, Osama bin Laden and his fellow-members of something calling itself the World Islamic Front for Jihad Against the Jews and the Crusaders launched from eastern Afghanistan a grandiloquent "Declaration." Its text fulminated against the United States for its "occupation" of the holy land of Arabia, its "aggression" against Iraq, and its support of "the petty state of the Jews." After a series of quotations from the Koran, the authors shifted to their own authority, concluding, "To kill Americans and their allies, both civil and military, is an individual duty of every Muslim who is able, in any country, where this is possible, until the Aqsa Mosque" (in Jerusalem) "and the Haram Mosque" (in Mecca) "are freed from their grip and until their armies, shattered and broken-winged, depart from all the lands of Islam."

The precise contours of the awful conspiracy aimed at the World Trade Center and the Pentagon remain hazy. But there is little doubt that bin Laden's rhetoric of jihad inflamed the damaged imaginations of enough young men to produce an act of true evil and, in a morning, to smash a decade in which America drifted lazily along waters untroubled by the riptides of history. Now all of us live in history. And all of us, in government and elsewhere, grope to make sense of it. Beyond the grief for what has been lost there is the need to know what to think and how to act. Part of the struggle is to put a name to this immense and indecent event.

In 1993, the political scientist Samuel P. Huntington published, in *Foreign Affairs*, an essay entitled "The Clash of Civilizations." Its thesis was that the essential divisions in the post-Cold War world are not among nations or ideologies but among "civilizations": Islamic, Slavic-Orthodox, Confucian, Hindu, Japanese, and Western. "The next world war, if there is one, will be a war between civilizations," Huntington wrote. Just as Francis Fukuyama's essay on "the end of history" was—for a while, in certain circles—a convenient and triumphal way of looking at the collapse of Communist ideology, one that allowed us to dream sweetly of the inexorable spread of market democracy to all reaches of the world, Huntington's much darker scheme is now sure to be revived in primary colors by some as a map of the conflict now before us, with the most irreconcilable clash being between the West and Islam.



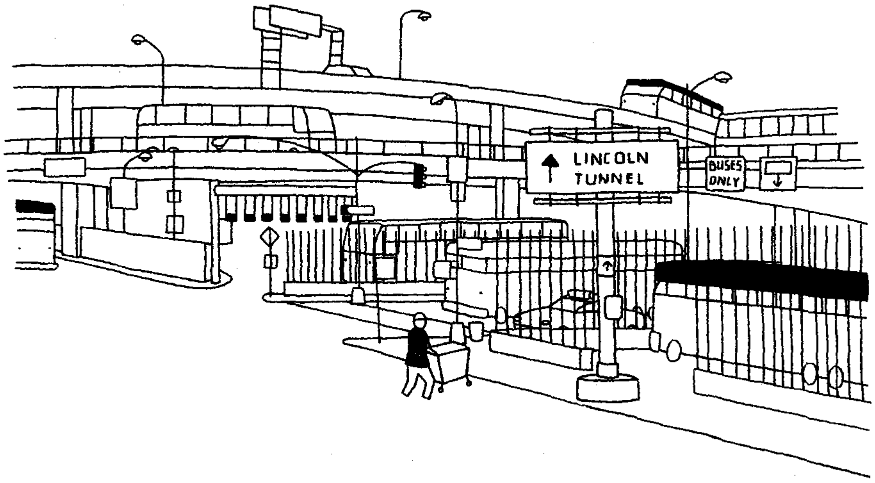
Huntington's was a simplified and even simplistic vision, not least in his view of Islam as a monolithic civilization. In one of the more devastating rejoinders to "The Clash of Civilizations," Fouad Ajami, a scholar who was born in Lebanon and now lives in the United States, noted that the Islamic world is not even remotely monolithic: that in Iran, the birthplace of Islamic revolution, many young people are in earnest rebellion against fundamentalist clerics; that Saddam Hussein came to dictatorial power as an avowed secularist and waged war for a decade against Iran; that leaders in Egypt and Jordan found a way to sign peace treaties with Israel; that in places as various as Egypt and Turkey modernity and secularism (twin towers that are not so easily reduced to rubble)

ILLUSTRATIONS BY LAURENT CILLUFFO

have proved resilient against profound challenge—in short, that "the world of Islam divides and sub-divides."

Sharpening and poisoning those divisions and subdivisions, with a view to bringing about the downfall of moderate Arab governments, is part of what the likes of Osama bin Laden hope to achieve. Beyond that, however, a "war of civilizations" is precisely what the horror of September 11th was designed to incite. What the terrorists did was aimed only in the first instance at the destruction they so spectacularly achieved and the demoralization and disruption they sought to engender. What they did was, in the classic sense, a provocation; and what they meant to provoke was war—the bigger, the better.

The assault of September 11th was technological jujitsu. Operating in the frictionless ether of the modern world (with its freedom of movement, its free market, its electronic nervous system of instantaneous communication and information), a score of terrorists turned the materials of that world against it. What did they actually do? They redirected the flight paths of four airliners. The immediate sequel was automatic: within the first two hours, the steel-melting fires, the collapses, the entombment of—at the latest doleful estimate—more than six thousand people; within the first week, the beginnings of an economic earthquake. Now the terrorists hope for a further cascade of secondary explosions. Just as American planes were the found object that devastated American cities, the terrorists hope that American passions will inexorably ignite a greater and ultimately far more dangerous conflagration.



The trope of war has been omnipresent since the day of the attack. In his address last Thursday evening to a joint meeting of Congress, President Bush did not, and could not, retreat from it. His speech was simple and direct, with an unhackneyed vigor of language. And even as the President spoke of war his remarks reflected an awareness of the snares that word carries. Justice, more than war, was the speech's theme.

Implicit in what Bush had to say was a recognition that this eruption of evil must not be allowed to metastasize into a conflict among civilizations or even, to the extent possible, among nations. On the contrary. "This is civilization's fight," he said, one in which "we ask every nation to join." Furthermore, "the enemy of America is not our many Muslim friends; it is not our many Arab friends." The enemy, rather, is "a collection of loosely affiliated terrorist organizations."

The demands that Bush made on the Taliban thugs who rule Afghanistan are almost certain to be rejected. American military intervention in that country is therefore almost certain as well. Bush gave few particulars about the form such intervention might take, its duration, or the goals that will be defined for it, but he promised that the Taliban "will hand over the terrorists, or they will share in their fate." At the moment, then, our "they" encompasses only the terrorists and their Taliban hosts. How the "they" comes to be defined in the months ahead, and who does the defining, will be absolutely critical. The terrorists' fondest hope is that "they" will expand to include countries inhibited and ultimately paralyzed by the fear (or the power) of their own Islamic extremists (Pakistan, Saudi Arabia); countries where corners of "the street" exulted in the sight of the falling towers (the Palestinian territories, Egypt); and, finally, the whole of the Arab if not the Islamic world. "Either you are with us, or you are with the terrorists"—this was Bush's formula. It carries heavy risks, of which the Administration seems well aware. But, through inadvertence, miscalculation, or the unintended consequences of actions taken mainly to assuage the supposed impatience of the American public, "they" could expand anyway.

The steps Bush outlined in somewhat more (though still sketchy) detail will come mostly in the form of police work, albeit police work of an unprecedented intensity, breadth, urgency, and global scale. That is as it should be. For a long time to come, the only goal that will make sense is prevention, and the only means that will make sense are those which hold out hope of making further terrorist attacks less likely. Bush's "wanted, dead or alive" comment last Monday, apparently unscripted, was widely seen as evidence of rhetorical excess, a bit of cowboy bravado. In fact, taken as a policy pronouncement of sorts, it pointed in the right direction. This is a conflict that pits all of civilized society against a comparatively small, essentially stateless band of murderous outlaws. Thinking of it in this way—as primarily a mobilization against a kind of organized crime or criminal insurrection—does not mean that military resources should not be used, or that the matter is less urgent or serious than Bush says it is. Nor does it mean that the only solution is the sort of due-process law enforcement that makes it prohibitively hard, in Bush's words, "to know the plans of terrorists before they act, and find them before they strike." He made the point memorably when he said, "Whether we bring our enemies to justice, or bring justice to our enemies, justice will be done."

Bush's speech went some distance in reassuring those who feared that his response to this crisis would be a primitive spasm of vengeful violence. America learned long ago (first through the Strategic Bombing Survey conducted after the Second World War and again in Vietnam) that the indiscriminate bombing of cities—intended to crush an enemy's will, as distinct from his ability, to fight—has an effect opposite to the one intended. The peaceful planes turned terrorist missiles that brought down the World Trade Center were bombs of that kind. They were designed to undermine our spirit, unhinge our reason, and fog our vision. Whether they will prove to have succeeded or failed is beyond the power of the terrorists to decide. It is entirely up to us.

—*Hendrik Hertzberg & David Remnick*

HORIZON DEPT.

TOWERS OF LIGHT

During the darkest hours of the downtown inferno, when Mayor Giuliani made his Churchillian promise that the New York skyline "will be made whole again," he must have thought he was speaking metaphorically. New York being New York, though, full of impatient people who understand the power of images, two separate plans were already in the works to restore the skyline *right away*. Two days after the disaster, Gustavo Bonevardi and John Bennett, a pair of young architects whose office is in the West Village, began E-mailing friends and potential supporters their proposal for a virtual re-creation, in projected light, of the World Trade Center towers, silhouetted against the nighttime skyline. At the same moment, entirely independently, the artists Paul Myoda and Julian LaVerdiere were working with Creative Time, a nonprofit arts organization, to develop an astonishingly similar proposal, which also involved the use of projected light. When the two teams heard about each other, they immediately got together and turned the two proposals into one, which they're calling "Towers of Light."

At one of many subsequent meetings in the architects' far from glossy office last week ("Watch out for holes in the floor," Bonevardi warned a visitor), the four principals agreed that hearing about each other's plan had been quite a surprise. "But our immediate reaction was one of solidarity," LaVerdiere said.

"We just want to get it built," John Bennett said, "and it seemed like there was a better chance if we all worked together."

"The aesthetics was secondary to the statement," said Bonevardi, who, at forty, is the oldest of the four. "There was even a sense of inevitability about collaborating—the way the firefighters and the police and the whole city have done in the rescue effort. And it's key that this is not a memorial. A memorial needs to be done, but that's not what this is. This is a statement to the rest of the world and to ourselves."

LaVerdiere and Myoda have worked with light before. In fact, they spent the past six months in a studio on the ninety-first floor of the World Trade Center's north tower, developing a "bioluminescent beacon," a light sculpture (using the light emitted by single-celled organisms, such as plankton) that was to be installed next year on the tower's radio antenna. After the catastrophe, the artists, whose sense of loss was deeply personal, came up with the idea of two shafts of projected light. Their original drawings did not attempt to reproduce the exact shape of the Twin Towers. "Julian and I were thinking first about the idea of ghost limbs," Myoda said. "You know, when you've lost a leg or an arm and you still feel it's there." They now believe that the Bennett-Bonevardi plan for a clearly defined silhouette of both towers is a stronger concept. "Our image pointed more to the loss," Myoda said. "Now we think it should be more solid, with less of the spectral quality." The architects are talking with several design firms about the technological aspects. Creative Time, which is working on getting the necessary municipal permits, hopes that most of the materials and hardware will be donated. The four men are donating their services, and a number of potential sponsors have already responded to Bonevardi's and Bennett's E-mails with substantial money offers.

The hardware itself—laser generators or searchlights or whatever the architects decide to use—could be situated on barges in the river or on one of the downtown piers, well out of the way of the continuing rescue effort. The light towers could be operational in a matter of weeks, according to Bonevardi, and one proposal is to make them visible every night for a month or so. "It's very important that what we're doing is temporary," he said. "It's not imposing anything on the city, but showing the world that New York is unbroken, and that we're here, and vibrant, and alive."

"It will definitely not be a tourist attraction," Bennett said.

"By no means," Bonevardi said. "It'll be something you see from afar—maybe as far as a hundred miles. It could even be done in other cities—towers of light on the Washington Mall, for example. Wouldn't that be stunning?"

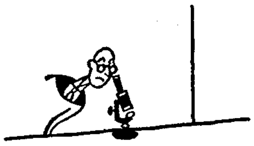
"A sort of friendly apparition," LaVerdiere said.

"The idea is so straightforward," Bonevardi said. "It's not just a concept. It's a shout."

—*Calvin Tomkins*

IN THE RUBBLE

THE UNKNOWNS



In 1984, the unidentified remains of a soldier killed in the Vietnam War were buried in the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier, in Arlington, Virginia, alongside unidentified American soldiers from Korea and the two world wars. In 1998, those remains were disinterred and identified by means of a DNA test as belonging to Lieutenant Michael Joseph Blassie, of St. Louis, Missouri. The Blassie affair was awkward for the military—the Pentagon, which had conferred the Congressional Medal of Honor on the soldier when he was unknown, refused to let Michael Blassie's family claim the medal. (Once the unknown soldier was known, his heroism became less extraordinary.) Victor Weedn, the founder of the Armed Forces DNA Identification Laboratory, which identified Blassie's remains, said around that time, "We hope there will never again be another soldier buried in the tomb of the unknowns."

Will there be a Tomb of the Unknown New Yorker in lower Manhattan? Weedn, now a research scientist at Carnegie Mellon University, said last week that he didn't think the public would want such a monument: "I don't believe it would be palatable. I don't think the government could stand the pressure not to identify everyone." Weedn, whose lab has performed some of the most spectacular feats of forensic pathology in recent years, including the identification of most of the Branch Davidians at Waco and some of the passengers aboard T.W.A. Flight 800, which crashed in 1996, has done as much as anyone to increase the public's faith in DNA-based testing of disaster victims. He approves of the strenuous efforts being made by the New York City medical examiner's office to identify all the bodies. "But it's a slippery slope," he said. "Once you identify some of the remains, people want to know, well, what about the others? What often happens in airplane crashes is that the medical examiners choose a cutoff weight—they'll test every sample that weighs one pound or more, in addition to any recognizable body parts, and send those remains back to the families. Everything under one pound gets quietly incinerated, and nobody hears about it. Because you just can't DNA-test every drop of blood."

Robert Shaler, the director of forensic biology at the New York City medical examiner's office, who is in charge of the effort to identify the victims of the disaster using DNA matching, said on Friday, "We're going to sample everything that comes into our laboratory. We have about three thousand pieces in the lab right now. We've extracted DNA from eight hundred and thirty-nine of those, and we have identified a minimum of two hundred and eighty-nine individuals." Experts estimate that when they have finally sifted through the rubble, there may be hundreds of thousands of tissue samples. Testing them all could wind up costing tens of millions of dollars.

The medical examiner's office has contracted with two biotechnology companies, Myriad Genetics, of Salt Lake City, and Celera Genomics, of Rockville, Maryland, to assist in analyzing the samples. Brian Ward, the vice-president of operations for Myriad, said late last week that the company was capable of analyzing thirty thousand samples a month. "Here's what happens," he said. "The city medical examiner extracts the DNA from the samples they find. They send those specimens to us on what we call a 'plate.' Imagine you've got four ice-cube trays, all taped together, shrunk down to three inches by four inches—that's what a plate looks like. We put those plates into our system, which is totally automated and robot-supervised. We amplify, separate, and analyze the DNA, and generate a numerical profile for each sample."

Meanwhile, New York State authorities are collecting a database of reference samples from relatives of the victims, as well as a database of samples taken from the victims' personal effects (toothbrushes, combs, etc.). The DNA profiles from the tissue samples will be matched with the DNA profiles in the reference databases using specialized software. Benoit Leclair, a senior scientist with Myriad, is the creator of one such program, known as the Kinship Analysis Program, which fully automates the process of making these comparisons. He wrote it in order to help identify victims of the Swissair disaster in 1998, in which two hundred and twenty-nine people died. In that case, he said, "To compare every profile required about a hundred and eighty thousand comparisons, and if you did it by hand it would have taken over a year. With the software I wrote, it took two hours."

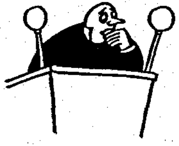
So it's possible that through improvements in automation all the samples found at the World Trade Center site will be identified. But it's unlikely that the examiners will find the DNA of every person who died in the towers. Mark Stolorow, a forensic biologist with Cellmark Diagnostics, in Maryland, said, "On the floors where the planes crashed, you had temperatures hot enough to melt steel—hotter than the temperatures in a crematorium. At those temperatures, all organic materials turn to ash. You have no DNA—it's gone."

Is delivering the grieving families from the purgatory of what's known as "ambiguous grief" worth the time and expense of testing every single piece of every body that is found? During the Civil War, thousands of soldiers' bodies were never identified, and the public accepted that, because it had to. Modern science, in giving us the means to assign identity to the tiniest fragments of flesh, turns us all into Trojans begging Achilles to return Hector's corpse. We continue to come up with ever more ingenious ways to transcend the limits of the flesh, from videoconferencing to Viagra, but we cling to the ancient, almost primal need for a body to bury when life ends.

Even Weedn acknowledges the incomprehensible scale of the effort: "Testing every fragment in the debris is an impossible feat," he said. "On the other hand, some survivor will say, 'Well, you did all these tests—why not spend fifty dollars more and test one more fragment? That may be Joe.' "

—*John Seabrook*

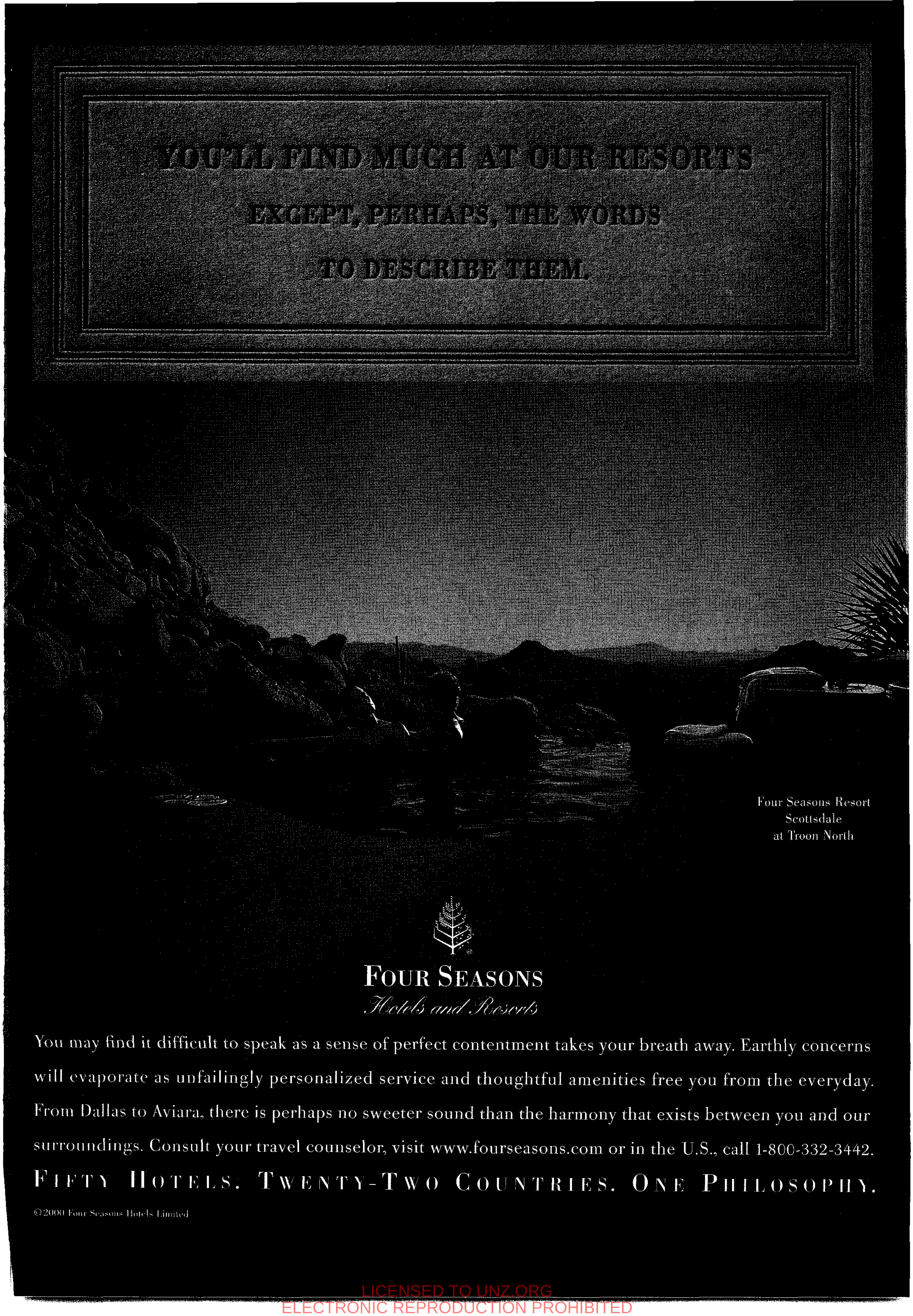
THE COURTS
SUING BIN LADEN



Great national traumas inevitably give way to tangles of litigation, and so it will go, in all likelihood, in the wake of the attacks on the World Trade Center and the Pentagon. There will be criminal prosecutions and gnarled disputes over insurance coverage and liability, but there may be something new as well: civil litigation against the terrorists themselves.

Could someone really sue Osama bin Laden, the prime suspect? In recent years, American courts have heard lawsuits based on large-scale violations of human rights, including those that occur outside our borders. Courts in the United States have issued civil judgments against a Guatemalan defense minister (for various abuses, including the kidnapping and torture of an American nun), an Argentine general (for murder and torture during the "dirty war"), and the late Ferdinand Marcos (for murder and other abuses in the Philippines). "Terrorism is clearly a violation of international law," Anne-Marie Slaughter, a professor of international law at Harvard, said last week. "And it's clear that, under American law, you can sue for violations in our courts." (A civil trial of Slobodan Milosevic for genocide and mass rape was recently completed in Boston federal court; a decision is pending.)

Bin Laden appears to have some-



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thing that plaintiffs like: deep pockets. "If you have a strong case, you can tie up a foreign bank account even before you have a judgment in our courts," said Michael Ratner, a lawyer with the Center for Constitutional Rights, which has brought several such human-rights cases. "The United States could do it right now. Mostly, what it takes is good intelligence, people on the inside, informants at the bank."

Nonetheless, the obstacles to a civil case against bin Laden (or any other non-American alleged perpetrator) are daunting. First, you'd have to find him. "Bin Laden would have to be arrested and brought here, since the United States limits its jurisdiction to people and organizations that are physically present in the U.S.," said Jennifer Green, who is also a lawyer for the Center for Constitutional Rights. "But there wouldn't be a problem with serving him legal papers in prison." Then, of course, you'd have to have enough admissible evidence to prove liability. So far, the public hasn't seen much of that.

Even if bin Laden himself were never arrested, it might be possible to sue the states that assisted him. Formerly, foreign states could not generally be sued in American courts, but in 1996 Congress changed the law to allow cases against states that support terrorism or torture. "It used to be that courts said that lawsuits like these were messing with our foreign policy, and they generally threw them out," Slaughter said. "But Congress is now encouraging them, and the courts are allowing more and more of them to proceed."

These human-rights lawsuits are a local manifestation of a growing interest, mostly abroad, in international law. (There's even a group of lawyers, based in Belgium, called Avocats sans Frontières—Lawyers Without Borders.) In recent years, international criminal law has developed some real teeth; at present, prosecutions are under way in The Hague, against Milosevic and others for crimes in the former Yugoslavia, and in Tanzania, against alleged perpetrators of the Rwandan genocide. As for the civil cases in American courts, the lawyers who bring them tend to recognize that the chances of actual financial recoveries are small, if not nonexistent. But such cases may represent the rare occasion when it's not all about the money. "People feel better when they know they can file a lawsuit, even if they never get any money," Ratner said. "It's also a way for people who have been hit hard at least to strike back, a way to tell their story."

—*Jeffrey Toobin*

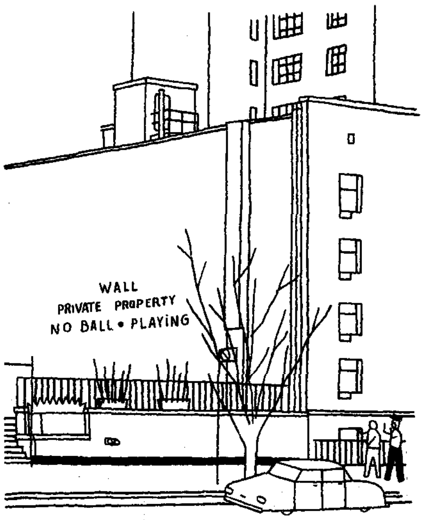
POSTSCRIPT
ALICE TRILLIN

The disbelief that enveloped what we began witnessing on the morning of September 11th—the shock upon shock, the televised images that we fixated upon with deepening incomprehension—signified that for most New Yorkers our emotional anguish lacked an immediate focus. At *The New Yorker* offices the next day, the news arrived that, during the night, in a hospital at the opposite end of Manhattan from the World Trade Center, Alice Stewart Trillin, the wife—and, as the *Times* noted, the "muse"—of our colleague Calvin (Bud) Trillin, had died of congestive heart failure. Like that, our already overwhelming agony gave way to a particularized sadness and grief. A woman of extraordinary beauty, intelligence, wit—and, most strikingly, relentless optimism—had, in a moment of absolute global madness, slipped away. She was sixty-three.

Readers knew Alice from her husband's writings about food, travel, and domestic life, in which she assumed the role of comic foil (a pragmatist possessed of "a weird predilection for limiting our family to three meals a day," a do-gooder who insisted that a twenty-dollar bill found lying on a Greenwich Village sidewalk must be turned in to the lost-property desk at the neighborhood police precinct). Professional colleagues knew her, during a variegated career, as a college professor who taught writing and designed writing curriculums and as a producer of award-winning arts-education television documentaries. She was, as well, a discerning reader and editor and a writer of graceful and lucid essays (including one published in this magazine earlier this year, "Betting Your Life") that derived from her experience, in her late thirties, of being diagnosed with lung cancer. (Though she never smoked, she had grown up in a household in which both parents did.) For the remaining twenty-five years of her life, she had the unblinking wisdom to recognize each new day for what it was—a gift that she was eager to share with her husband, their adored daughters, Abigail and Sarah, and a multitude of lucky friends. She also gave her time and energy to a variety of charitable causes, most notably the Hole in the Wall Gang Camp for children with cancer and blood-related illnesses.

Bud Trillin would refer wryly to Alice's "singular world view." It was the sort of thing he had in mind when, delivering a toast at Sarah's wedding, last year, in Los Angeles, he observed the bushels (but *tasteful* bushels) of floral arrangements that Alice had marshalled for the occasion and remarked, "Evidently there are five or six uncut flowers remaining in Southern California." One spring day a few years ago, during a postprandial stroll along a canal towpath in southern New Jersey, she exclaimed to a group of friends, "Everyone, come look at this beautiful dung-colored toad!" That was Alice, never not singular. In one of her essays—she happened to have been describing her encounter with cancer but, it now seems, she was also prescribing a transcendence of the spirit to which this city and country might aspire—she wrote, "It astonishes me that having faced the terror, we continue to live, even to live with a great deal of joy."

—*Mark Singer*



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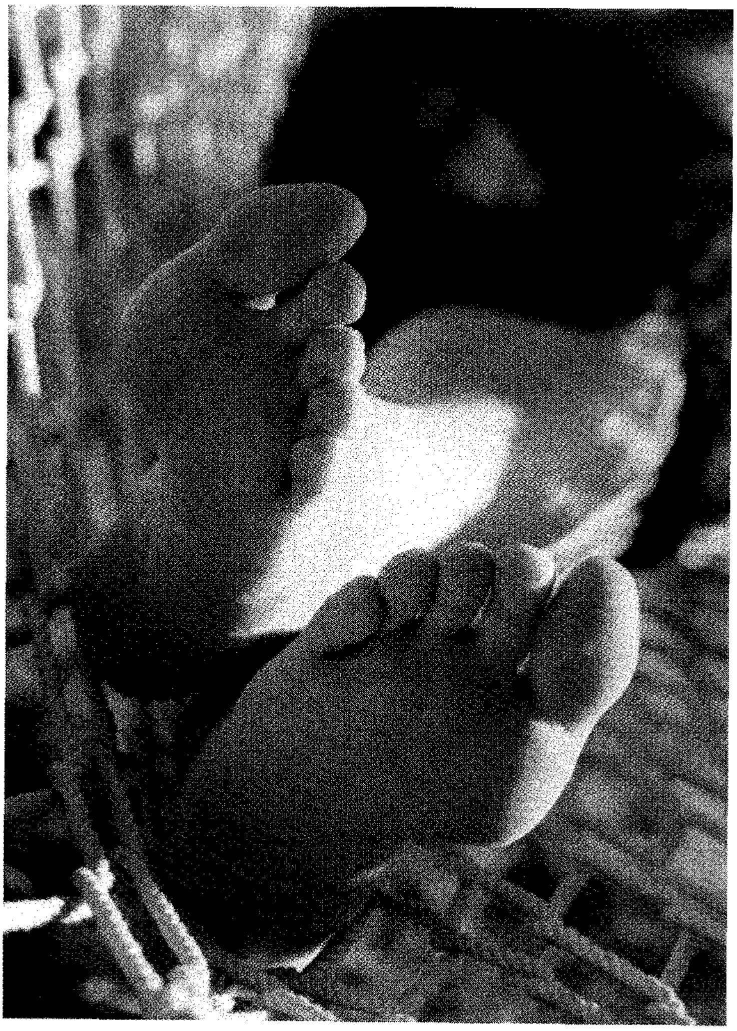

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DEPT. OF NATIONAL SECURITY

CLOSEWORK

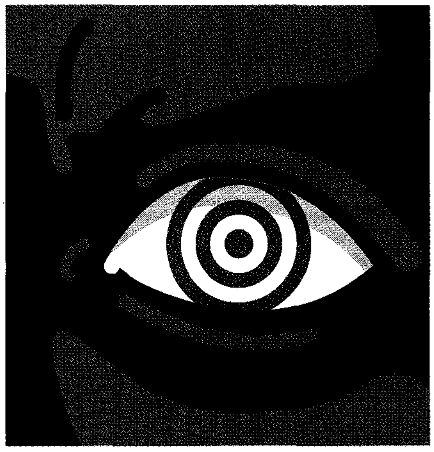
Why we couldn't see what was right in front of us.

BY JOE KLEIN

One afternoon in the autumn of 1995, there was an unexpected confrontation at the airport outside Sarajevo between then Assistant Secretary of State Richard Holbrooke, who was with his military aide, General Wesley Clark, and two leaders of the United Nations peacekeeping forces—a British general named Rupert Smith and a French general named Jean-René Bachelet. Two weeks earlier, Holbrooke had negotiated a ceasefire for the Sarajevo area, the first step toward a Bosnian peace accord. As part of this agreement, the Serbs had consented to open the road from Kiseljak to Sarajevo, essentially ending their siege of the city. But the U.N. peacekeepers hadn't yet cleared the road, and Holbrooke was angry. "If Bosnian trucks aren't moving on the Kiseljak road, we aren't really testing this agreement," he said. "And this agreement is the model for a general ceasefire."

The British and French generals were strikingly handsome—action figures decked out in pristine camouflage fatigues and spit-polished boots. They sat in dignified silence as Holbrooke quietly berated them. Then they explained, sheepishly, that there was a section of the road, just near the airport, that was difficult to clear. There were mines and concertina wire, and perhaps booby traps; Bosnian Serb gunmen had clear fields of fire from adjacent apartment buildings. This was a very dangerous operation. But then General Clark, a taut terrier of a man, spoke up. "Why don't we just go on over there and take a look?" he said. "I'll help you figure out how to clear it."

In my memory, Clark was taking off his jacket and rolling up his sleeves as he said this, but that couldn't possibly be true. He did seem classically American at the moment, though: John Wayne in "The Fighting Seabees," tough, smart, brash, enthusiastic, hands-on. These are the qualities most commonly associated with the American military—at least, in the national mythology that emanates from Hollywood. But they are, sadly, pretty far from the reality. In fact, the recent history of America's national-defense apparatus is much closer to the stymied, overdressed, risk-averse U.N. peacekeepers that day in Sarajevo than it is to the Hollywood ideal. (I should note that the two generals eventually did order their troops to clear the road, and got the job done.)



Suddenly, the assumptions of the military-intelligence complex seem anachronistic.

CHRISTOPH NIEMANN

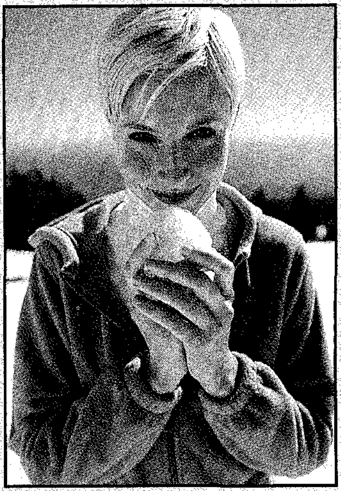
The United States military has accumulated a storehouse of spectacularly lethal equipment, which it has been willing to use from great distances—perhaps too often—over the past decade; it is probably the most effective conventional-war fighting force in history. But the basic assumptions, the culture, of the military-intelligence complex seem suddenly anachronistic. The nexus of national-defense and intelligence agencies may be as unsuited for a long-term offensive anti-terrorist campaign as they were unprepared to defend New York and Washington against the aerial attacks of September 11th. "The history of the American military ever since Ulysses S. Grant has been about the use of mass and firepower and 'redundancy'—the application of overwhelming force," said Larry K Smith, a defense strategist who was Counsellor to both Les Aspin and William Perry, the Secretaries of Defense during Bill Clinton's first term. "Overwhelming force implies, almost by definition, a lack of precision. That won't work now. What we're going to need is a much greater emphasis on the concentrated application of street smarts. I call these sorts of operations 'closework.' They are extremely precise missions that are used when the results are absolutely crucial. They demand the very highest standards of intelligence, of training, of preparation, of timing and execution. We haven't been particularly good at this in the past."

Indeed, there seems to be near-unanimous agreement among experts: in the ten years since the collapse of the Soviet Union, almost every aspect of American national-security policy—from military operations to intelligence gathering, from border control to political leadership—has been marked by exactly the kind of institutional lassitude and bureaucratic arrogance that would inhibit the "closework" that Smith proposes. "The post-Cold War era ended on September 11th," Barry Posen, a defense-policy analyst who teaches at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, says. "The days of an inattentive, inexpensive American global hegemony are over. We were lulled by the Gulf War, which represented the apotheosis of high-tech warfare. We believed that we could get the job done from a great distance, with no casualties. People talk now about Bill Clinton's unwillingness to engage, to get down and dirty, and there is some validity to those arguments. But low-risk, long-distance assaults were all that the public, and the military, and many of our allies would tolerate—and I didn't hear very many Republicans, with the possible exception of John McCain on Kosovo, screaming about the need for closework then, either."

It wasn't long before television commentators began comparing the September 11th attacks to the Japanese assault on Pearl Harbor. The initial intention was to convey the enormity and stealth of the attacks, but recriminations were implicit: the United States had been caught sleeping once again. Someone was to blame for that. (Eight days later, Condoleezza Rice, the national-security adviser, tried to squelch the comparison. "This isn't Pearl Harbor," she told the press.) With the exception of the Reverends Jerry Falwell and Pat Robertson, who immediately assigned blame for the attacks to homosexuals and abortionists, the recriminations were muted at first. One suspects that this will not be the case for long. The failures were too pronounced, at least in retrospect. The Clinton Administration's lapses were the most obvious, but the Bush Administrations that preceded and followed Clinton are hardly blameless. And the general public's understandable, but ultimately disastrous, lack of interest in—and lazy cynicism about—civic life during the most placid, prosperous decade in American history made thoughtful governance much harder.

There were plenty of warnings. In July of 1999, Bill Clinton's third Secretary of Defense, William S. Cohen, wrote a startling op-ed piece in the Washington *Post*, flatly predicting a terrorist attack: "In the past year, dozens of threats to use chemical or biological weapons in the United States have turned out to be hoaxes. Someday, one will be real." This was not routine language from a Secretary of Defense. "I watched carefully to see if anyone followed up on this," Leslie H. Gelb, the president of the Council on Foreign Relations, said. "But none of the television networks and none of the élite press even mentioned it. I was astonished."

Before and after Cohen's article, there was a series of more elaborate reports about grand terrorism, by assorted blue-ribbon task forces, which warned of chemical, biological, and nuclear attacks (but never considered the possibility of airliners used as kamikaze bombs). The most recent report, issued in February by a bipartisan group chaired by former Senators Gary Hart and Warren Rudman and called the United States Commission on National Security/21st Century, was typical. The findings were grim. There was a need for a huge "homeland security" campaign, including intensive municipal civil-defense and crisis-response teams, new anti-terrorist detection technology, educa-



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tion reform to produce more science and math whizzes, new Cabinet-level positions (Secretary of Homeland Security, for example, which President Bush finally proposed last week), and bureaucratic reform. In other words, there was a need to spend lots of money on an abstract—an unthinkable—threat, and to "reinvent" government yet again.

There can't be much controversy here. Nearly everyone—elected officials, the media, ideologues of every stripe—ignored these reports. Everyone was remiss. And we can now expect a significant bipartisan effort to devote lots of money and attention to tightening "homeland security." The recriminations are bound to be more virulent, however, on the military and foreign-policy fronts: Why was the terrorist threat allowed to grow unchecked? Why were the military responses so lame?

Two significant military events forged the Clinton Administration's policy on the use of force: the Gulf War and the disastrous attempt by Delta Force commandos to capture the warlord Muhammad Farah Aidid in Mogadishu, Somalia, in 1993. The "lessons" of the Gulf War are well known: the efficacy of high-tech weapons; the need for a specific, circumscribed goal; the "Powell doctrine" of overwhelming force. The war proved to be a satisfying television show, but it was an incomplete victory—Saddam Hussein was allowed to remain in power. (This was a tacit continuation of the previous American policy in Iraq: Saddam in power was better than the instability that might occur if he was removed—Shiites, Sunnis, and Kurds splitting off into states of their own, which might, among other things, greatly strengthen Iran and pose a serious threat to the territorial integrity of Turkey.) There was also the decision to allow American forces to remain stationed in Saudi Arabia, which has often been cited by Osama bin Laden and other terrorist leaders and fundamentalist clerics as an intolerable provocation.

This was the second time that Bush the Elder had failed to do the closework that comes with the end of a war. The first time was in Afghanistan. When the Russians were defeated, in 1989, the Americans—who had supplied military equipment to the Afghan rebels—simply left. There was no effort to help the Afghans rebuild, no effort to remain in careful contact. American attention was understandably fixed on the fall of the Soviet Union. The Taliban, the sons of the mujahideen who had helped defeat the Russians, feasted on the postwar despair and destruction, and on the sense that the West was corrupt and amoral: America had used the mujahideen as pawns in a greater game, and had absolutely no interest in the long-term welfare of the Afghan people.

In any case, the Bush Administration—and its Powell doctrine—began the rush toward a remote-control, arcade-game military; virtual warfare was a pleasing antidote to the "lessons" of Vietnam. General Clark, who is now a reluctant civilian—his career ended after he served as NATO commander during the Kosovo bombing campaign—but still a vigorous advocate of closework, recently told me, "We paid too much attention to the 'lessons' of Desert Storm and too little to Operation Just Cause."

I admitted to General Clark that I'd forgotten what Operation Just Cause was. "Panama," he said. "The capture of Noriega. We did twenty-seven near-simultaneous insertions. We faced people off, took risks, took control on the ground; we 'talked' folks out of things." The last phrase was intended, I think, as understatement. "It was very successful. And then, a few months later, came Desert Storm, and we forgot all about that. Even the ground component of Desert Storm—VII Corps advancing kilometre by kilometre across a very broad front—indicated that we were not ready to conduct a freewheeling, unpredictable campaign. Of course, there wasn't much need to be creative in that case. But since then we've become obsessed with fixed targets, with anti-matériel warfare rather than anti-personnel operations. We have become allergic to close combat."

The Bush Administration left one other military legacy for Bill Clinton to deal with: the 1992 humanitarian mission to feed the hungry in Somalia. It was stunning how quickly the Powell doctrine was violated—how the specific goal of food aid was allowed to melt into an amorphous military mission, how the most sophisticated American soldiers, the Delta Force, were sent in to serve as a free-range posse dedicated to the capture of Muhammad Farah Aidid. Perhaps the most startling aspect of this unplanned, undisciplined operation was its architect: Colin Powell. "It was a warrior response," said a Pentagon official who attended the meetings where the decisions were made. "Twenty-four Pakistani peacekeepers were killed by the Somalis, and Powell just flipped his position and began arguing for the insertion of more units, and ultimately Delta Force."

This proved to be one of Colin Powell's less distinguished moments. His term as chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff ended while the operation was still in progress. He might have delayed his departure to see the mission to its end; Bill Clinton certainly wanted him to stay. But Powell departed on October 1st, and two days later there was a botched Delta Force operation in which eighteen Americans were killed. The Clinton Administration, under intense pressure from Congress, abandoned Somalia.

During an interview in July of 2000, President Clinton implicitly blamed Powell for the disaster. "There was an operational decision made there, which if I had to do it again I might do what we did then, but I'd do it in a different way. General Powell came in"—after the Pakistani peacekeepers were lost—"and said you ought to do this" (insert the Delta Force). "And then he retired. He left the next week. And I'm not blaming him—I'm just saying he was gone. . . . If we were going to do that now, I'd say I need to know what's involved here, and let's do this the way we planned out the military action we took against Saddam Hussein, for example, or the military action I took to try to get Osama bin Laden's training camps."

The striking thing about Clinton's statement is that both of the operations he cited involved the long-distance use of cruise missiles and no risk to American lives, and both are now widely considered to be abject failures. Indeed, a compelling argument can be made that the futile campaigns against Saddam Hussein and Osama bin Laden served only to strengthen their reputations in the Arab world. "To personalize a conflict against an Arab leader is to enhance his stature," said Dr. Jerrold Post, a specialist in the psychology of terrorism, who has profiled both Saddam Hussein and Osama bin Laden. "The worst thing we could do was to portray this as a struggle between then President George Bush and Saddam Hussein, because every time we struck and failed to defeat him he could say that he had beaten the United States once again."

There was, from the start, a wariness and a lack of rigor about the Clinton Administration's use of force. "Clinton spent less concentrated attention on national defense than any other President in recent memory," one former Administration official said. "He could learn an issue very quickly, but he wasn't very interested in getting his hands dirty with detail work. His style was procrastination, seeing where everyone was, before taking action. This was truer in his first term than it was in the second, but even when he began to pay attention he was severely constrained by public opinion and his own unwillingness to take risks."

Clinton also surrounded himself with people who were uncomfortable with the use of power ("It just wasn't in their DNA," one former Pentagon official says), particularly in his first term. The Secretary of State, Warren Christopher, was the soul of caution—"consulting" allies and cajoling enemies rather than telling them what America wanted and why it would be wise for them to do it. By early 1996, he had visited Syria seventeen times without gaining a single public concession from President Hafez al-Assad. Clinton's first Secretary of Defense, Les Aspin, a disorganized policy wonk, was disdained by the uniformed military (his successor, William Perry, was another intellectual, quieter and more efficient, but not a very forceful public advocate). The national-security adviser, Tony Lake, was a truly bizarre case—extremely intelligent and extremely constricted, rarely willing to defend the Administration on television, eternally anguished. A rare insight into the tortured Lake style can be found in a recent article in *The Atlantic Monthly*, by Samantha Power, in which Lake discusses his own failure to address the genocide in Rwanda:

> One scenario is that I knew what was going on and I blocked it out in order to not deal with the human consequences. Here I'm absolutely convinced that I didn't do that, but maybe I did and it was so deep that I didn't realize it. Another scenario is that I didn't give it enough time because I didn't give a damn about Africa, which I don't believe because I know I do. My sin must have been in a third scenario. I didn't own it because I was busy with Bosnia and Haiti, or because I thought we were doing all we could.

The level of hand-wringing diminished, and the willingness to act improved somewhat, during Clinton's second term. The new national-security people—Secretary of State Madeleine Albright, Secretary of Defense William Cohen, and the national-security adviser, Samuel Berger—were less diffident than their predecessors, but they were constrained by political "realities" and by severe internal riptides. "After Somalia, the military leaders were extremely frightened," General Clark admits. "The attitude was 'If you take losses, you're a loser. Your career is over.' It was assumed that politicians wouldn't support you, that they'd run away as soon as there were body bags. That became an article of faith."

The Clinton national-security team was extremely frustrated by the military's reluctance to act. "When it came to closework, the culture and mind-set of the military was 'That's what the C.I.A. is for,' " one former official said. "When we asked them"—the military—"to capture Radovan Karadzic, they wouldn't go near it. When we asked them to do special ops on terrorists operating in a semi-urban environment, their response was 'That's not what we do. We're not organized for that. We need a brigade.' "

Berger, however, passionately defended the Clinton record on terrorism. "After Osama bin Laden's organization bombed the American Embassies in Kenya and Tanzania, terrorism became my No. 1 priority. I believed it was the single greatest threat. We worked on it

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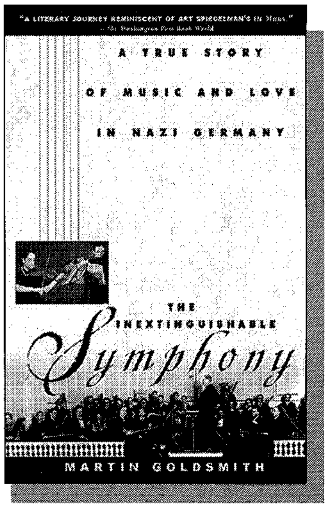
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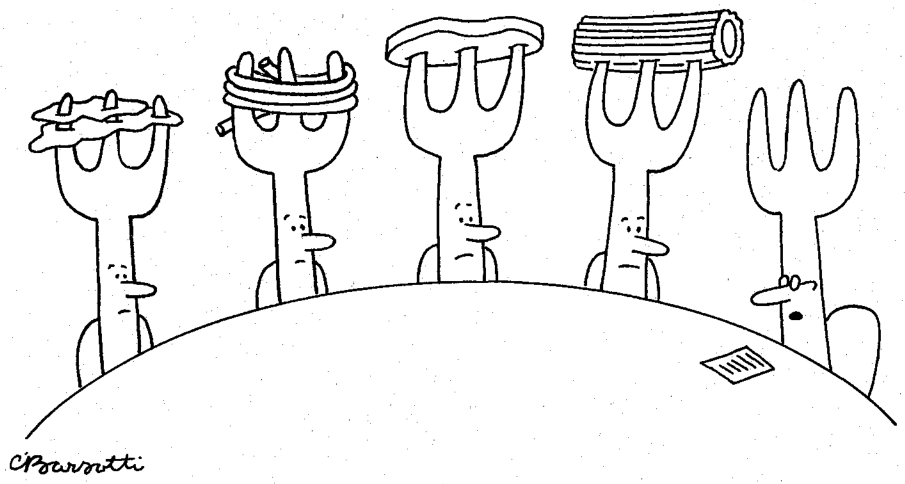

"I want to apologize for calling this meeting on such short notice."

• •

every day—and we tried very hard to get bin Laden. We had excellent intelligence that there was an event, a meeting that he would be attending with three hundred of his closest associates. We attacked with cruise missiles and we just missed him. By an hour, perhaps. I'm not sure. We never had a clear shot after that."

But there were other possible "shots" to be taken that were foiled by bureaucratic opposition. The most vexing concerned the use of cyberwarfare against bin Laden's financial assets. Proposals were developed to electronically lock up bank accounts used by Slobodan Milosevic and, later, by bin Laden and others to finance terrorist activities. Treasury sources say that none of the accounts in question were very large. "Those were the most frustrating conversations I've ever had in public service," said one of four Clinton Administration officials who confirmed that the Treasury Secretaries Robert Rubin and Lawrence Summers opposed the financial cyberwarfare on the ground that it might threaten the stability of the international financial system. National-security team members argued back that terrorists like bin Laden probably had "sleepers" in the financial system, who were poised to wreak havoc on American assets, and that cyberwarfare would be one way to constrain terrorist operations. Samuel Berger was particularly vehement in favoring the use of this weapon. "But this was a neuralgic issue for Treasury," an official said. (Summers declined to comment, citing the sensitive nature of the issue.) Berger would not comment directly, either, but he did say, "The risk equations have changed now. There are thresholds we can now break through—getting our allies in Europe to roll out networks they know about, opening up the banking system, greater intelligence sharing, greater coöperation with the Russians and others."

One major threshold that was immediately crossed by the new Bush Administration was the prevailing notion that terrorism was a law-enforcement issue rather than a national-security threat. Former Senator Bob Kerrey, who served on the Senate Intelligence Committee through most of the nineties, says, "Before September 11th, we had three terrorist attacks on America—the Khobar Towers bombing in Saudi Arabia in 1996, the Embassy bombings in Africa in 1998, the attack on the U.S.S. Cole in 2000—and in each case the lead agency investigating the case was the F.B.I. To my mind, these were acts of war, not just law-enforcement issues." In other words, these terrorist operations demanded a military response as well as law-enforcement investigation.

The relationship between Bill Clinton's White House and Louis J. Freeh's F.B.I. was notoriously rocky. As reported by Elsa Walsh in this magazine, the F.B.I. was furious over the Administration's unwillingness to force the Saudis to coöperate more fully in the Khobar Towers investigation. "You wonder why we didn't push the Saudis harder," Leslie Gelb, of the Council on Foreign Relations, says. "You wonder why we didn't say to them, 'If you don't turn over the people we need to talk to, we're going to stop supplying you with military equipment.' "

But the Administration was pressured by other forces—American diplomats in Saudi Arabia, American oil companies—not to jeopardize the relationship with Saudi Arabia or the détente with Iran, and the Clinton security team was equally furious with the F.B.I. "Their standard line was that Osama bin Laden wasn't a serious domestic-security threat," one former Clinton Administration official says. "They said that bin Laden had about two hundred guys on the ground and they had drawn a bead on them. Actually, after the F.B.I. helped break up the millennium operation"—the attempt to bomb Los Angeles International Airport and perhaps other sites—"they had a fair amount of credibility. The other problem we had with the F.B.I. was a real unwillingness to share information. They insisted upon a 'chain of custody.' " If other government agencies—the military, for example—acted on information about terrorists gathered by the F.B.I., those actions could be considered illegal in future court cases.

There was always *something*, it seemed, preventing the Clinton Administration from taking effective action—the Pentagon, the Treasury, the friends of the Saudis, the F.B.I. "This is a phenomenon that goes back well beyond the Clinton Administration," Richard Holbrooke says. "Bureaucracies have a natural tendency not to coöperate, coördinate, or to consolidate with each other. Think about the hijacker Muhammad Atta"—the terrorist who directed the first jetliner into the World Trade Center. "They had his name. His was on the 'watch' list. Somehow that didn't get communicated from the F.B.I. to the F.A.A. or to the airlines. For years, people have tried to create a single coördinated agency involving Customs, the Immigration and Naturalization Service, the F.B.I., the C.I.A., the F.A.A., the Coast Guard, but it has never happened. Why? Because bureaucracies won't coöperate with each other—unless they are forced to do so by political-level authority." Holbrooke emphasized again that this was not a problem unique to the Clinton Administration. "But the real story here is the failure of political leaders to force bureaucrats to meet political goals."

Indeed, Clinton could have ordered the military or the Treasury or the F.B.I. to do anything he wanted them to do. His defenders say that his options were severely limited by politics—the public wasn't ready for body bags, nor were the politicians, nor were the Europeans, nor was much of the Middle East. Until September 11th, the threat of domestic terrorist attacks remained the province of writers like Tom Clancy and a few obscure defense analysts. Clinton's defenders also say that there were some significant successes—terrorist attacks foiled in America and elsewhere—that can't be discussed in detail because covert methods, sources, and alliances might be revealed. (The work of the anti-bin Laden war room at the C.I.A. falls into this category.) But in the end Clinton wasn't very interested in the closework of foreign policy—the contrast between his cursory attention to national-security issues and his obsession with domestic policy and politics, his line-by-line battles against the Republicans over the federal budget, is striking. It should also not be forgotten that the cruise-missile attack on sites connected with Osama bin Laden took place on August 20, 1998, three days after the President's grand-jury testimony in the Monica Lewinsky case. Yet another futile aerial bombardment of Iraq began on December 16th, just as he was being impeached. Clinton's personal problems may have limited his responses in both cases, or perhaps not. When it came to foreign policy, he was more concerned with gestures than with details.

It is odd, then, that the Clinton foreign-policy template—the liberal multilateralism, the support for international treaties, the tendency to consult with allies—is probably a much better model for conducting the struggle against terrorism than the arrogant, unilateral disdain that seemed to mark the first eight months of the Bush Administration. "If the Bushies aren't prepared to swallow hard and adopt Clintonian multilateralism, they may find it difficult to attract long-term support for their alliance against terrorism," Barry Posen, of M.I.T., says. "This is a very, very serious situation. Basic policies need to be reviewed. Our government is going to need real self-discipline. The half-baked, made-for-TV way that policy has been conducted in the recent past is a recipe for defeat."

Dr. Jerrold Post, the psychology-of-terrorism expert, is concerned about the language that President Bush and his advisers used early in the current crisis: "The use of the word 'crusade' is very worrisome. Osama bin Laden has set himself up as the new Saladin. He has often talked about 'expelling crusaders and Jews.' That sort of language seems calculated to give affirmation to bin Laden's description of himself. It's going to produce twenty more like him. . . . The Administration has to understand that language that might hearten a domestic audience might also serve to strengthen our enemies."

The careful consideration of appropriate language is, of course, one form of closework. George W. Bush hasn't been noted for his grasp of, or interest in, such details in the past. His precise performance before the Joint Session of Congress last week suggested that he or his advisers are beginning to understand the importance of nuance.

The Administration has the advantage of being able to learn from the Clinton failures—it seems clear that the days of Lakean hand-wringing and of pinprick cruise-missile assaults are over—but one wonders if the old-timers on the Bush national-security policy team can learn the new disciplines necessary in these circumstances. Will Bush's financial advisers be more willing to order cyberwarfare attacks against terrorist bank accounts than Clinton's were? Will an Administration filled with oilmen be willing to put the necessary pressure on oil states like Saudi Arabia? Will the Pentagon be ready to take chances, to risk failure? Will the conservative ideologues who populate the civilian staff at the Pentagon actually "drain the swamp"—the cliché du jour—or, by their obtuse bellicosity, create a deeper quagmire? And will the public have the patience and sophistication and fortitude to do some closework of its own, to remain engaged and disciplined, ready to endure a conflict that won't come to a definitive conclusion soon, and may well become a fixture of the new civic landscape? ♦

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ANNALS OF AVIATION

SAFETY IN THE SKIES

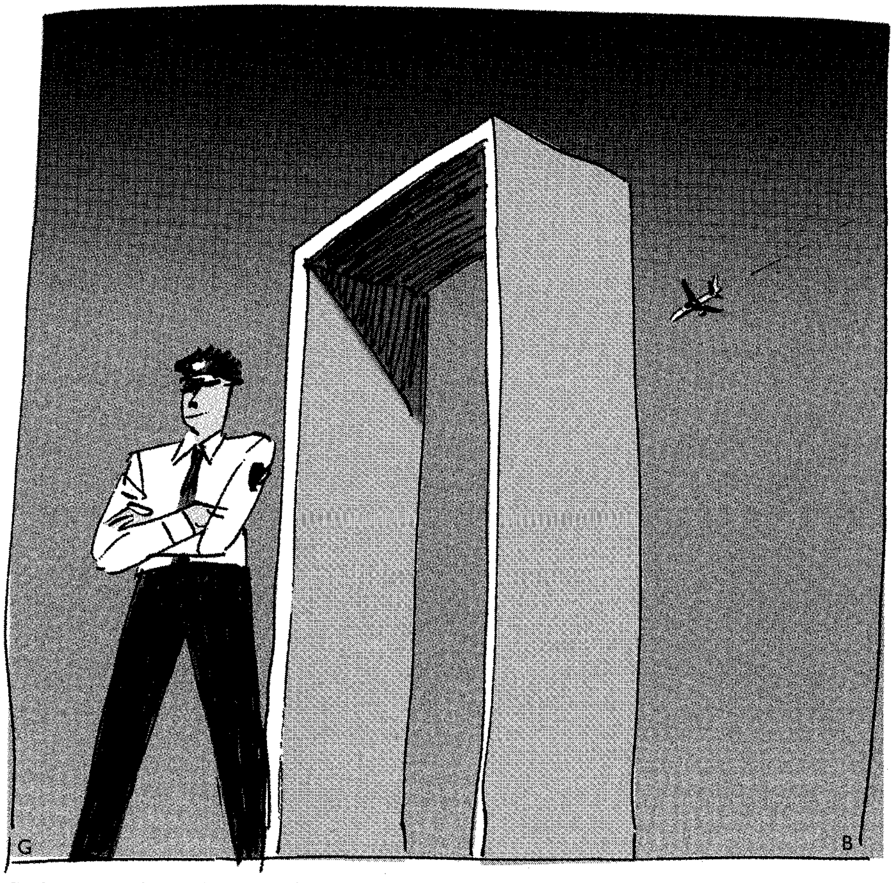
How far can airline security go?

BY MALCOLM GLADWELL

On November 24, 1971, a man in a dark suit, white shirt, and sunglasses bought a ticket in the name of Dan Cooper on the 2:50 P.M. Northwest Orient flight from Portland to Seattle. Once aboard the plane, he passed a note to a flight attendant. He was carrying a bomb, he said, and he wanted two hundred thousand dollars, four parachutes, and "no funny stuff." In Seattle, the passengers and flight attendants were allowed to leave, and the F.B.I. handed over the parachutes and the money in used twenty-dollar bills. Cooper then told the pilot to fly slowly at ten thousand feet in the direction of Nevada, and not long after takeoff, somewhere over southwest Washington, he gathered up the ransom, lowered the plane's back stairs, and parachuted into the night.

In the aftermath of Cooper's leap, "para-jacking," as it was known, became an epidemic in American skies. Of the thirty-one hijackings in the United States the following year, nineteen were attempts at Cooper-style extortion, and in fifteen of those cases the hijackers demanded parachutes so that they, too, could leap to freedom. It was a crime wave unlike any America had seen, and in response Boeing installed a special latch on its 727 model which prevented the tail stairs from being lowered in flight. The latch was known as the Cooper Vane, and it seemed, at the time, to be an effective response to the reign of terror in the skies. Of course, it was not. The Cooper Vane just forced hijackers to come up with ideas other than parachuting out of planes.

This is the great paradox of law enforcement. The better we are at preventing and solving the crimes before us, the more audacious criminals become. Put alarms and improved locks on cars, and criminals turn to the more dangerous sport of carjacking. Put guards and bulletproof screens in banks, and bank robbery gets taken over by high-tech hackers. In the face of resistance, crime falls in frequency but rises in severity, and few events better illustrate this tradeoff than the hijackings of September 11th. The way in which those four planes were commandeered that Tuesday did not simply reflect a failure of our security measures; it reflected their success. When you get very good at cracking down on ordinary hijacking—when you lock the stairs at the back of the aircraft with a Cooper Vane—what you are left with is extraordinary hijacking.



Stricter security reduces the frequency of attacks while increasing their intensity.

The first serious push for airport security began in late 1972, in the wake of a bizarre hijacking of a DC-9 flight out of Birmingham, Alabama. A group of three men—one an escaped convict and two awaiting trial for rape—demanded a ransom of ten million dollars and had the pilot circle the Oak Ridge, Tennessee, nuclear facility for five hours, threatening to crash the plane if their demands were not met. Until that point, security at airports had been minimal, but, as the director of the Federal Aviation Administration said at the time, "The Oak Ridge odyssey has cleared the air." In December of that year, the airlines were given sixty days to post armed security officers at passenger-boarding checkpoints. On January 5, 1973, all passengers and all carry-on luggage were required by law to be screened, and X-ray machines and metal detectors began to be installed in airports.

For a time, the number of hijackings dropped significantly. But it soon became clear that the battle to make flying safer was only beginning. In the 1985 hijacking of TWA Flight 847 out of Athens—which lasted seventeen days—terrorists bypassed the X-ray machines and the metal detectors by using members of the cleaning staff to stash guns and grenades in a washroom of the

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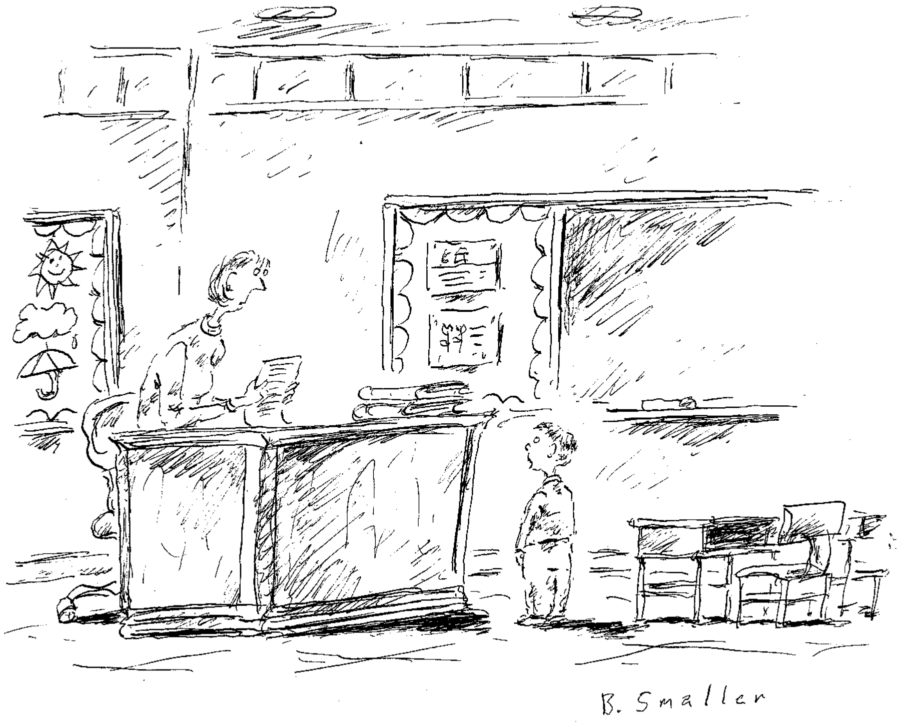

"My parents didn't write it—they just tweaked it."

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plane. In response, the airlines started to require background checks and accreditation of ground crews. In 1986, El Al security officers at London's Heathrow Airport found ten pounds of high explosives in the luggage of an unwitting and pregnant Irish girl, which had been placed there by her Palestinian boyfriend. Now all passengers are asked if they packed their bags themselves. In a string of bombings in the mid-eighties, terrorists began checking explosives-filled bags onto planes without boarding the planes themselves. Airlines responded by introducing "bag matching" on international flights—stipulating that no luggage can be loaded on a plane unless its owner is on board as well. As an additional safety measure, the airlines started X-raying and searching checked bags for explosives. But in the 1988 bombing of Pan Am Flight 103 over Lockerbie, Scotland, terrorists beat that system by hiding plastic explosives inside a radio. As a result, the airlines have now largely switched to using CT scanners, a variant of the kind used in medical care, which take a three-dimensional picture of the interior of every piece of luggage and screen it with pattern-recognition software. The days when someone could stroll onto a plane with a bag full of explosives are long gone.

These are the security obstacles that confront terrorists planning an attack on an airline. They can't bomb an international flight with a checked bag, because they know that there is a good chance the bag will be intercepted. They can't check the bag and run, because the bomb will never get on board. And they can't hijack the plane with a gun, because there is no sure way of getting that weapon on board. The contemporary hijacker, in other words, must either be capable of devising a weapon that can get past security or be willing to go down with the plane. Most terrorists have neither the cleverness to meet the first criterion nor the audacity to meet the second, which is why the total number of hijackings has been falling for the past thirty years. During the nineties, in fact, the number of civil aviation "incidents" worldwide—hijackings, bombings, shootings, attacks, and so forth—dropped by more than seventy per cent. But this is where the law-enforcement paradox comes in: Even as the number of terrorist acts has diminished, the number of people killed in hijackings and bombings has steadily increased. And, despite all the improvements in airport security, the percentage of terrorist hijackings foiled by airport security in the years between 1987 and 1996 was at its lowest point in thirty years. Airport-security measures have simply chased out the amateurs and left the clever and the audacious. "A look at the history of attacks on commercial aviation reveals that new terrorist methods of attack have virtually never been foreseen by security authorities," the Israeli terrorism expert Ariel Merari writes, in the recent book "Aviation Terrorism and Security."

> The security system was caught by surprise when an airliner was first hijacked for political extortion; it was unprepared when an airliner was attacked on the tarmac by a terrorist team firing automatic weapons; when terrorists, who arrived as passengers, collected their luggage from the conveyer belt, took out weapons from their suitcases, and strafed the crowd in the arrivals hall; when a parcel bomb sent by mail exploded in an airliner's cargo hold in mid-flight; when a bomb was brought on board by an unwitting passenger. . . . The history of attacks on aviation is the chronicle of a cat-and-mouse game, where the cat is busy blocking old holes and the mouse always succeeds in finding new ones.

And no hole was bigger than the one found on September 11th.

What the attackers understood was the structural weakness of the passenger-gate security checkpoint, particularly when it came to the detection of knives. Hand-luggage checkpoints use X-ray machines, which do a good job of picking out a large, dense, and predictable object like a gun. Now imagine looking at a photograph of a knife. From the side, the shape is unmistakable. But if the blade edge is directly facing the camera what you'll see is just a thin line. "If you stand the knife on its edge, it could be anything," says Harry Martz, who directs the Center for Nondestructive Characterization at Lawrence Livermore Laboratories. "It could be a steel ruler. Then you put in computers, hair dryers, pens, clothes hangers, and it makes it even more difficult to pick up the pattern."

The challenge of detecting something like a knife blade is made harder still by the psychological demands on X-ray operators. What they are looking for—weapons—is called the "signal," and a well-documented principle of human-factors research is that as the "signal rate" declines, detection accuracy declines as well. If there was a gun in every second bag, for instance, you could expect the signals to be detected with almost perfect accuracy: the X-ray operator would be on his toes. But guns are almost never found in bags, which means that the vigilance of the operator inevitably falters. This is a significant problem in many fields, from nuclear-plant inspection to quality-control in manufacturing plants—where the job of catching defects on, say, a car becomes harder and harder as cars become better made. "I've studied this in people who look for cracks in the rotor disks of airplane engines," says Colin Drury, a human-factors specialist at the University of Buffalo. "Remember the DC-10 crash at Sioux City? That was a rotor disk. Well, the probability of that kind of crack happening is incredibly small. Most inspectors won't see one in their lifetime, so it's very difficult to remain alert to that." The F.A.A. periodically plants weapons in baggage to see whether they are detected. But it's not clear what effect that kind of test has on vigilance. In the wake of the September attacks, some commentators called for increased training for X-ray security operators. Yet the problem is not just a lack of expertise; it is the paucity of signals. "Better training is only going to get you so far," explains Douglas Harris, chairman of Anacapa Sciences, a California-based human-factors firm. "If it now takes a day to teach people the techniques they need, adding another day isn't going to make much difference."

A sophisticated terrorist wanting to smuggle knives on board, in other words, has a good shot at "gaming" the X-ray machine by packing his bags cleverly and exploiting the limitations of the operator. If he chooses, he can also beat the metal detector by concealing on his person knives made of ceramic or plastic, which wouldn't trip the alarm. The knife strategy has its drawbacks, of course. It's an open question how long a group of terrorists armed only with knives can hold off a cabin full of passengers. But if all they need is to make a short flight from Boston to downtown Manhattan knives would suffice.

Can we close the loopholes that led to the September 11th attack? Logistically, an all-encompassing security system is probably impossible. A new safety protocol that adds thirty seconds to the check-in time of every passenger would add more than three hours to the preparation time for a 747, assuming that there are no additional checkpoints. Reforms that further encumber the country's already overstressed air-traffic system are hardly reforms; they are self-inflicted wounds. People have suggested that we station armed federal marshals on more flights. This could be an obstacle for some terrorists but an opportunity for others, who could overcome a marshal to gain possession of a firearm.

What we ought to do is beef up security for a small percentage of passengers deemed to be high-risk. The airlines already have in place a screening technology of this sort, known as CAPPS—Computer-Assisted Passenger Prescreening System. When a ticket is purchased on a domestic flight in the United States, the passenger is rated according to approximately forty pieces of data. Though the parameters are classified, they appear to include the traveller's address, credit history, and destination; whether he or she is travelling alone; whether the ticket was paid for in cash; how long before the departure it was bought; and whether it is one way. (A recent review by the Department of Justice affirmed that the criteria are not discriminatory on the basis of ethnicity.) A sixty-eight-year-old male who lives on Park Avenue, has a fifty-thousand-dollar limit on his credit card, and has flown on the Washington-New York shuttle twice a week for the past eight years, for instance, is never going to get flagged by the CAPPS system. Probably no more than a handful of people per domestic flight ever are, but those few have their checked luggage treated with the kind of scrutiny that, until this month, was reserved for international flights. Their bags are screened for explosives and held until the passengers are actually on board. It would be an easy step to use the CAPPS ratings at the gate as well. Those dubbed high-risk could have their hand luggage scrutinized by the slower but much more comprehensive CT scanner, which would make hiding knives or other weapons in hand luggage all but impossible.

At the same time, high-risk passengers could be asked to undergo an electronic strip search known as a body scan. In a conventional X-ray, the rays pass through the body, leaving an imprint on a detector on the other side. In a body scanner, the X rays are much weaker, penetrating clothes but not the body, so they bounce back and leave an imprint of whatever lies on the surface of the skin. A body scanner would have picked up a ceramic knife in an instant. Focussing on a smaller group of high-risk people would have the additional benefit of improving the detection accuracy of the security staff: it would raise the signal rate.

We may never know, of course, whether an expanded CAPPS system would have flagged the September 11th terrorists, but certainly those who planned the attack would have had to take that possibility seriously. The chief distinction between American and Israeli airport defense, at the moment, is that the American system focusses on technological examination of the baggage while the Israeli system focusses on personal interrogation and assessment of the passenger—which has resulted in El Al's having an almost unblemished record against bombings and hijackings over the past twenty years. Wider use of CAPPS profiling would correct that shortcoming, and narrow still further the options available for any would-be terrorist. But we shouldn't delude ourselves that these steps will end hijackings, any more than the Cooper Vane did thirty years ago. Better law enforcement doesn't eliminate crime. It forces the criminals who remain to come up with something else. And, as we have just been reminded, that something else, all too frequently, is something worse. ♦

DISPATCHES

A LION'S DEATH

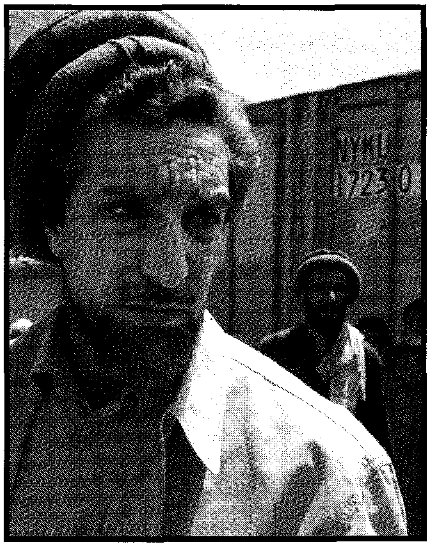
The assassination of the Taliban's most important Afghan opponent.

BY JON LEE ANDERSON

I met Wali Massoud a little over ten years ago, at a friend's house in Wimbledon. He was in his mid-twenties, a slight, amiable man with black hair and a mustache. Wali was the youngest son of an ethnic Tajik officer in the Afghan Army and had come to Britain to study international relations. He had a famous older brother, Ahmed Shah Massoud, the Lion of Panjshir, who led a band of mujahideen that fought off seven major offensives by Soviet forces in the great mountain valley of Panjshir, in northern Afghanistan, during the nineteen-eighties. In 1992, three years after the Soviets withdrew from the country, Massoud's forces—the Jamiat-i-Islami (Society of Islam), a moderately conservative group composed mostly of ethnic Tajiks and led by the Islamic scholar Burhanuddin Rabbani—defeated the brutish regime the Soviets had left in power. Ahmed Shah Massoud became the defense minister and, later, vice-president of the new Islamic State of Afghanistan.

In 1996, when the Taliban militia gained control of Kabul, the capital city, and most of the rest of the country, Massoud and Rabbani returned to the mountains in the north. With limited backing from Iran, Russia, and India, they fought off the Taliban and managed to hold on to somewhere between five and twenty per cent of the country. Massoud led a motley coalition of tribal-based guerrilla forces that are usually referred to as the Northern Alliance but are officially called the United Islamic Front for the Salvation of Afghanistan.

Wali Massoud stayed in London. He got married, had two daughters, and earned an M.A. in diplomacy. He is now the chargé d'affaires at the Afghan Embassy to the Court of St. James's. The Northern Alliance controls Afghanistan's U.N. seat and all of its forty-odd embassies, except for the one in Pakistan, which is run by the Taliban. The Taliban is officially recognized only by Pakistan, the United Arab Emirates, and Osama bin Laden's homeland, Saudi Arabia.



The late Ahmed Shah Massoud.

JASON FLORIO

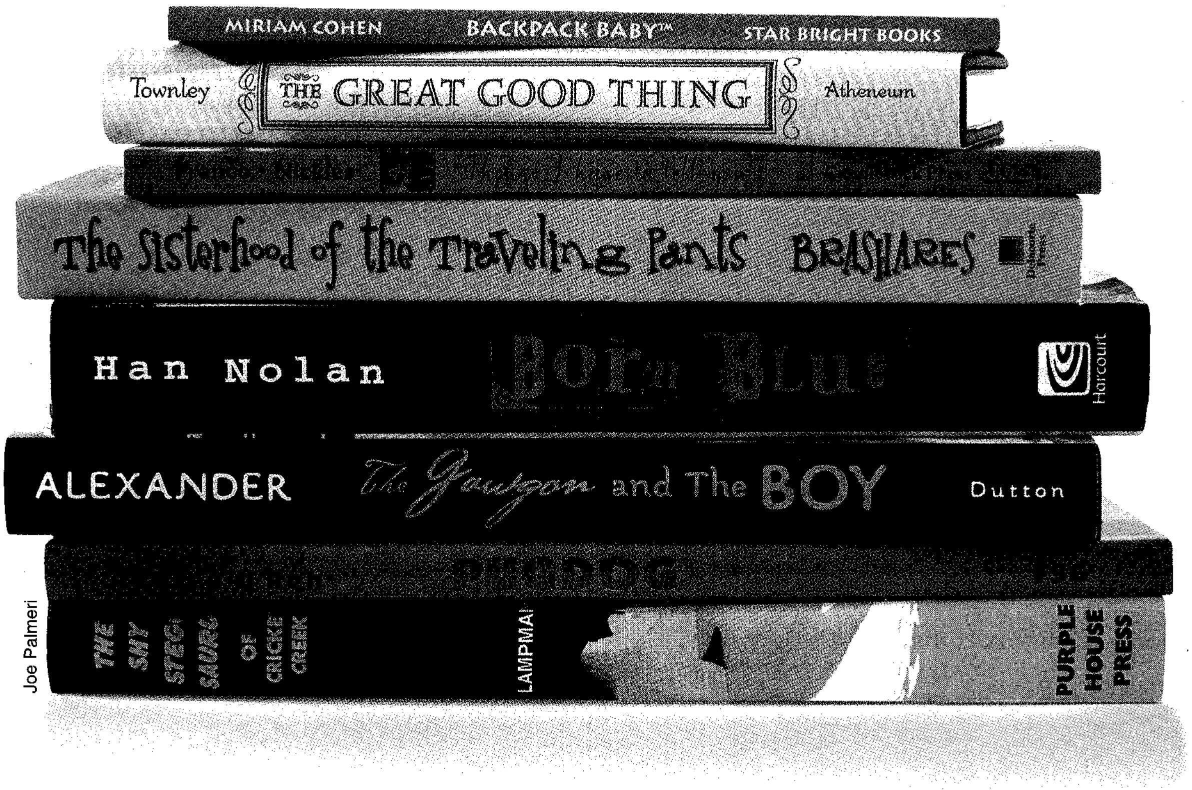
The London embassy is a cream-colored early-Victorian building across the street from Hyde Park in Knightsbridge. I met Wali Massoud there at 11 A.M. on Friday, September 14th, while Londoners were standing for three minutes of silence in memory of the victims of the attack on the World Trade Center. Wali, who is just as thin and amiable as he was a decade ago, wore a gray pin-striped double-breasted suit and held a cellphone, which rang again and again, and which Wali answered each time, with an apology to me. The previous Sunday, his brother had been attacked at his headquarters while giving an interview to two Arabs carrying Belgian passports. They were posing as television journalists and there was a bomb in their video camera. When it went off, it killed one of the "journalists" and one of Massoud's men and wounded Massoud and several other people. The second attacker tried to flee but was killed.

The suicide bombers had come into Northern Alliance territory from Taliban-controlled Afghanistan, across the front lines, which was an unusual breach of security and has thus far not been explained. "They arranged this with someone at headquarters," a Northern Alliance official in London told me. "We are investigating." He said that the men are believed to have been either Moroccan or Algerian, and that they travelled from London to Pakistan before reaching Afghanistan. They are suspected of having links to an extremist group, the Islamic Observation Centre, in London.

Initial press reports said that Massoud had died in the attack, but all week Wali had been telling me that his brother was recovering. He was about to leave for Afghanistan, he said, to be with him. Wali was concerned about the stability of the coalition. Massoud was an extraordinarily gifted military tactician and was revered by his people. "The opposition can continue to function," Wali said, "but not the same as before." Then the phone rang again, and this time, as he listened, Wali hunched forward in his chair, holding his knees tightly together. He repeated the Farsi word *bale*—"yes"—and his voice became barely audible. He seemed about to weep.

Later that evening, the BBC confirmed Massoud's death. After the attack, he had been taken to a hospital in Tajikistan by helicopter. On Saturday, September 15th, his body was brought back to his home town, the mountain village of Basarak, where he was buried. His thirteen-year-old son, Ahmed, spoke. "I want to be my father's successor," he said. While Massoud's bereaved relatives and thousands of followers were observing a period of mourning, the Taliban launched a large-scale military offensive against the Northern Alliance.

The timing and circumstances of the attack on Massoud, which came just two days before the strike on the United States, do not appear to be coincidental. Anyone who knew that the United States was going to be attacked and that Osama bin Laden and the Taliban would be blamed would also have known that Massoud would suddenly become an important ally for the West. "Without very good intelligence in Afghanistan, you can't do anything," an Afghan living in London said to me. "Bin Laden has a thousand caves to hide in." Ahmed Shah Massoud had been waging war in Afghanistan for more than twenty years, and he knew most of its hiding places. ♦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BRASHARES
Han Nolan
Born Blue
Harcourt
ALEXANDER
The Gawgon and The BOY
Dutton
THE SHY STEGOSAURUS OF CRICKET CREEK
LAMPMAN
PURPLE HOUSE PRESS

Joe Palmeri

just kidding

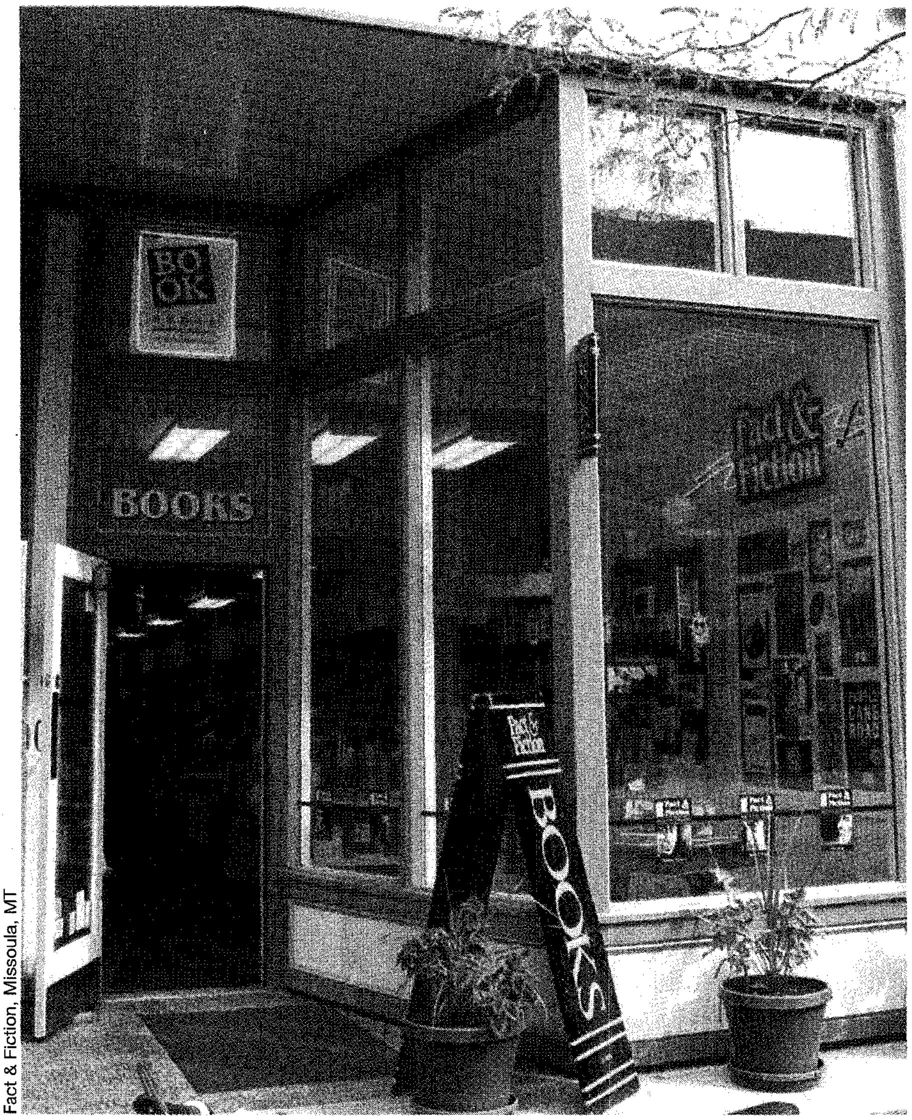
Great Books for Children and Young Adults

by Douglas Chilcott

There is something almost sacred about the bedtime story. Reading a story to a child—revealing the power of words and the promise of imagination—carries with it enormous responsibility. The very selection of the perfect storybook can be an unnerving challenge.

A survey of the plethora of children's books reveals that, as in all publishing ventures, there are good children's books and there are great ones. Books with stories that can stand the test of infinite retellings, with characters that leap off the page and into your child's circle of imaginary chums, are out there, but sometimes difficult to find.

The best guidance around comes from independent children's booksellers who are intimately familiar with the new, not-to-be-missed books as well as the ever-evolving interests of the children who will read them. **The Book Sense Children's 76** list—the younger sibling of Book Sense 76—shares the ideas, insights, and personal recommendations of seasoned and informed booksellers from coast to coast. Highlights from the latest Children's 76 list follow, with a selection of books for children from toddlers to teens. For more information on the Children's 76 list, stop by your local independent bookstore, or visit **www.BookSense.com**.


Fact & Fiction, Missoula, MT

PICTURE PERFECT

Picture books are deceptively simple. But chancing upon a brilliantly imaginative one is cause for celebration, and there are plenty of reasons for rejoicing this fall.

In **Petite Rouge: A Cajun Red Riding Hood** by Mike Artell with illustrations by Jim Harris (Dial), our crimson-clad heroine has drifted far afield from her usual European forest trappings. In this bayou rendition, Red is a duck and the Wolf is a gator in granny's clothes who is routed with a dose of hot sauce. Kelly Justice of Fountain Books in Richmond, Virginia, loves "Petite Rouge," which is "told in rolling Cajun dialect rhyme that ambles off the page. . . . 'Whatchoo havin' fo' lonch?'"

Sometimes it's all in the perspective.

NOVEL ACCESSORIES

A great way for parent and child to enjoy a book together is to take advantage of the innovative **BeachReader**. These freestanding and versatile desks have dozens of uses, including poring over a new picture book, drawing, or writing at the beach, at the park, at the airport, anywhere.

PUBLISHER'S PICK

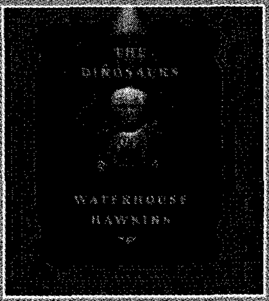
The story of how we took flight at Kitty Hawk is oft told. But what of the countless other flying creatures? Caldecott Award-winner, illustrator, and writer Peter Sís offers a fanciful theory in **The Little Wing Giver** (Henry Holt). A little boy travels the world distributing wings to any creature that wants to fly.

Miriam Cohen's **Backpack Baby** illustrated by the author (Star Bright Books) peers at the world from the eyes of a baby bundled on his father's back. Tom Heywood of The Babbling Book in Haines, Arkansas, cites this as one of his favorites of the year. "A surprise ending will keep you reading this book to your toddler over and over."

Imagine enduring a day without being able to utter the word NO. That's the quandary of Hannah in

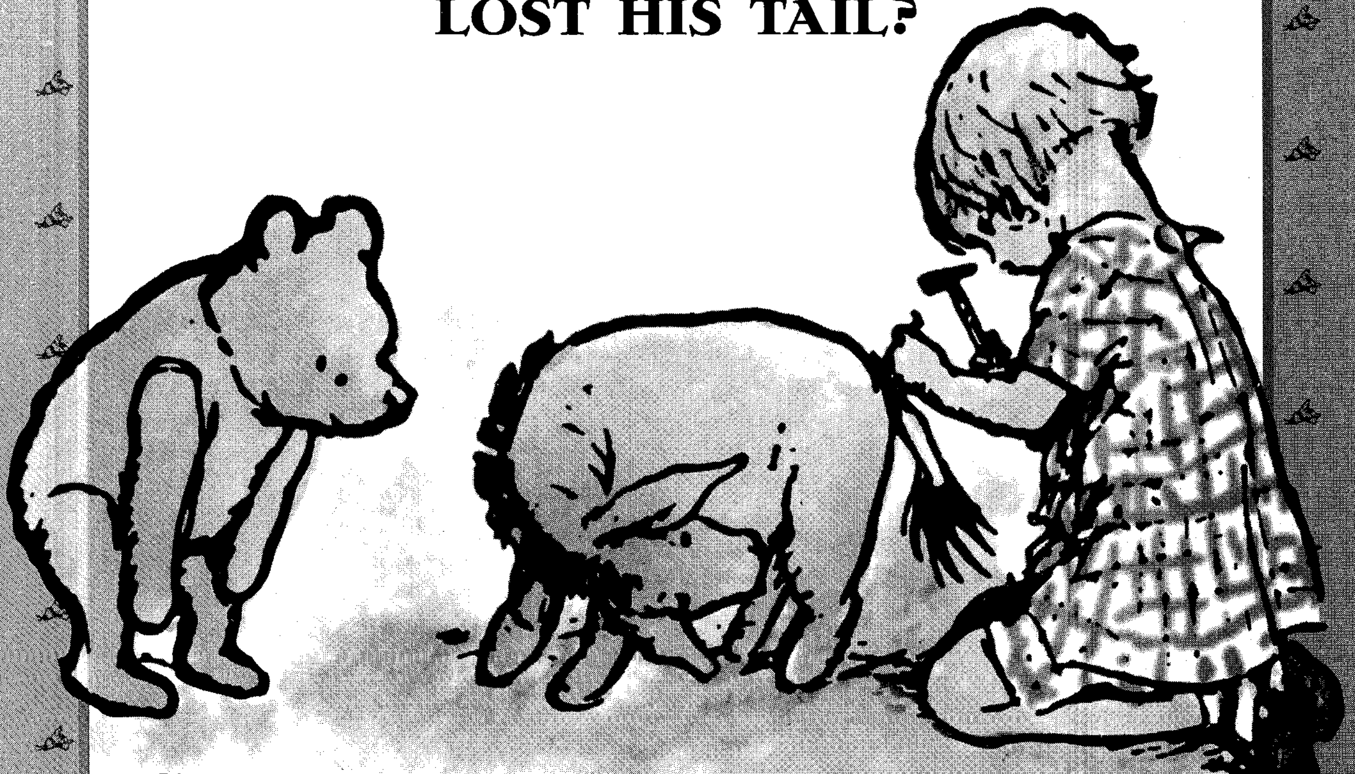
PUBLISHER'S PICK

Though drawings and life-size models of dinosaurs are ubiquitous today, in the mid-nineteenth century nobody had ever seen them until Waterhouse Hawkins came along. **The Dinosaurs of Waterhouse Hawkins** by Barbara Kerley, illustrated by Brian Selznick (Scholastic Press), tells the true story of how a Victorian artist devoted more than three decades to building the first life-size models of dinosaurs.



It's WINNIE-THE-POOH'S 75th Anniversary

REMEMBER WHEN EEYORE LOST HIS TAIL?



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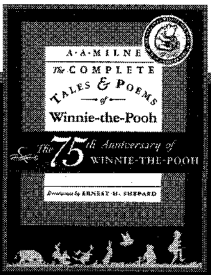
A·A·MILNE
The COMPLETE TALES & POEMS of Winnie-the-Pooh
The 75th Anniversary of WINNIE-THE-POOH
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PUBLISHER'S PICK

Imagine inviting Barbra Streisand, Gwyneth Paltrow, Steven Spielberg, Kelsey Grammer, and Robin Williams into your home to read some of your favorite fairy tales. That's precisely the idea behind **Once Upon a Fairy Tale** (Viking). Featuring a CD with celebrity readings along with the work of twenty-one, award-winning illustrators, this stunning gift book benefits the Starbright Foundation.

Once Upon a Fairy Tale

Hannah and the Homunculus, by Kurt Hassler and illustrated by K.L. Darnell (Sleeping Bear Press). An especially nasty rag doll with a desire to expand its vocabulary has stolen the word from Hannah and locked it up in a jar. No longer able to say NO, Hannah is doomed to do everything her parents want. Desperate, she hunts for the Homunculus. "This book is sure to get a smile from even the most contrary kid," says Katie Sondergaard of Howard Street Booksellers, in Hibbing, Minnesota.

Who knows what leviathan lurks in a mud puddle? **Preschool to the Rescue**, by Judy Sierra, illustrated by Will Hillenbrand (Harcourt), is the tale of a mud puddle with an insatiable appetite for consuming every vehicle that dares test its depth. Caught in the mire is a pizza delivery truck, a tow truck, backhoe, and so on, until preschoolers—who know a thing or two about mud—save the day. Darlene Daniel of PAGES Books for Children and Young Adults in Tarzana, California, raves, "it's a great get-ready-for-reading experience and an even greater read-aloud just for fun."

Just as you can't judge a book by its cover, you can't judge a pug by its mug. In Andrea U'Ren's **Pugdog** illustrated by the author (Farrar, Straus and Giroux), a well-meaning dog owner is surprised that his sturdy pug is a female, rather than a male. In no time he has her wearing dresses and she is forbidden to chase squirrels or snakes. Adrienne Harper of Brystone Children's Books in Ft. Worth, Texas, notes that this picture book "debunks the myths of sexual stereotyping in an entertaining manner."

ZONE OF REDISCOVERY

The timeless qualities of children's books ensure that many will be rediscovered with each passing generation. That's precisely the goal of these new releases of beloved classics. In a case of Jurassic Junior, **The Shy Stegosaurus of Cricket Creek** by Evelyn Sibley Lampman (Purple House) is back in print. "I loved this book as a child," says Donna Cressman of Maxwell Books in DeSoto, Texas. "It's the story of two children who are befriended by the last living dinosaur,

PUBLISHER'S PICK

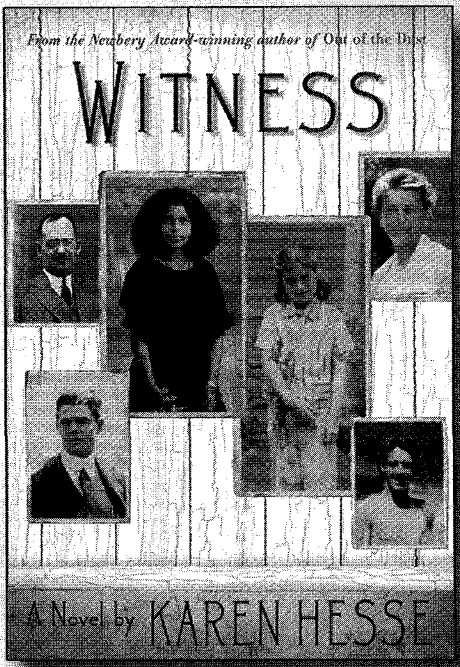
The new collection **20th-Century Stories to Share: You Read to Me & I'll Read to You** (Alfred A. Knopf), a companion volume to the popular "20th Century Children's Book Treasury," features twenty-five illustrated stories for parents to share with new readers. From "Pierre" by Maurice Sendak and "The Magic Finger" by Roald Dahl to "Freckle Juice" by Judy Blume and "Catwings" by Ursula K. Le Guin, this remarkable treasure trove includes selections from renowned children's book creators as well as dazzling newcomers.

★ "...stunning...haunting... What Copland created with music, and Hopper created with paint, Hesse deftly and unerringly creates with words: the iconography of Americana, carefully researched, beautifully written, and profoundly honest."

—*Kirkus Reviews*, starred review

★ "The [Newbery Award–winning] author of *Out of the Dust* again turns language into music. . . . This lyrical novel powerfully records waves of change and offers insightful glimpses into the hearts of victims, their friends and their enemies."

—*Publishers Weekly*, starred review


From the Newbery Award-winning author of Out of the Dust
WITNESS
A Novel by KAREN HESSE

A Book Sense '76 Selection

Scholastic Press

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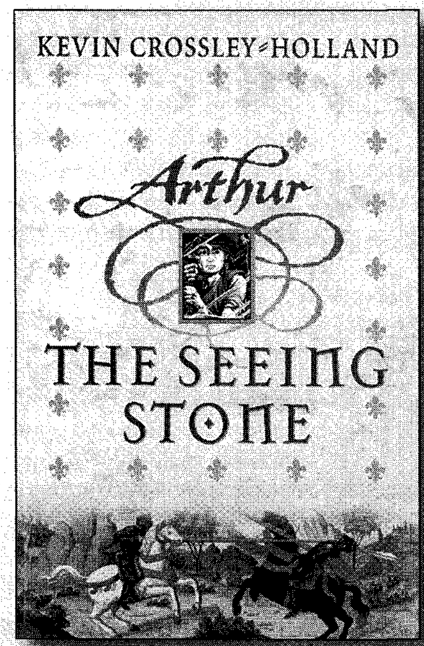
KEVIN CROSSLEY-HOLLAND
Arthur
THE SEEING STONE

"... I was spellbound."

—Philip Pullman, author of *The Amber Spyglass*

"This is a story about life and legend, good and evil, dreams and duty; about truth, courage, and loyalty; about, in other words, **all the things that make a story, and a person, great.**"

—Karen Cushman, author of *The Midwife's Apprentice*

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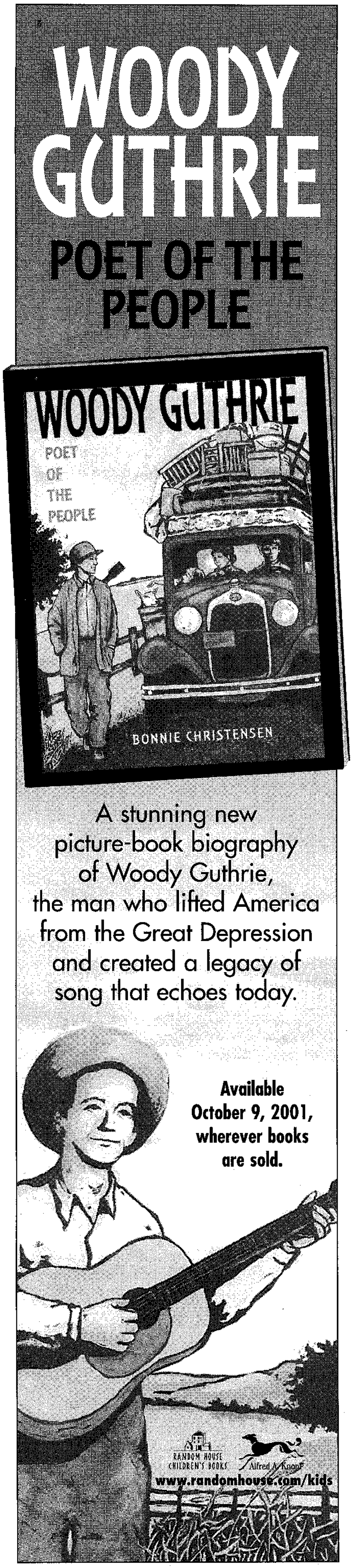
WOODY GUTHRIE
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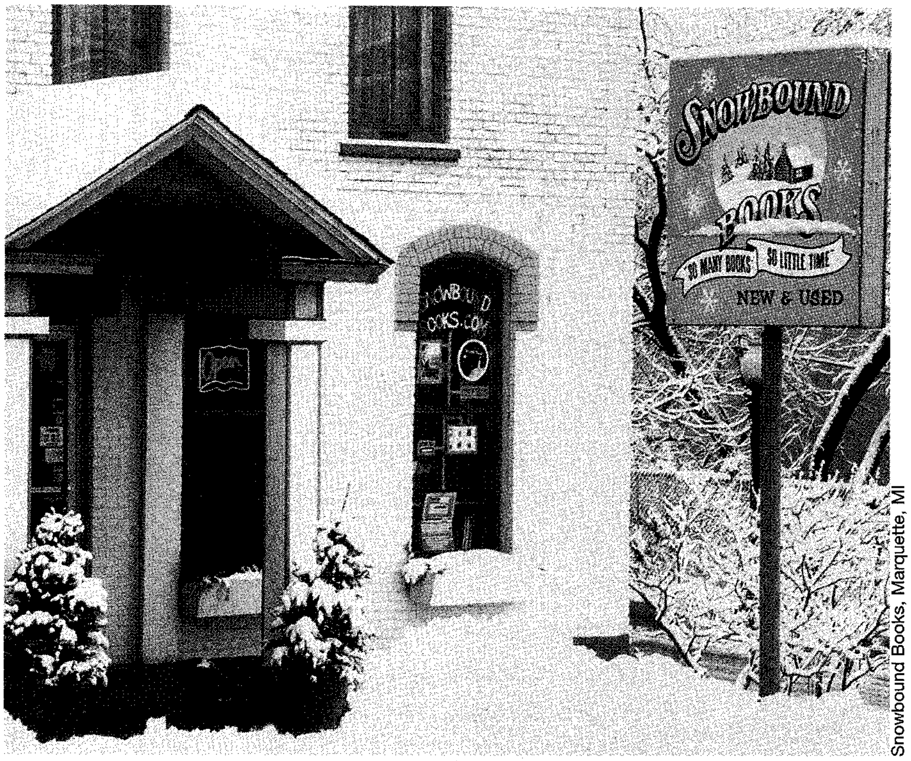


Snowbound Books, Marquette, MI

while helping a paleontologist look for fossils," says Cressman.

A real Renaissance porker, Walter R. Brooks' **Freddy the Pig** is a detective, editor, magician, and more. Several titles in the much-loved series are back in print—"Freddy the Detective," "Freddy Goes to Florida," "Freddy and the Ignoramus," and "Freddy the Pilot" (Puffin). Bobby Teichnor, of Annie Bloom's in Portland, Oregon, describes Freddy as "sassy and sagacious, a lover of language, and a true wit."

Unfortunately, governesses haven't fared as well as pigs in storybook land. A favorite from nearly four decades ago, **The Wolves of Willoughby Chase** by Joan Aiken (Delacorte Press) is back in print. Tula Patterson of The Children's Corner Bookshop in Spokane, Washington, says: "When I was nine, I discovered the master storyteller Joan Aiken. Now, another generation can experience the adventures of cousins Bonnie and Sylvia and their friend Simon as they foil the dastardly plot of Miss Slighcarp, their evil governess."

PUBLISHER'S PICK

Everyone knows the mischief that can be created by the parlor game of "Telephone." Laura Ljungkvist's **Toni's Topsy-Turvy Telephone Day** (Abrams) depicts the mayhem that occurs when a few phone calls get delightfully distorted.

FANTASTIC FICTION

Recommended books for the middle reader dabble in everything from memoir to politics to historical fiction to fantasy. Fantasy characters fill the pages of Roderick Townley's **The Great Good Thing** (Atheneum). Tired of her storybook life, pre-teen character Princess Sylvie breaks all the rules by escaping from the pages of her book into the dreams of a little girl reading it. Says Trish Brick of R.J. Julia's in Madison, Connecticut, "So much happens in this little book, so get started."

An engaging chronicle of the settling of the West, **Boston Jane: An Adventure**, by Jennifer L. Holm (HarperCollins) follows Jane Peck, a proper young lady from Philadelphia as she confronts life in the rough and tumble territory of Washington. Barb Bassett of The Red Balloon Bookshop in St. Paul, Minnesota, calls "Boston Jane" "a wonderful coming-of-age story, full of colorful characters and page-turning adventures." She adds, "It's also an old-fashioned romance. I loved it!"

Patricia MacLachlan
Caleb's Story

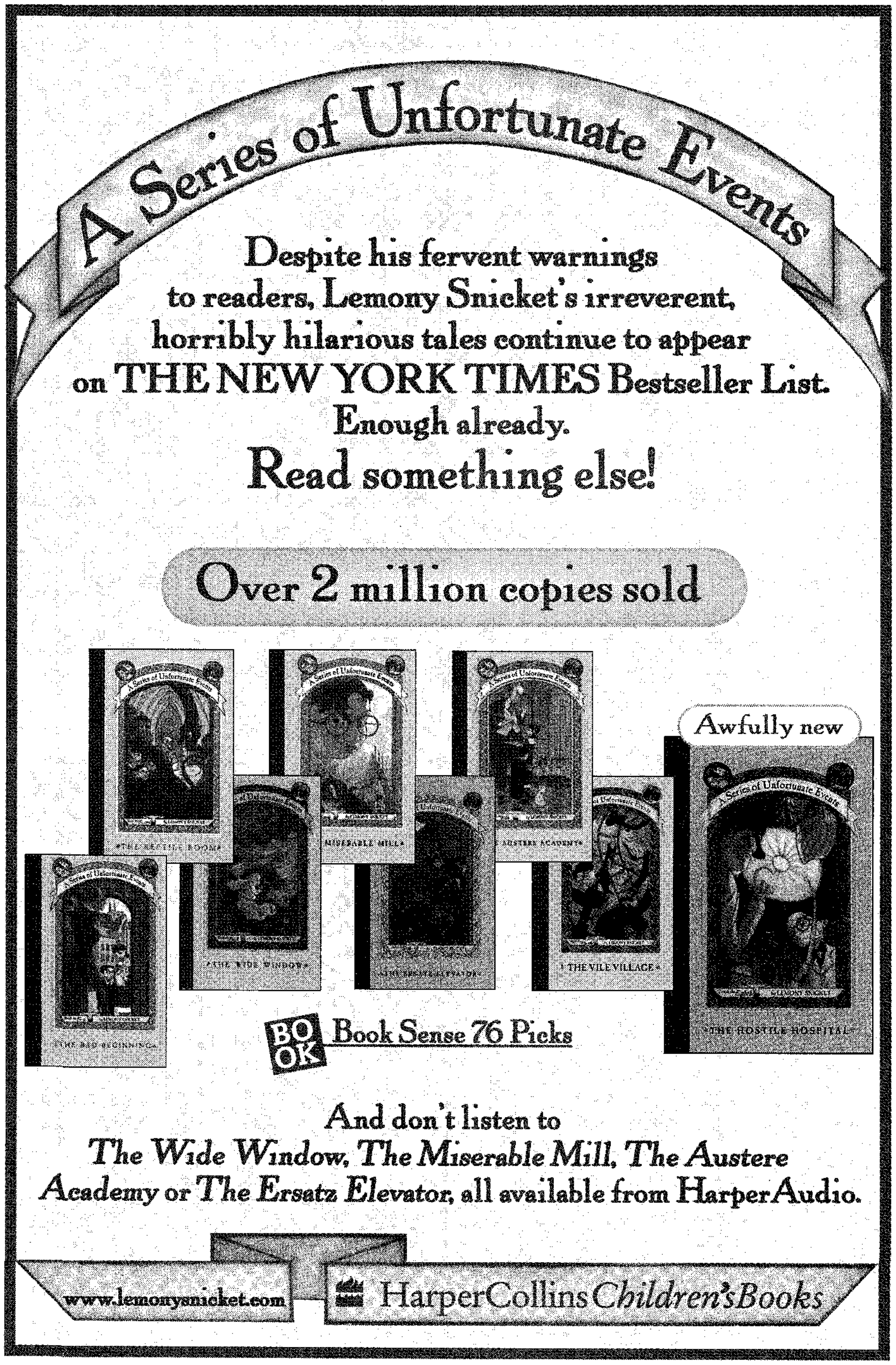
PUBLISHER'S PICK

Fans of Patricia MacLachlan's "Sarah Plain and Tall" and "Skylark" can finally get their hands on the next episode of the saga this fall with **Caleb's Story** (HarperCollins). Given the responsibility to chronicle his family's story, Caleb can't find much to write about until a stranger provides lessons in family, love, and forgiveness.

Exploring the political power of language, Lynn Joseph's **The Color of My Words** (HarperCollins) introduces a precocious twelve-year-old girl in the Dominican Republic who composes poems and stories in her head while sitting up in the Gri Gri tree in her front yard. Soon, others realize the power of her words and attempt to make political use of them. Laura Hansen of Bookin' It in Little Falls, Minnesota, lauds this book as "dappled with poetry, pain, and promise."

Like a modern day Auntie Mame, **The Gawgon and the Boy** by Lloyd Alexander (Dutton) chronicles the adventures of a young boy with a flamboyant guardian whom he secretly calls The Gawgon. The book is based on the author's own Aunt Annie. Says Ellen Davis of Dragonwings Bookstore in Waupaca, Wisconsin, "I was lucky enough to have a beloved aunt who loved to challenge children to think for themselves. Alexander shares his aunt's brilliance, humor, and spirit with us all, while creating a tribute to her memory."

Eric Campbell's **The Place of Lions** (Harcourt) follows an adolescent boy as he crosses Africa's Serengeti Plain, alone. After their small plane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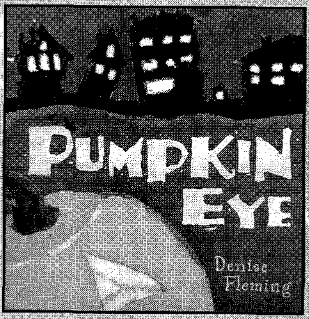
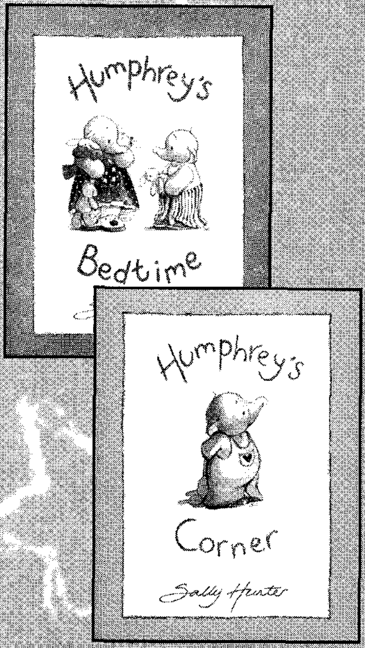

PUMPKIN EYE
Denise Fleming

DENISE FLEMING
A spooky celebration of a holiday where imagination rules.

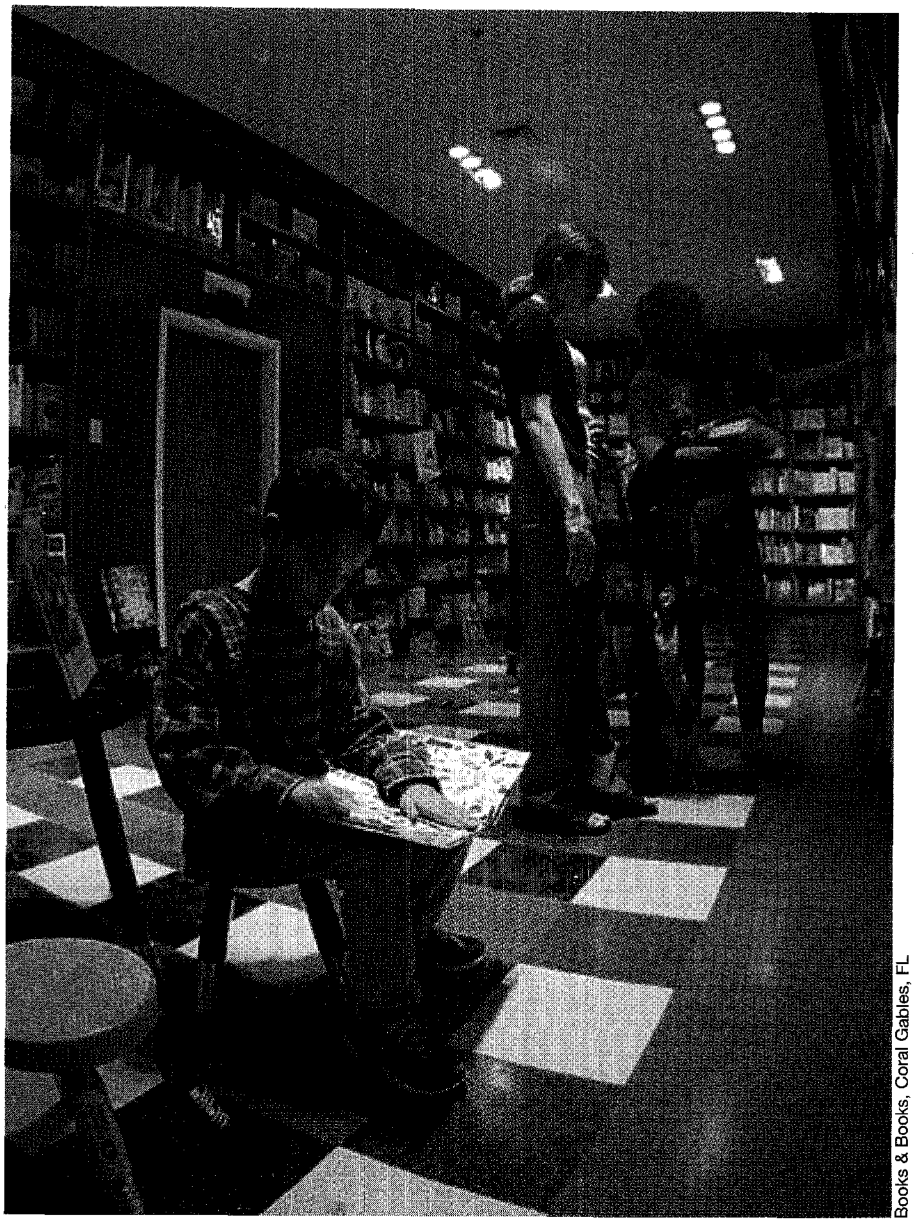

Humphrey's Bedtime
Humphrey's Corner
Sally Hunter

SALLY HUNTER
Meet Humphrey, Lottie and Jack!

The Gospel According to Larry
JANET TASHJIAN

JANET TASHJIAN
Josh Swensen isn't your average teenager—he's the messiah of the Internet.

HENRY HOLT
BOOKS FOR YOUNG READERS



Books & Books, Coral Gables, FL

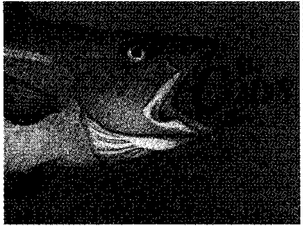
crashes, Chris is the only one strong enough to go for help. As he travels the strange land, he is shadowed by an aging lion who is on his way to the place where lions go to die. Jennifer Anglin of Enchanted Forest, Dallas, Texas describes the book as "a suspenseful and moving tale—a struggle for survival for one and the end of life for the other—as boy and beast journey along the same path."

PUBLISHER'S PICK

The grandeur of an ancient empire in Africa is disrupted by the ominous threat of slave traders in **Mansa Musa: The Lion of Mali** by Khephra Burns, illustrated by Caldecott medalists Leo and Diane Dillon (Harcourt). It's an imaginative retelling of the childhood of a Mali king. When a celebration in the village is upended by slave traders, the young leader is whisked away to an unknown fate and a journey of self-discovery.

PUBLISHER'S PICK

One of the surprise hits of recent years was Mark Kurlansky's "Cod: A Biography of the Fish that Changed the World." Revealing the fish's vital role in everything from the discovery of the New World to the evolution of frozen food to the current law of the seas, this critically acclaimed book has been adapted for a younger audience in **The Cod's Tale** by Mark Kurlansky, with illustrations by S.D. Schindler (Putnam).

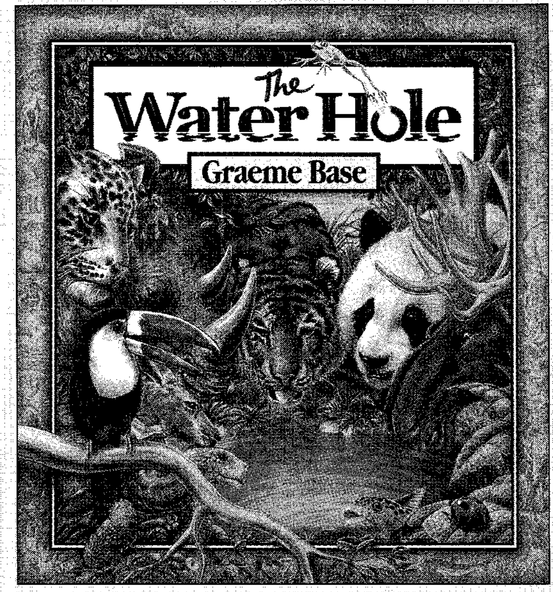


TOMES FOR TEENS

While delving into the world of fantasy, the contemporary young-adult novel manages to confront many of the tough issues facing contemporary teens, including pregnancy and drug addiction. Forget ruby slippers and crystal balls, enchantment for teenagers today comes in denim. In **The Sisterhood of the Traveling Pants** by Ann Brashares (Delacorte Press), four fifteen-year-old girlfriends share a pair of $3.49 thrift store jeans that miraculously fit each girl perfectly, and that magically send each on an incredible adventure. Nikki Mutch of the UConn Co-op in Storrs, Connecticut, enjoys this story in which the girls "make lasting memories and recall the power of love and friendship."

An inspiring story of overcoming disadvantage, **Born Blue** by Han Nolan (Harcourt) is the story of Janie, or Leshaya, as she calls herself. The child of an addict, Leshaya feels destined to go down the same route, but she sidesteps this fate because of her dreams of being a singer. Sarah Parker of

The long-awaited companion to the best-selling *Animalia!*



Graeme Base is back with a brilliant fusion of counting book, puzzle book, story and art book that will captivate curious young minds. His visual feast of lush scenes will fascinate on many levels—while providing a subtle ecological lesson.

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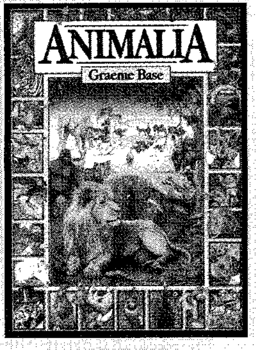

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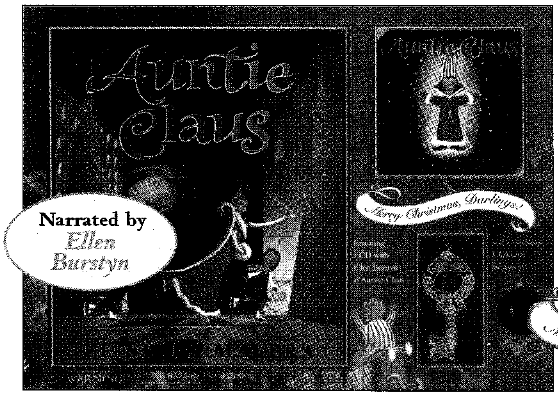

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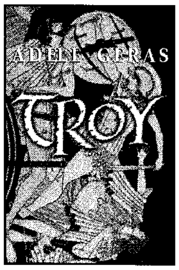

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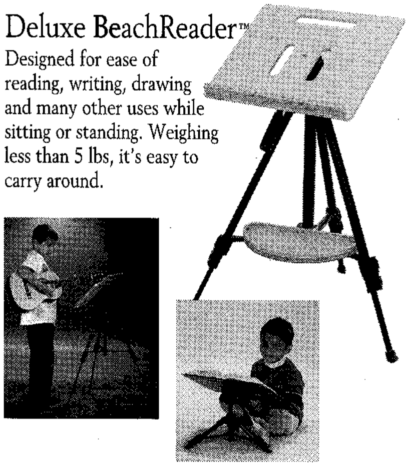

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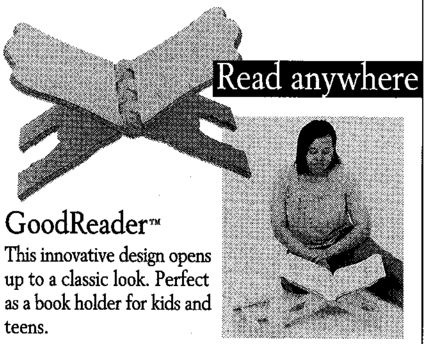

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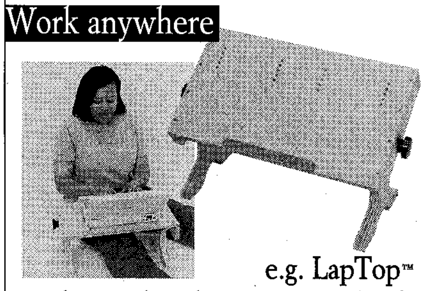

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Scott's in Mt. Vernon, Washington, calls "Born Blue" "a moving story about a struggling young girl whom you will never forget."

With an ear for capturing the teenage voice, author Ruth Pennebaker in **Don't Think Twice** (Henry Holt) introduces us to Anne, seventeen years old and pregnant. Sue Carita of Toadstool Books in Milford, New Hampshire, says: "Anne's moving and often hilarious experiences in a home for unwed mothers are related in a sarcastic tone that rings true and reveals the hypocrisies of our society."

RHYMES WITH EVERYTHING

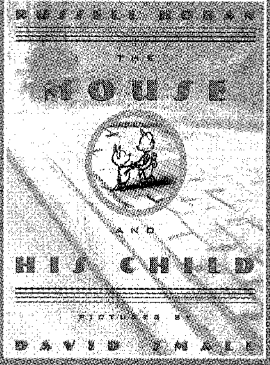
Adolescence is the period in life when diaries begin to fill with personal reflections. Teenagers who struggle with momentous transitions often put pen to paper in stories and poetry. Several books capture deliciously savvy bon mots from some of these young bards.

Dealing with divorce can prove one of the great challenges of growing up. **Broken Hearts . . . Healing: Young Poets Speak Out On Divorce** (Poet Tree) presents poems written by children struggling with their emotions. Sam Canaday of Brace Books & More in Ponca City, Oklahoma, writes that this book is "not only great for children to help them deal with divorce," but also terrific, for adults "to help them understand how their children maybe feeling."

America may be a nation of budding Emily Dickinsons. The new book, **Things I Have to Tell You: Poems and Writings by Teenage Girls,** is edited by Betsy Franco with photographs by Nina Nickles (Candlewick Press). Says Adrienne Harper of Brystone Children's Books in Fort Worth, Texas, "The poems bring back the thrill and pain of what it is to be a teenage female."

PUBLISHER'S PICK

Revered by the children's literati as one of the great works of twentieth-century children's literature, **The Mouse and His Child** by Russell Hoban has delighted many with its tale of a wind-up mouse and his toy son. Arthur A. Levine Books/Scholastic Inc. revisits the classic tale with a new edition featuring illustrations by 2001 Caldecott Award-winner David Small.



PUBLISHER'S PICK

'Twas the night before Christmas and all through the house, just about every creature was stirring thanks to one stubborn dog protecting home and hearth from the big man in the red suit. That's the comical premise of **Silent Night** written and illustrated by Sandy Turner (Atheneum). Christmas Eve may never be the same again.

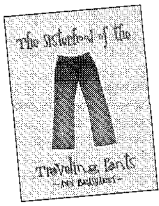
For more information on the Book Sense Children's 76 recommendation list, or to find the nearest independent bookstore, visit www.BookSense.com or call 1-888-BookSense toll free.

INDEPENDENT BOOKSELLER RECOMMENDATIONS

CHILDREN'S 76

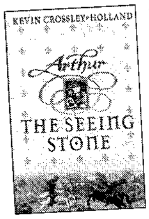
BOOK sense™

The Top Ten recommendations from the Book Sense 76, as selected by independent booksellers nationwide.



1. THE SISTERHOOD OF THE TRAVELING PANTS

by Ann Brashares (Delacorte, $14.95; in stores 9/11) Teen. "The only thing four 15-year-old girlfriends have to connect them throughout a long summer apart is a pair of $3.49 thrift store jeans. The magic traveling pants are sent to each girl twice, in the hopes that each will have an incredible adventure, make lasting memories, and remember the power of love and friendship."—NIKKI MUTCH, UCONN CO-OP, STORRS, CT Also a Listening Library Audio (0807205893)



3. THE SEEING STONE

by Kevin Crossley-Holland; illus. by David Klein (Arthur Levine/Scholastic, $17.95; in stores Sept.) Teen. "While many writers have tried their hands at the Arthurian saga, this author has truly brought it to life. He combines humor with rich prose and scholarship. Here is the first in a trilogy that will, like Harry Potter, be enjoyed by readers of all ages."—RITA MORAN, APPLE VALLEY BOOKS, WINTHROP, ME Also a Listening Library Audio (080720546X; in stores Oct.)

PETITE ROUGE

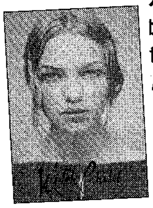
5. PETITE ROUGE: A Cajun Red Riding Hood

by Mike Artell; illus. by Jim Harris (Dial, $15.99) Ages 4-8. "Red Riding Hood is a duck and the Wolf is a gator in granny's clothes. Told in rolling Cajun dialect rhyme that ambles off the page, the gator is dispatched with a big dose of hot sauce. 'Whatchoo havin' fo lonch?'"—KELLY JUSTICE, FOUNTAIN BOOKS, RICHMOND, VA

THE GREAT GOOD THING

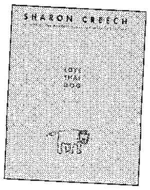
7. THE GREAT GOOD THING

by Roderick Townley (Atheneum/Richard Jackson Books, $17) Ages 8-12. "Princess Sylvie is growing tired of her 'storybook' life, so when a new reader, Claire, picks up her book, Sylvie breaks all the rules by crossing over into Claire's dreams! You will love it!"—TRISH BRICK, R.J. JULIA'S, MADISON, CT Also a Listening Library Audio (0807204978)



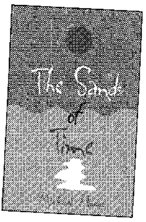
9. WITCH CHILD

by Celia Rees (Candlewick, $15.99) Teen. "Mary Newbery's journal details the hanging death of her grandmother for practicing witchcraft. In 1659 America, Mary becomes part of an inflexible Puritan community. Her desire to belong, resistance to conform, and eventual self-acceptance will provide teens with a truly heroic model."—KATHY CARRIGAN, HARRY W. SCHWARTZ BOOKSHOPS, MILWAUKEE, WI Also a Listening Library Audio (0807206288, unabridged 080720627X)



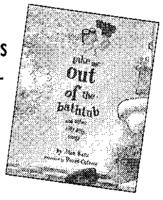
2. LOVE THAT DOG

by Sharon Creech (Cotler Books/ HarperCollins, $14.95) Ages 9-12. " 'I don't want to because boys don't write poetry. Girls do.' So begins the saga between young writer, Jack, and his encouraging teacher, Miss Stretchbery. This short novel, written in poetry form, allows us to follow along as Jack finds pride in writing. What a gift this book is to aspiring authors and their teachers."—MARILYN SMITH, HAWLEY-COOKE BOOKSELLERS, LOUISVILLE, KY



4. THE SANDS OF TIME

by Michael Hoeye (Terfle Books/PGW, $12.95 paper; due out 9/9) Teen. "Another wonderful adventure for Hermux Tantamoq and his merry band of rodents. This one includes a desert, a hidden library, and the legendary monsters: cats!"—DIANE SMITH-HILL, A CHILDREN'S PLACE, PORTLAND, OR



6. TAKE ME OUT OF THE BATHTUB: And Other Silly Dilly Songs

by Alan Katz; illus. by David Catrow (Margaret McElderry Books, $15) Ages 4-8. "My co-workers and I have hardly been able to conduct business lately. We have been lying on the floor convulsive while singing the songs in the book. The illustrations by Catrow are absolutely wonderful."—ALICIA GREIS, COLORADO COLLEGE BOOKSTORE, COLORADO SPRINGS, CO

Ted
by Tony DiTerlizzi

8. TED

by Tony Diterlizzi (Simon & Schuster, $16) Ages 4-8. "An awesome kid's book. A little boy's father is too busy working to spend time with him....that is, until pinkish-purpleish, raspberry cereal-eating, imaginary friend Ted comes to play. Fabulous illustrations. And the adventures they have are hysterical!"—BETH PLATTNER, FISHING WITH YOUR MIND, WALKER, MN

WITNESS
KAREN HESSE

10. WITNESS

by Karen Hesse (Scholastic, $16.95) Ages 9-12. "A remarkable book, written in poetic form using 11 different voices, telling of the effect of the Ku Klux Klan on a 1924 Vermont community. Suspenseful, scary, yet often funny and thrilling, it is the saga of ordinary people in extraordinary circumstances. A wonderful new novel from Hesse."—MARGE GRUTZMACHER, PASSTIMES BOOKS, SISTER BAY, WI Also a Listening Library Audio (0807205931; out 9/4)

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NEW YORK JOURNAL

URBAN RENEWAL

We can't go on, we'll go on.

BY ADAM GOPNIK

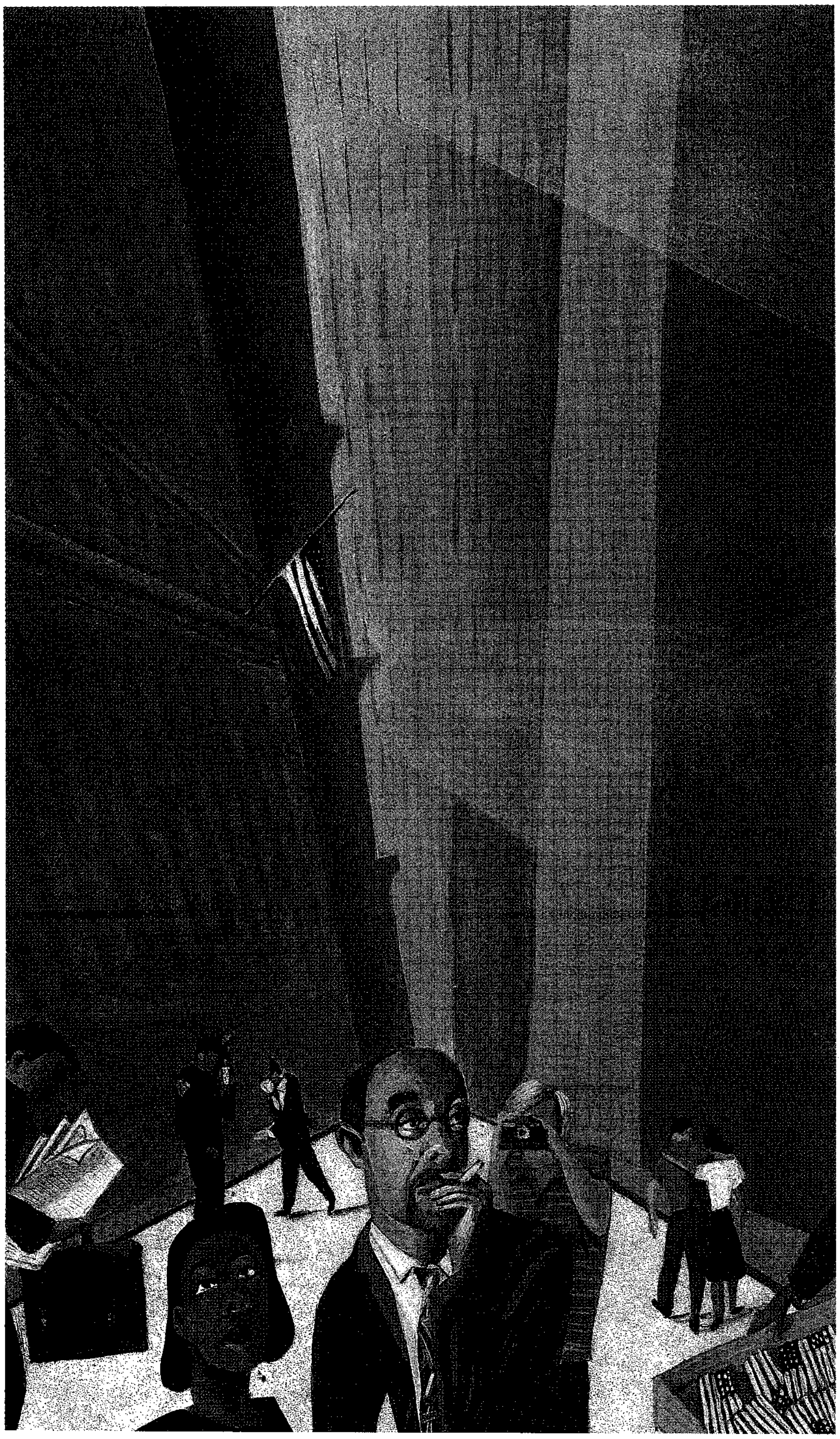
Last week, you could walk almost anywhere you wanted to in New York if you had the sneakers and the time, and what you saw when you were walking looked different from what you saw when you watched television. Things looked older, and on the whole better. The Wall Street canyon on Monday morning, just before the market opened, for instance, looked as though it had come from another time—several other times, in fact. It was as if the urban landscape, the look of the city itself, had collapsed back into its historical parts, gone searching in another time for a new meaning. The ruins of the Trade Center, glimpsed from the corner, looked like the ruins of a Gothic cathedral, Reims, in the First World War. The Gothic tracery that had been the towers' one concession to ornament had dignified them in death. On the other hand, the narrow valleys of streets, emptied of cars and caked with white dust, looked as if they belonged to the early part of the last century. The dust caught the light and turned it into beams, and filled the canyons in searchlight columns, making the buildings behind look like old photographs of themselves. Even the music playing seemed to belong to another time. Someone had, weirdly, placed loudspeakers outside the Federal Reserve Bank building, and all morning they were blaring out martial music—American martial music, the marches of John Philip Sousa. First came "Stars and Stripes Forever" and "Hands Across the Sea," but then came the "Liberty Bell March," which has been known for the past thirty years exclusively as the theme from "Monty Python's Flying Circus." For three or four minutes, the Monty Python theme dominated the streets of lower Manhattan.

Everyone in New York is desperately looking for a way out of mourning, a path toward healing, and the sign of "healing," we are told, is "normalcy"—but, like an unstable compound, normalcy tends to break down quickly into its component human elements of routine and absurdity and fatuousness, which, when they appear, seem like an insult to mourning. And so, as people catch themselves smiling or laughing at the wacky music or just walking along and humming, they return, guiltily, to mourning—which, in turn, demands healing, whose sign is normalcy, which shows itself in routine and absurdity and fatuousness, those insults to mourning . . . It is a strange cycle, and New Yorkers were riding it up and down this Monday morning, like a wave.

The reporters who crowded the streets had three stories to tell: Life Goes On, Life Does Not Go On, and Does Life Go On or Not? "Are there weddings going on in there?" one reporter asked, gesturing at the Municipal Building and seeing images of recuperation and paper carnations, life in the midst of loss. But there weren't, and she kept plugging down Broadway toward Wall Street. A crowd of onlookers, an anonymous, sneaker-and-windbreaker crowd, followed the first ranks of stockbrokers and messengers and reporters as they surged downtown. Peddlers sold T-shirts: five-fifty for one that showed the towers and an American flag waving; two-fifty for a hat with just the flag. In a way, people were there to gawk, and as they came downtown through the beautiful morning light they were judiciously allowed one gape each at the corner of New and Wall, where you could see the ruins. "O.K., move along there, you've seen it, let's just move along," the cops said peaceably. The people looked down the street at the place where the towers had been—not see-

MARK ULRIKSEN

ing much, just the fencelike façades that still stood at odd, expressionist angles—and then walked on. Photographers turned toward the crowd and took pictures of the people looking at the ruins, and the people looking at the ruins looked back over their shoulders, trying to figure out what the photographers were taking pictures of. In another way, people had come not to gawk but to see—to see if life would go on or not, and what was reassuring was, exactly, that they were not allowed to gawk. The cops sounded neither more nor less emotional than they ever do—sounded, in fact, like the saleSladies on the eighth floor at Saks on the day the Christmas tree is lit, letting the nightgown shoppers stare for a moment into Rockefeller Center. Officiousness is one more form of normalcy.



What is so difficult for everyone is that the scale of the disaster is both greater than you can imagine and smaller than you can believe.

What is so difficult is the scale of the disaster: both greater than you can imagine and smaller than you can believe. There is so much left, so many tall glass towers, that, if you didn't know something vital was missing, you would never guess it. The huge pile into which the towers crumbled looks like what it is, a vast and terrifying graveyard. But, just across the street, not fifty feet from the site, stands a building with a painted ad for E*Trade on it: "Finally, a Place on Madison Avenue Where You Can Invest Money, Instead of Spend It." It's as though the sinking of the Titanic had taken place right beside a subway station, and had been watched by a frightened or curious crowd who saw something unbelievable, the great ship listing and rising up and breaking in two, and the people falling from the funnel, and then walked home from the disaster and showed their families that their hands were still cold from touching the iceberg.

Although you were officially required to show that you worked on Wall Street to get there, a less than intrepid reporter wandered around, found himself following a group of National Guardsmen along William Street, talked to them briefly (they wanted a beer), and then, meandering up the first big street he came to, found himself directly beneath the big flag on the front of the Stock Exchange. Brokers in blue jackets were standing there, taking a cigarette break. "Your shoelace is untied," a cop said, disgusted, and moved him along. At some semi-conscious level, the decision had been made to let life go on. Normalcy is basically incompatible with security. Either life will go on or it won't, and if it does it will go on as life, with its shoelaces untied and an unexpected back way to the destination.

Inside, the brokers were saying what their country was worth, and the country was asking them not to. As you talked to brokers coming out of the exchange, they would begin by telling

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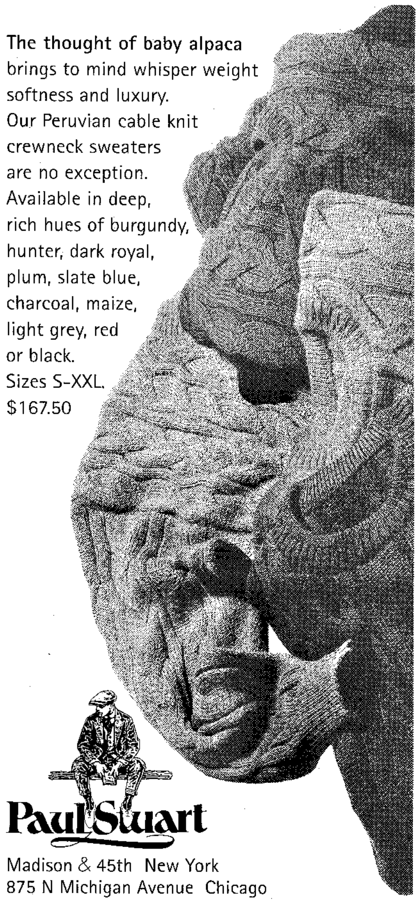

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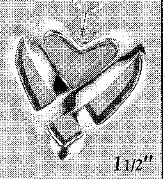

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you the truth—"Well, we were headed downhill already and so this is really just . . ." And then they'd stop themselves and say, "This is a great day for America. The fact we're open." Though a stock exchange is part of civil society, it is not a civic-minded place in the conventional sense of the term: it is not about people pulling together for the common good but about people pulling apart to pursue their own interests in the long-term faith that the common good will, eventually, emerge someplace out there, in the form of buildings and wealth. A stock market exists to make bets on what will happen and, since what has happened has for so long been what we want, the idea of hope has got stuck on it like a decal. On Monday, though, the brokers knew that a disaster had been made to happen within a few feet of where they were standing by people who hated everything they stood for. We were asking them, that morning, to bet that it wouldn't make a difference to what would happen next. They decided to bet that it would.

At the Javits Center, where FEMA, the Federal Emergency Management Agency, and the National Guard are keeping their spirits up, the vast main atrium is empty. But there are to be a couple of press conferences downstairs, where someone has found the only cramped and dingy-seeming room in the huge well of light and space. A lectern has been placed up on a dais, with a blue cloth behind it and American and New York City flags all around. National Guardsmen hover at one side of the stage, men in their forties and fifties (the younger ones are downtown) who, in combat fatigues, look costumed for a G.I. Joe party. State troopers with Smokey Bear hats have created a hangout on the other side; they, too, look incongruous indoors. "You keep expecting them to pull you over for speeding," someone says.

The first press conference turns out to be an announcement by Governor George Pataki that the penalty for aiding terrorists will now be raised in New York, and is followed by one for "Auction for America," on eBay. Even though the Mayor—who has, in a week, become an international figure, the Churchill of the moment—is to be present, the press conference is sparsely attended, with the rows of bridge chairs only half full. Governor Pataki, a very tall man, says that spirits in the city are higher now than they've ever been, and then he introduces the head of eBay and executives of Visa and MasterCard, who have promised the "waiving of the fees" for the eBay auction. The auction will be a hundred-day event intended to raise a hundred million dollars. The executives get up and speak in the new language of the disaster. They offer their deepest sympathies for the victims of the atrocious event, along with their thoughts and prayers, and congratulate those involved with the auction for their great team effort. They use the expression "waiving of the fees" again and again, as though it came from the Bible.

When Giuliani arrives, the temperature changes. Seen up close, the Mayor seems to have collapsed in on himself, becoming stooped and gray; his shoulders hunch, and in repose he has not the fed-on-organ-meat look of a man of power, as Governor Pataki does, but the bowed and nervous look of an earlier generation of politician. In his round, wire-rimmed glasses and baggy suit, he is like a figure from the era before charisma. He stands with his hands clasped in front of him, rocking a little. It is possible, in this moment, to sense the real source of his authority: he lacks imagination, genuinely does not care about appearances, is not self-conscious about the effect he is making, and has the crucial ability to know just how grave things are and, at some decent level, not be overwhelmed. Where the Governor carefully modulates his voice, trying to deepen it when he mentions the families and find a note of rueful optimism when he is being ruefully optimistic, Giuliani rises to the occasion because he is not ruled by a sense of occasion. He is not a good actor. He is just a public man, a mayor.

Someone asks the Mayor about the costs of rebuilding, and he says simply, “They’re incalculable. We’ve never had an attack of this dimension.” For a moment, the smell of the white soot from downtown seems to fill the room. Another reporter asks what the Mayor will donate to the auction, and he stops to think and brood. “Let me see,” he says. Then his face brightens. “I know! I’ll donate my Yogi Berra baseball. He gave it to me on his day at Yankee Stadium, at the last perfect game.” Someone passes him a piece of paper and he brightens even more. It seems that someone is “donating the 1999 baseball that was the final out of the Series—it was the final out of the twentieth century!” Happily, he repeats, “The final out of the twentieth century.”

There has been a rash of street poetry pasted up on walls. At least two pastiches of “How the Grinch Stole Christmas” have appeared. One, called “How the Binch Stole Christmas,” tells how a Binch decided to stop the singing in Uville:

> “I must stop that singing,” Binch said with a smirk.
> And he had an idea—an idea that might work.
> The Binch stole some U airplanes in U morning hours
> And crashed them right into the Uville twin towers.
> “They’ll wake to disaster,” he snickered so sour.
> “And how can they sing when they can’t find a tower?”

They do, of course.

At a higher level, W. H. Auden’s poem “September 1, 1939” has been circulating in the city like a text by Nostradamus. It was quoted on the editorial page of the *Post* (in the same issue that offered readers a “Wanted Dead or Alive” poster of Osama bin Laden), posted in a forum on the Academy of American Poets Web site, and read aloud on NPR. (One writer says that he received it as an E-mail six times within the week.) This is the poem about the onset of the Second World War. The poet, in exile from London, sits “in one of the dives on Fifty-second Street” as the hopes of a “low dishonest decade” expire and “The unmentionable odour of death / Offends the September night.” He sees an enemy gone mad in the worship of a psychopathic god, confronts

> the lie of Authority,
> Whose buildings grope the sky,

and decides that “we must love one another or die.” Composed “of Eros and of dust,” he prays to “show an affirming flame.”

Auden, whose “Funeral Blues” became the semi-official poem of AIDS in the eighties, seems confirmed as the preëminent elegist of our time. Yet “September 1, 1939” was one of the poems that he banished from his collected works, as too sonorous and false (we are all going to die whether we love one another or not). The poem, as Joseph Brodsky once pointed out, is really about shame—about how cultures are infected by overwhelming feelings of shame, their “habit-forming pain,” and seek to escape those feelings through violence. What drives men mad—drives them to psychopathic gods—is the unbearable feeling of having been humiliated. The alternative, the poem says, is not to construct our own narrative of shame and redemption, which never really comes in any case, but to follow our authentic self-interest, which means being in touch with the reality of what is and is not actually possible in the world. Although a lot of people have said that the attack marks the end of irony, this poem of the moment is actually pro irony. That affirming flame begins, ironically, as “ironic points of light,” meaning the skeptical clarity that sees the world as it is, rather than as our fears would make it. The crucial movement in the poem is not from decadence to renewal but from symbols to people and from rhetoric to speech. “All I have is a voice,” the poet says, “to undo the folded lie.”

The dive in the poem, as it happens, was a gay bar and cabaret on Fifty-second Street called Dizzy’s, once, apparently, a wild place. If you go at night, after many hours on foot, and stand on West Fifty-second Street where Auden imagined the poem, you find that Dizzy’s is gone, and so is the town house it was in. Now there is just another mute lit tower groping the sky, and hoping the sky won’t grope back. ♦

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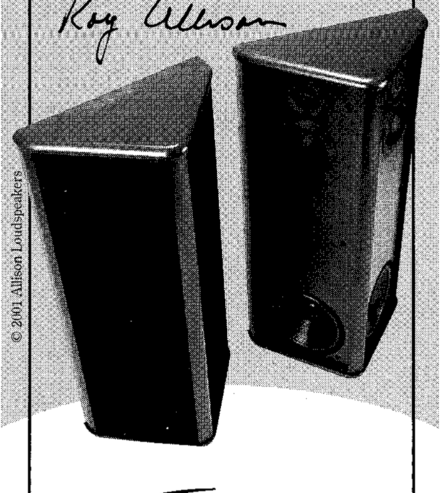

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

THE OPTIONS

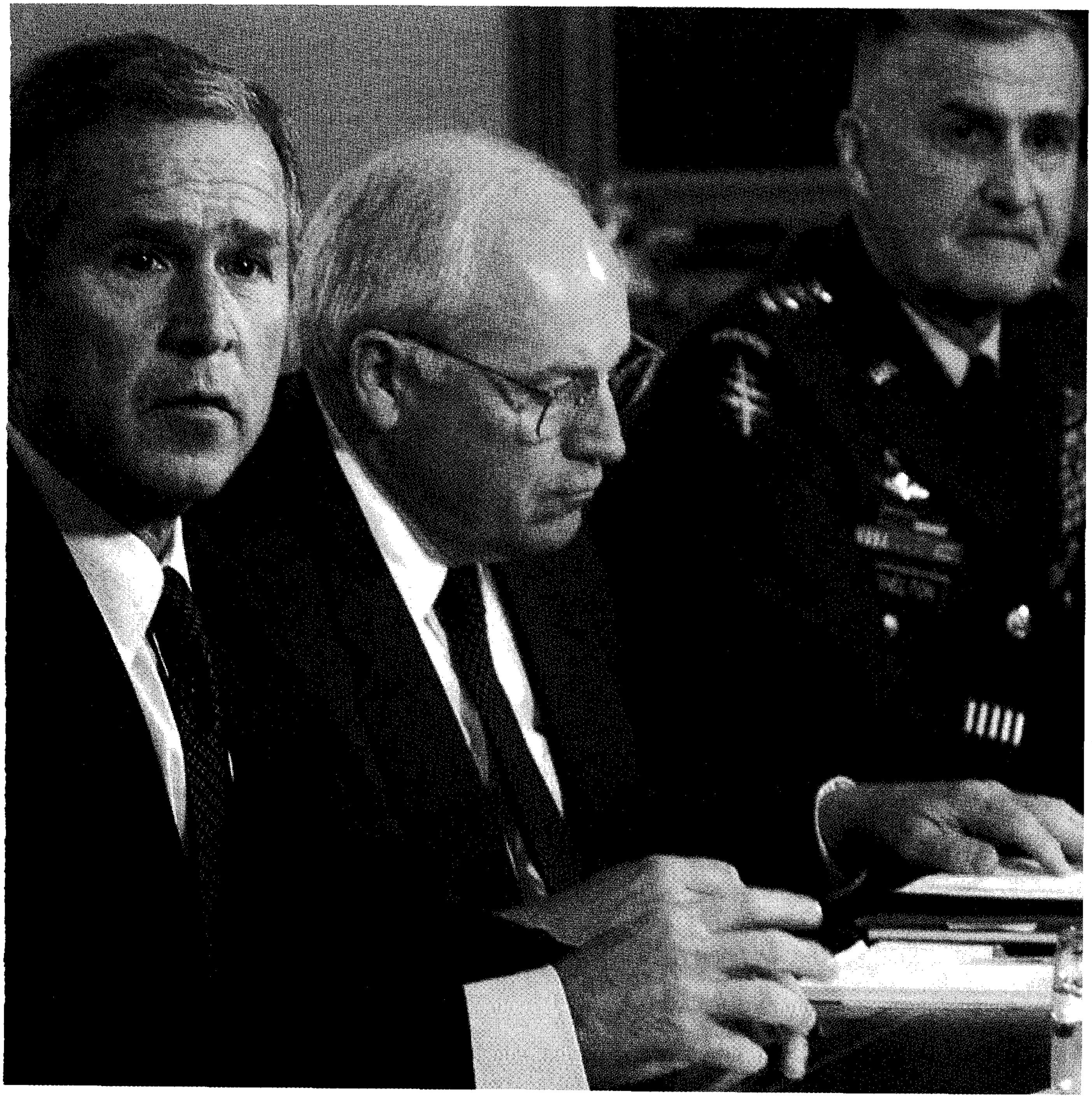
After the morning of September 11th, the Presidency changed, too.

BY NICHOLAS LEMANN

Midway through the first Presidential debate of the 2000 campaign—not even a year ago—Jim Lehrer, of PBS, asked, "Vice-President Gore, can you point to a decision, an action you have taken, that illustrates your ability to handle the unexpected, the crisis under fire, et cetera?" Al Gore was Al Gore: instantly, in full paragraphs, he provided a somewhat self-congratulatory example of his diplomatic role in the Kosovo conflict, where "our country had defeated the adversary on the battlefield without a single American life being lost."

Lehrer pivoted. "Governor Bush?"

"Well, I've been standing up to big Hollywood, big trial lawyers," the Re-



DOUG MILLS/AP WIDE WORLD

publican Presidential nominee said. "What was the question? It was about emergencies, wasn't it?"

Lehrer said it was.

"You know, as governor, one of the things you have to deal with is catastrophe," Bush said. "I can remember the fires that swept Parker County, Texas. I remember the floods that swept our state. I remember going down to Del Rio, Texas. . . . That's the time when you're tested. Not only it's a time to test your mettle, it's a time to test your heart when you see people whose lives have been turned upside down. It broke my heart to go to the flood scene in Del Rio where a fellow and his family got completely uprooted. The only thing I knew how to do was to get aid as quickly as possible, which we did with state and federal help, and to put my arms around the man and his family and cry with them. But that's what governors do. Governors are oftentimes found on the front lines of catastrophic situations."

Two days after the terrorist attack on the United States, I took a train to Washington. I had a long-standing appointment with President Bush's senior counsellor, Karl Rove, to talk about politics. The Administration's theme on that Thursday was that the White House should operate as normally as possible, to provide reassurance, so Rove kept the appointment. It was a sunny day, though not quite as crystalline as the day of the attacks on the World Trade Center and the Pentagon. The air had that still,

President Bush with (from left) Donald Rumsfeld, Colin Powell, Dick Cheney, and General Hugh Shelton, on September 12th.

overheated feeling that it gets when a weather front is about to come through. The train was nearly empty and exactly on time; the Washington subway system was running; there wasn't much traffic on the streets. People seemed quieter than usual and elaborately polite. The snatches of conversation that I overheard were about the attacks—stories of acquaintances who were victims or vows to cancel plans and stay safe at home instead.

There were surprisingly few extra police around the White House. The security routine was the old familiar one of getting buzzed inside a metal gate, presenting your driver's license, and then being sent through an airport-style metal detector. The only visible sign that it wasn't a usual day was the slightly larger allotment of television equipment on the lawn. Rove's assistant, Susan Ralston, led me to the small space where she works. On the wall was a print of Theodore Roosevelt in his Rough Rider outfit. Ralston silently handed me an American-flag lapel pin from a pile on her desk, and I put it on.

Rove, a fair-skinned man with wire-rimmed glasses, seemed amiable and unruffled. We sat at a table in front of his desk. When I said that it didn't seem like a good idea to stick to the original subject of the interview, he displayed no reaction, and said fine. At the moment of the attack, Rove had been with Bush at an elementary school in Sarasota, Florida, where the President was promoting an initiative called Putting Reading First. I asked Rove to give me an account of the day.

"Just before we got out of the motorcade, at Booker Elementary, the word came that there had been a plane crash in New York City," Rove said. "And then, as the President had literally just gotten out of the car and was shaking hands, Susan called to tell me that it was a plane that had crashed into the World Trade Center. And I told Andy Card"—the White House Chief of Staff—"who proceeded to tell the President.

"Literally, the President's shaking hands. The President then walks into a class where they're doing a reading drill. I then get a call from Susan saying that there is a second airplane that has been exploded. We scurry around trying to find a television set and we plug it in, in a room adjoining where the President's meeting with the reading people. It's the room where they have the secure phones that he travels with. Stu-Threes, they call them—black, they look like large, pregnant phones, and they allow you to have a secure conversation. We watched as they played the footage of the plane. And Andy goes in and tells the President while he's there in the classroom. The President finishes, comes in. Calls the Vice-President"—Cheney—"first. Tries to get the F.B.I. director on the phone. Then talks at greater length with the Vice-President, and then with the director. And then he turns and says, 'We're at war.'

"A statement was outlined. President changed some of it, added to it. Said, 'I'm gonna leave. Going back to Washington.' And between there and the time that we got to the airport, or maybe shortly after we got airborne—" He was about to begin explaining why Bush hadn't returned immediately to Washington, but he interrupted himself. "They sped the motorcade back pretty quick. These are not leisurely drives, and we were going much faster than normal."

Rove reached back to his desk, picked up a paper-clipped sheaf of white papers, covered with spidery handwriting, that had been torn from a legal pad, and began reading. "Nine-forty-five. We are aboard Air Force One. He asks about the security for his wife and daughters. Talking to the Vice-President. By now, the President has heard about the Pentagon. He gets a briefing on the other aircraft that are at question. He asks Cheney to call the congressional leadership and give them a briefing."

I asked Rove how many aircraft they were worried about. "Well, there were at least three aircraft missing," he said. "But, remember, this was the point when they started to order airplanes out of the air, so there were literally several thousand airplanes in the air. Little while later . . . " Rove had a Blackberry, a portable device for receiving E-mail, in front of him on the table. A message came in. Rove glanced at it and called out through the open door of his office, "Susan, I got another nutty one. I'm sending it to you."

He went back to his account: "They also made it clear they wanted to get us up quickly, and they wanted to get us to a high altitude, because there had been a specific threat made to Air Force One." What kind of threat? "A declaration that Air Force One was a target, and said in a way that they called it credible and gave it a high level of . . . Yeah?" Ralston had stuck her head in the door. Rove motioned her to come in and kept talking. "So they wanted to get us up quickly. They also wanted to get us up with fighter air cover." Ralston held up a yellow Post-it note in such a way that Rove could see what was written on it but I couldn't. "I'll go out," he said, and excused himself for a minute.

I glanced around Rove's office while he was gone. I saw three antique prints of Abraham Lincoln, another of Theodore Roosevelt, and, behind the desk, an old map of the short-lived Republic of Texas. On the bookshelf, sitting in a row, were three pristine copies of "The Prayer of Jabez," the best-selling book of advice.

Rove returned and picked up where he had left off: "They wanted to get us north, and they wanted to get us under fighter cover. I don't know at what point the fighters actually joined us. At this point, there are two hundred some-odd planes still in the air. They've got planes out over the Atlantic that they think are not accounted for."

I asked him what he was thinking.

"Well, I'm thinking, as the President said, we're at war," Rove said. "We were able to watch this on television, because we'd fly over areas where we could pick up a signal. There's a TV in the conference room in Air Force One. So we're seeing it. And we're hearing it. And of course the President's being briefed by the security people. He's on the phone all the time. He's talking to Rumsfeld"—Donald Rumsfeld, the Secretary of Defense. "He's talking to the Vice-President. Condi"—Condoleezza Rice, the national-security adviser— "is briefing him.

"There's lots of fog-of-war rumors. There's a plane down near Washington, approaching from the south. The Pennsylvania plane. The plane in Kentucky. A Korean Air Lines plane forced down in the Black Forest. A hijacked plane down on the ground in Amsterdam. There's lots of this stuff. A car bomb at the State Department."

Rove looked at his notes. "Ten-thirty-two. Somewhere between ten-twenty and ten-thirty-two is when the specific threat comes in that leads him to believe that Air Force One is in danger. They're deeply concerned about it. The President gets a report, ten-thirty-seven, that Laura has now been safely secured, and so are the two girls. The President jokingly asks about Barney"—the family dog. "Andy responds that he's nipping at the heels of Osama bin Laden now.

"There's discussion about his going to Washington. The Vice-President's opposed to his going to Washington. The President says, 'What about Camp David?' The Vice-President's against his going to Camp David." Rove looked at the notes again. "The President continues to talk to the Vice-President. He talks to the Vice-President again.

"Twelve-oh-five. We land at Barksdale"—Barksdale Air Force Base, in northern Louisiana. "They brought us to Barksdale, one, to downsize the package—that is, to reduce the number of people on the plane by off-loading all the nonessential personnel. And then also to get us fully fuelled up. And also they landed us there because nobody expects us to be there. And that's the moment where, if it wasn't real for you before, it's pretty damn real, because you get off the plane and there's no carpet, there's no van, there's no receiving party—there are guys in combat uniforms and flak jackets, carrying fully automatic weapons, and Humvees with machine guns. And they take us into the conference area there, and the President's met by the commander of the base, the commander of the Eighth Air Force, and they're all wearing sidearms.

"The President gets on a secure line with the Vice-President. President says, 'I think I need to come back.' They say, 'We think it's still unstable. We still have a number of planes in the air and unaccounted for. We still have the planes over the Atlantic.' President says, 'I want to meet with the National Security Council.' They settle on a time. They say, 'Look, we can get you to Offutt' "—Offutt Air Force Base, in Nebraska, the headquarters of the Strategic Air Command—" 'in, like, an hour and twenty minutes. We've got secure facilities there to update you, and you can communicate with the entire national-security team in a secure environment. It's closer than Washington, and Washington's still unsteady.' He's not very happy.

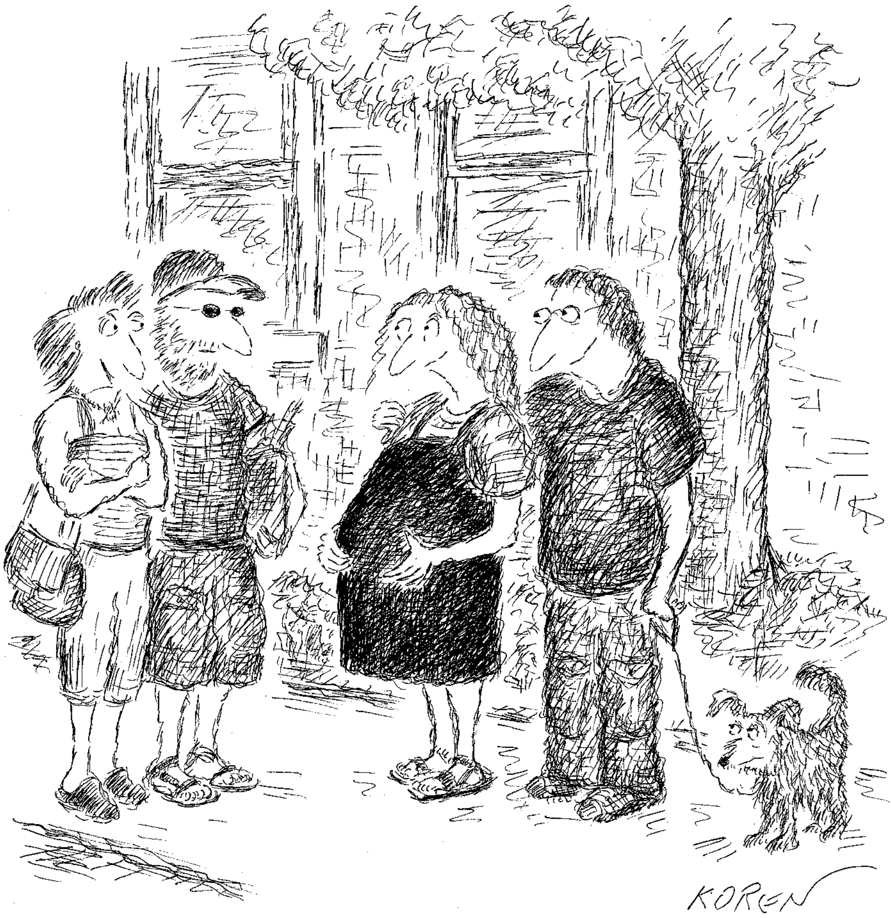
"Twelve-fifty-five, he calls Schumer"—Senator Charles Schumer, of New York. "Schumer's called, and the President returns his call. 'Sad day for America. Government's functioning. We'll come together.' Talks to Rumsfeld. That's where it emerged that it was an American Airlines plane. Before that, there was some question of whether it was a smaller plane, or whether it was a helicopter. One-oh-five, we get some intel from StratCom about a high-speed object that is headed toward the ranch."

As Rove was speaking, I was thinking that the Presidential party not only did not have better information than was available to those of us who were watching television at that moment but had worse information—or, anyway, more misinformation. He went on, "One-fifteen, we depart, get back to the airplane, using an armored Humvee, camouflaged, and I think it had explosive armor on the outside. By one-twenty, we're on the plane, getting airborne.

"Talking with Cheney. Confirming, let's have a four-o'clock N.S.C. meeting. Bush says, 'I assure you, I'd like to be coming home now. Tonight would be great.' Thanks him for the job he's doing.

"About one-twenty-five, he turns to Andy, and says, 'I want to go home. I want to go back to Washington now. As soon as possible.' And there's some scattered pushback from the security people. They're down to a handful of planes unaccounted for, but there's still twelve planes. Even an hour and twenty minutes later, when we've gotten to Omaha, they're still talking about two or three planes over the Atlantic and two or three others unaccounted for.

"But, anyway, he says, at that point, 'I don't want some tinhorn terrorist keeping the President of the United States out of Washington. People want to see their President, and they want to see him now. We're going to Washington as soon as we can sit down in the office and do this meeting. But we're going home.' I think he talked earlier in the day with Giuliani and Pataki"—Mayor Rudolph Giuliani and Governor George Pataki—"but he talks to them together,



"Do you know its sexual identity?"

about two-twenty, two-twenty-five.

“Two-fifty-eight, he has another exchange with the security people about going to Washington. We’re on the ground shortly after that, and by three-ten we’re at the Offutt command center. About four-fifteen, he’s finished the briefing. The briefing is all in the secure part of it, so the rest of us are shepherded into a conference room across the hallway from the secure area. They’re briefing in a room that we can see in. They have a huge two- or three-story wall with displays on it, and we’re behind the glass there, watching the information being flashed up on the screen.” There were more fog-of-war rumors. “They’ve accounted for all four planes, but they’ve got another, I think, three or four or five planes still outstanding. At four-fifteen, he leaves it, and moments later we’re airborne. And, again, the runways are lined with people with guns every couple of hundred yards. As we pulled onto the flight line, there’s a giant gasoline truck, white, filled with aviation fuel. At this point, I’m sort of semi-paranoid. I see this truck crossing like a T in front of us, and just about that point the radio crackles. They have an announcement that all traffic in the flight line is to stop immediately. Truck keeps driving on, to get out of our way. I could see it: ‘PRESIDENTIAL AIDE SEARED IN BURNING AVIATION FUEL.’ So we’re airborne by four-thirty, and he’s on the phone with the First Lady.”

As Rove was finishing the story of the journey around the country in Air Force One, Susan Ralston stuck her head through the door again and said, “Five minutes.” I asked Rove what he thought the hijackers had been trying to accomplish.

“I think what they’re trying to do is to cower our society,” he said. “I think they’re attempting to undermine its openness and its freedom and its ability to dissent, to be different. I think they’re attempting to force America back into itself. To make America tepid and afraid of the world. To destroy our confidence and our society.”

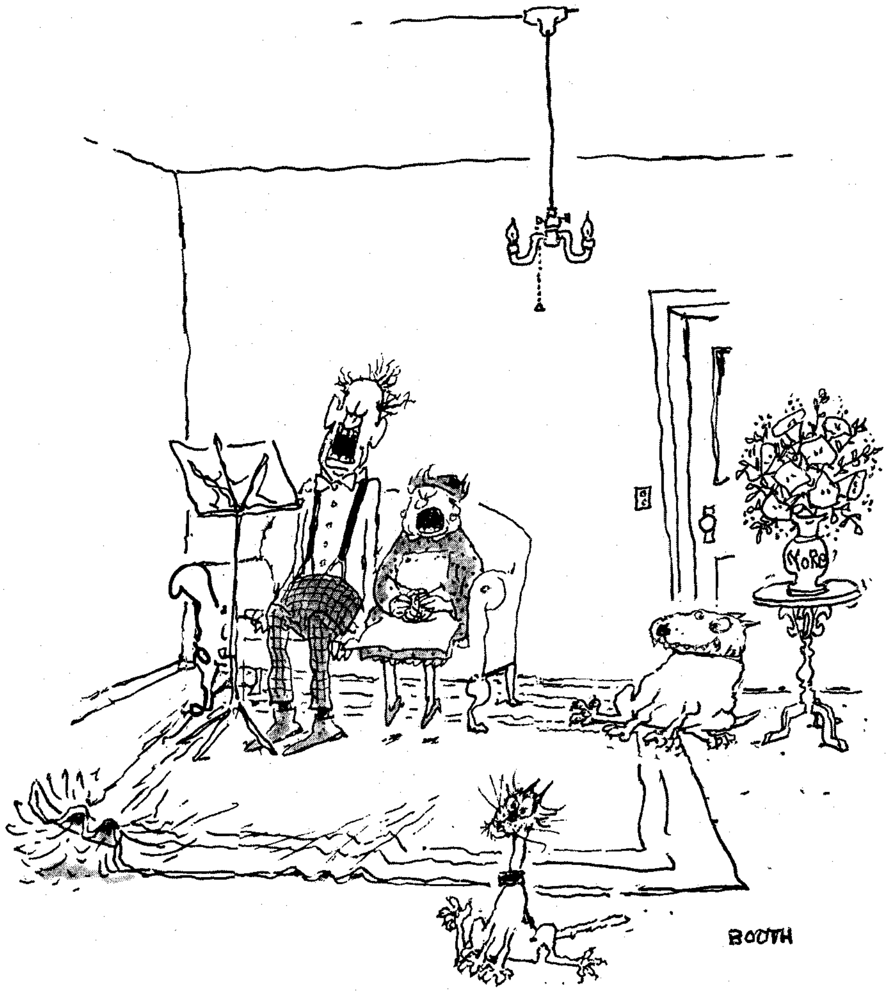
Were they trying to engender some specific policy change? “I think more important than any specific policy is to undermine the fundamentals of the American system. To undermine the fundamentals of the American equation is the greatest goal of all. I mean, if their object is to change a policy there are conventional ways of getting a change in policy. Some of them are accepted, some of them aren’t. The unaccepted version would be to bribe people. But there are plenty of accepted ways of bringing pressure to change a specific point of policy. But that’s not my sense here. My sense is that these are people who fundamentally hate our society, hate the values we stand for, and are uncomfortable with the American presence in the world, and would like nothing better than to turn us into something that we’re not: a society that lacks vitality and confidence, that’s inward-looking and isolationist, not involved in the world, and that is not sure of itself, and that is not confident to express values that we think have a universal nature, like the value of freedom and the value of diversity and the value of freedom of religion and freedom of expression and a market economy. All of these things—on a certain level, they deeply resent it, or hate it. And they want to see a change in it.”

My time was up. I asked Rove what, if we were at war, was our objective? When would we know that we had won?

“That’s an interesting question,” he said, standing up from the table. “I really am late. We’ll set up another time.”

What was most striking about that first week is how unfamiliar the situation was (including, obviously, to the President), and how real the possibility of disarray. One always hears people on the Sunday-morning talk shows wondering, portentously, whether this or that administration can get this or that situation under control. This time, that was a real question.

Shortly after I left, security personnel “expanded the perimeter” around the White House, so that you could no longer walk right up to the northwest gate, as I had, without having to show identification. Instead, for a day, when



“I found my thrill on Blueberry Hill.”

THE READER

She is going back, these days, to the great stories
That charmed her younger mind. A shaded light
Shines on the nape half-shadowed by her curls,
And a page turns now with a scuffing sound.
Onward they come again, the orphans reaching
For a first handhold in a stony world,
The young provincials who at last look down
On the city's maze, and will descend into it,
The serious girl, once more, who would live nobly,
The sly one who aspires to marry so,
The young man bent on glory, and that other
Who seeks a burden. Knowing as she does
What will become of them in bloody field
Or Tuscan garden, it may be that at times
She sees their first and final selves at once,
As a god might to whom all time is now.
Or, having lived so much herself, perhaps
She meets them this time with a wiser eye,
Noting that Julien's calculating head
Is from the first too severed from his heart.
But the true wonder of it is that she,
For all that she may know of consequences,
Still turns enchanted to the next bright page
Like some Natasha in the ballroom door—
Caught in the flow of things wherever bound,
The blind delight of being, ready still
To enter life on life and see them through.

—*Richard Wilbur*

you got a couple of blocks away you'd encounter a camouflage-painted Humvee parked across the street, and camouflage-clad Army Rangers waving you away.

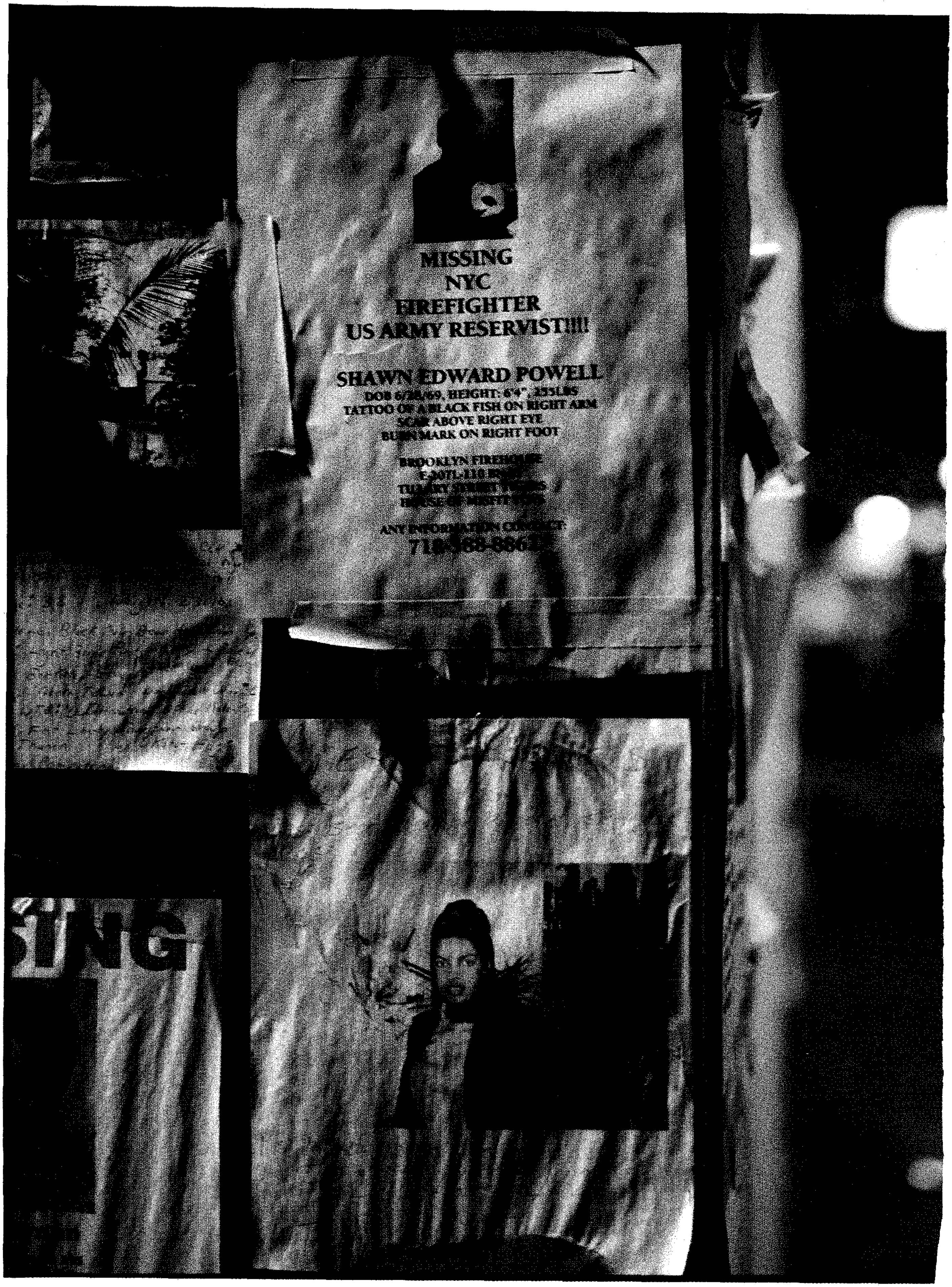
I took the Metro across town, to the Capitol, and as I walked through the grounds a picture kept running in my mind of an airplane ramming into the beautiful white dome and breaking it off. As at the White House, when I got to the Capitol it was quiet and empty—the only time I've ever seen the building with no tour groups of senior citizens or class trips standing in line outside. I walked into one of the Senate office buildings to the north of the Capitol, through light security, and took the subway that runs the short distance to the Capitol itself. In the seat in front of me was Senator John Warner, of Virginia, the ranking Republican on the Armed Services Committee and a sponsor of the resolution authorizing the country to use force, and in the seat behind was Senator Joseph Biden, of Delaware, the chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee. Each senator had beside him an aide in the characteristic pose of urgently whispering in the boss's ear while clutching a sheaf of papers. Neither senator took any notice of me; it's common, or has been until now, for senators to ride in the open subway car with perfect strangers.

We all rode up an escalator and headed down a hallway into the Capitol—but then everybody was rushing out, because the building was being evacuated. One woman was shouting, "Shit! Shit!" but everybody else was silently obedient. For the next forty-five minutes, half of the United States Senate, which had been debating a resolution condemning discrimination against Arab-Americans in the aftermath of the attack, stood on the lawn between the Capitol and the Supreme Court. The senators formed into joke-sharing cliques, like high-school kids at a fire drill. Although it was quite late in the afternoon by now, it was becoming uncomfortably hot and airless as the front drew near. Shirts were wet. Presently, a lieutenant from the U.S. Capitol Police set up a wooden lectern and announced that there had been a report of a suspicious package in the building, but bomb-sniffing dogs had checked it out and now everybody could go back inside. The senators crossed the street and trooped up the steps of the Capitol.

The following morning, there was a gathering of the hawks—a press conference at the American Enterprise Institute, one of the two biggest conservative think tanks in town. (The Heritage Foundation is the other.) As I walked in, Newt Gingrich, the former House Speaker, was talking. It was a little jarring to encounter someone who had been a familiar daily presence in public life and then gone away; I'd mentally filed him away as a retired leader, a cable commentator, but here he was, the same as ever, rhetorically red-hot: "Sudan will cease to house terrorists or we will replace the government of Sudan. The Taliban will cease to house terrorists or we will replace the Taliban. . . . We're the most powerful nation in the world. If we want to eliminate the regime of Saddam Hussein, we have the capacity to eliminate it."

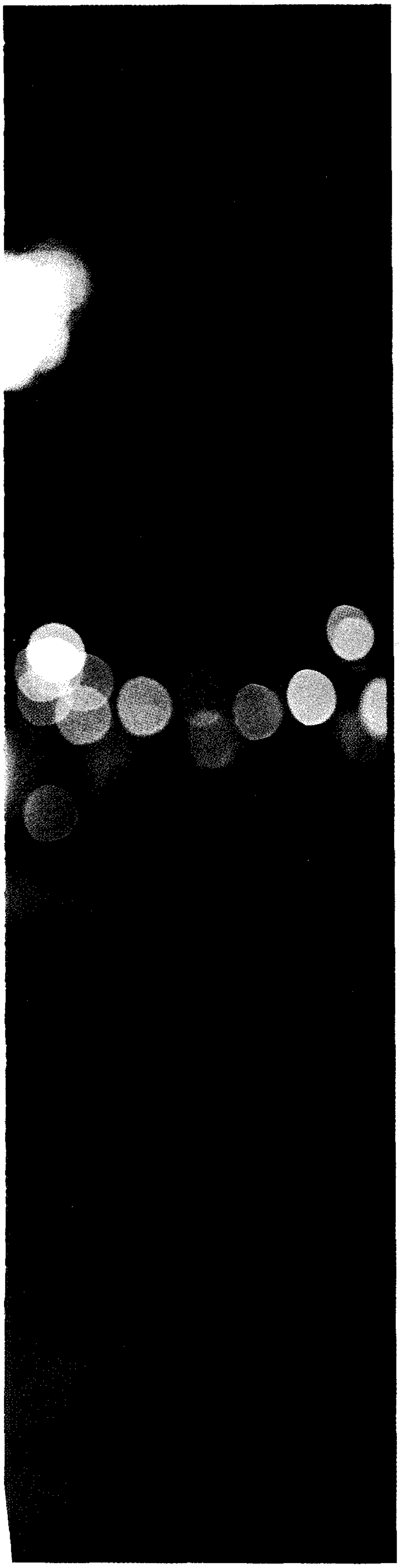
Gingrich is still adept at speaking, off the top of his head, in a hyper-vivid, sloganeering style. He went on, "The next time, it will be gas or it will be a germ agent or it will be a nuclear weapon. . . . We must plan for a coercive, not a consensual, campaign. . . . There are only two teams on the planet for this war. There's the team that represents civilization, and there's the team that represents terrorism. Just tell us which. There are no neutrals."

On another morning, I had a brief telephone conversation with a senior official inside the White House decision-making apparatus. This person described the number of people who are deciding what the United States will do as "extremely small—*very* small. I don't know everything, only what I need to know." I asked him whether he had seen the recent, fairly scrupulous movie version of Robert Kennedy's memoir of the


MISSING
NYC
FIREFIGHTER
US ARMY RESERVIST!!!!
SHAWN EDWARD POWELL
DOB 6/28/69, HEIGHT: 6'4", 235LBS
TATTOO OF A BLACK FISH ON RIGHT ARM
SCAR ABOVE RIGHT EYE
BURN MARK ON RIGHT FOOT
BROOKLYN FIREHOUSE
ANY INFORMATION CONTACT
SING

MAGNUM

Flyers posted at the corner of Sixth Avenue and West Eleventh Street. By the end of last week, almost seven thousand people w



sing or dead. Photograph by Gilles Peress.

Cuban missile crisis, "Thirteen Days." He said he hadn't, but he knew the book well. This was a different situation, he said, because it was going to last a lot longer than thirteen days—there were no deadlines, even self-imposed ones. On the day of the attack, this official had been in the White House, and had believed that it was an imminent target of two of the hijacked planes. Now he thought that the plane that hit the Pentagon had gone there because it had found the White House "too difficult to target visually": on the approach from the west, it sits behind the much taller and bulkier Old Executive Office Building. Nonetheless, at one point there was an attempt to get Vice-President Cheney to evacuate to another location. The official said, "He thought for a minute and said, 'I don't want to do that.' " So he stayed.

If Karl Rove is right that the goal of the terrorists was to fundamentally undermine American self-confidence, they seem to have failed. In nearly every other respect, their operation was a success. They achieved complete surprise. They generated confusion at the highest level of the American government. They shut down a main national transportation system, and in the process imperilled one of the nation's big industries. They closed American financial markets for longer than they have ever been closed, and then set off the largest point drop in the Dow ever. They destroyed a portion of our biggest city. And we were lucky. We have only the sketchiest sense of what they planned that didn't come off, and of how things might have turned out far worse. For a week after the attack, for example, a vital part of the financial infrastructure, the settling of transactions, was not functioning normally. The clearing of personal checks—about a hundred billion dollars a day—usually requires that the checks be flown around the country, and they couldn't be. One of the two banks that settle most of the government bond trades in America, the Bank of New York, couldn't process the trades for three days. (The much mocked overpreparation for a Year 2000 computer crash came in very handy, because all the major financial institutions and the Federal Reserve had built or upgraded off-site backup systems that could function after their main systems became unusable.)

"The United States will hunt down and punish those responsible for these cowardly acts," Bush declared when he got to the Barksdale base. The Administration no doubt had a time of it wondering what they could do that would live up to the rhetoric. Virtually everybody who knows something about the Arab world says that a quick, ill-considered strike that missed its intended target or killed a lot of innocent people and not many guilty ones, like the United States' previous attempt to attack Osama bin Laden, in 1998, would make the problem worse. The Tomahawk cruise missiles that were sent after bin Laden then missed him, but they destroyed four mosques in Afghanistan. "This is what they know about the U.S. over there," Milton Bearden, a former C.I.A. station chief in Pakistan (and supposedly the model for the Robert De Niro character in "Meet the Parents"), who has become a familiar presence on television these last couple of weeks, told me. "The Internet works, and Tomahawk missiles work. So we reserved four missiles for mosques. The mullahs at Friday-night prayers could really do something with that." The Administration is evidently aware of this argument, because it pointedly did not respond to the attack with an instant resort to military force.

The United States can't go after terrorist networks on its own; the active coöperation of dozens of governments will be needed, because American troops can't just appear in a place like Cairo and chase down bin Laden's allies there. Getting these governments to help is going to be difficult. In the Arab world, just about every head of state is terrified of the anti-American Islamic militants among his citizens. President Hosni Mubarak of Egypt—presumably a man who would like to see Al Qaeda, bin Laden's terrorist network, brought down, since its close Egyptian ally, the Islamic Group, once tried to assassinate him—has so far not full-throatedly condemned the attack on the United States. Crown Prince Abdullah of Saudi Arabia, supposedly No. 1 on bin Laden's "enemies" list, would not agree to visit the United States even before the attack, despite a personal plea from President Bush's father, and has flown members of the royal family out of Washington. King Abdullah II of Jordan did agree to visit—he was in the air on September 11th, and turned around and went home. President Pervez Musharraf of Pakistan took power two years ago, in a coup, and his coöperation with the United States thus far has brought him protests in the streets. The President of Uzbekistan, another country bordering Afghanistan which has been friendly to the United States, was almost killed by Islamic terrorists two and a half years ago. Even President Jacques Chirac of France, who did loyally come to Washington and New York the week after the attack, declined to sign on publicly to President Bush's use of the word "war."

Anti-terrorism has not been the most finely honed specialty within the American foreign-policy establishment. The mastermind of the Clinton Administration's attack on bin Laden in 1998, Richard Clarke, a hard-charging type who walks through the corridors of government with a purposeful stride and a glint in his eye, stayed on as the National Security Council's terrorism expert in the Bush Administration. Military experts seem to be almost universally skeptical of the idea of trying to kill bin Laden through an airborne assault, or by sending troops into Afghanistan—especially after the heavy snows begin to fall, in late November or early December. The Taliban government could produce him, but it is obviously not going to do so unless it succumbs to the severest sorts of threat, such as sealing off its borders and heavily arming its opposition, the Northern Alliance. The Pakistani government is publicly an ally, but it has a weak hold on power (in a country that has nuclear weapons), and one can't be sure that it won't make a separate peace with the Taliban. The Pakistani intelligence service, the I.S.I., is in the embarrassing position of having (with heavy American support) trained many of the leaders of the Taliban back when they were mujahideen fighting the Soviet Union.

The riskiest response, but one that would get around the problems of balky regional allies and the appearance of inactivity, would be to declare war of a more conventional kind, against a government that can be shown to have links with the terrorists who staged the events of September 11th. Afghanistan is the obvious candidate—maybe an unavoidable one if the Taliban finally will not coöperate. Last Wednesday, CNN reported, on the basis of leaks from Administration sources, that Muhammad Atta, who flew one of the planes into the World Trade Center, had met with an Iraqi intelligence officer. The same day, the *Post* devoted its front page to that story—the words "SADDAM TERROR LINK" nearly filled the page—and the Internet's greatest hit that day, at least in certain circles in Washington, was a story on Janes.com, the in-the-know intelligence site, saying that Israeli military intelligence suspects that Iraq was the state sponsor of the attacks on the United States, and that the Imad Mughniyeh, head of the special overseas operations for Hezbollah, based in Lebanon, and Al Qaeda were both involved.

More information like that could be used to justify a declaration of war against Iraq, on the ground that, as Bush has said repeatedly, governments that harbor terrorists will not be tolerated. The member of the Administration who has made the most hawkish public statements since the attack, Paul Wolfowitz, the Deputy Secretary of Defense, has for ten years been a leading proponent of unseating Saddam Hussein. At a press conference two days after the attack, Wolfowitz called for "ending states who sponsor terrorism"—the most militant formulation any official has used publicly. The following evening, in an interview with Margaret Warner on PBS's "NewsHour," Wolfowitz said, "The President is the one who has ultimately got to decide what are the military options that make sense. I can tell you that at the Defense Department both his senior civilian advisers and senior military advisers are really thinking—I hate to use the Pentagon jargon—but thinking outside the box, recognizing that the assumptions that went into military plans on September 10th just don't apply anymore, and that one has to think about, if necessary, larger forces. One has to think about accepting casualties. One has to think about sustained campaigns. One has to think about broad possibilities. And we're trying to present that full range of possibilities to the President. He is the one, and I must say I've been very impressed in the discussions I've heard him in just in the last few days, at his grasp of the breadth of the effort that's required."

A few days later, Colin Powell, the Secretary of State, was asked what he thought of Wolfowitz's comments. "We're after ending terrorism," Powell said. "And, if there are states and regimes, nations, that support terrorism, we hope to persuade them that it is in their interests to stop doing that. But I think ending terrorism is where I would like to leave it, and let Mr. Wolfowitz speak for himself." On Thursday, the *Times* carried a story by two of its reporters, Patrick E. Tyler and Elaine Sciolino, that Powell and Wolfowitz were arguing over whether to attack Iraq, with Vice-President Cheney's chief of staff, Lewis Libby, who is a former student of Wolfowitz's at Yale, lined up on Wolfowitz's side. A sign that Powell's camp had the upper hand came when Cheney, in his one public appearance, on "Meet the Press," answered a question about whether Iraq was involved in the attack with a flat "No." Cheney is usually the hawks' friend at court; Wolfowitz worked for him when he was the Secretary of Defense, and, of course, Libby works for him now. If Cheney isn't on their side, they're in trouble; the leak about Atta and the Iraqi agent may have been a late attempt to change the momentum inside the Administration.

What Presidents do all day, when they're not out in public, is choose among options presented to them by subordinates. President Bush, who ran on promises to "restore honor and dignity" and to "change the tone" in Washington, is now making choices, based on surmise and incomplete information, of a difficulty and consequence that he never imagined. One can guess roughly what the options are: Option One would be to go after bin Laden, Al Qaeda, and the Taliban if they don't coöperate. Option Two would be to add Hezbollah, Hamas, and other international terrorist networks to the American target list—a more ambitious project, and one that would have a harder time attracting allies. Option Three would be to make war on Iraq and possibly other states, on the argument that they are the sponsors of terrorism. What began as a rhetorical flourish by

Bush on the day of the attack developed into a kind of tic in the following days—he bookended his warnings to the terrorists with the phrase "make no mistake." It shouldn't be surprising if that idea is constantly on his mind.

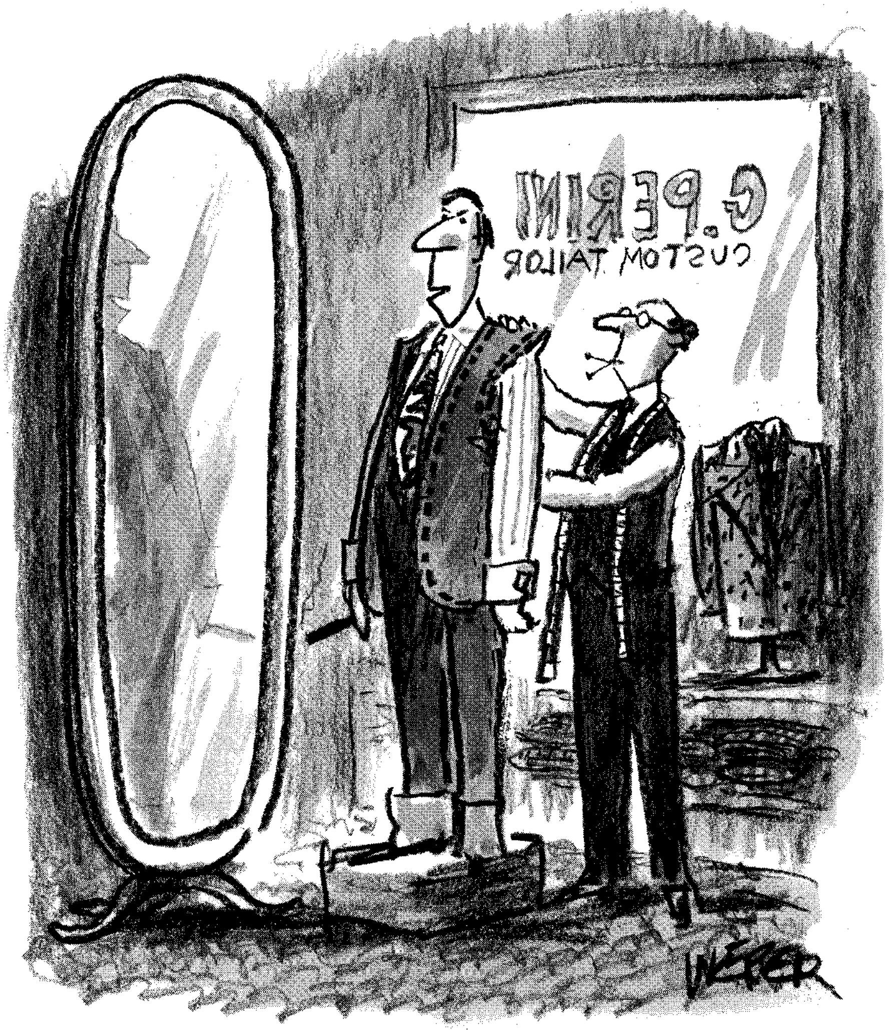
Before I returned to Washington last week, I went to Rosh Hashanah services at my local synagogue, which was under police guard—but it is every year. Jewish services usually end with a recitation of the Mourner's Kaddish, a prayer in Aramaic that one says when grieving the loss of a parent. The much noted central peculiarity of the Mourner's Kaddish is that it does not mention death, let alone the specific person who died. Instead, it praises God in particularly generous terms. The opening line is "Magnified and sanctified be God's great name in the world which He has created according to His will." This declaration has a particular context: God, it is well understood, is a lawbringer and a society-maker, not a dispenser of personal favors in the name of holiness. Grief comes under the purview of an elaborate, and presumably divine, system; the underlying assumption is that even the most searing loss can be assuaged, slowly, by the assurance that a fundamentally good moral structure will live on after any one person within it is gone.

What I found most unsettling about the attack and its aftermath, beyond the thousands of lives lost, was the feeling of being subject to people whose principle is divinely sanctioned violent revenge—not legal justice and respect for life. I wondered whether, as the first shock wore off, Bush and the government could find their way to placing paramount importance on, and establishing the primacy of—to quote from the Kaddish's last line—"harmony in the universe."

Washington last week was jarringly quiet: public places fairly empty, the Humvees in the streets gone. I dropped by the daily White House press briefing, conducted by Ari Fleischer, on Wednesday afternoon, and there were empty seats in the small auditorium. The questions came slowly, then worked into a flurry, then died down again. A little while later, the congressional leadership came to the White House for a meeting, emerged onto the driveway, and rather stagily announced that they had asked Bush to speak to a joint session of Congress the following evening, and that he had agreed. Obviously, the idea had occurred to the White House before the congressional leadership suggested it, but the small deception was O.K. Washington is very deeply an organization city, and it needs these rituals; a wartime address to a joint session of Congress is the ultimate unscheduled ceremony, and you could feel the comforting effect of the expectation of it.

On Thursday, the day of the speech, I went to see Bush's media adviser from outside the government, Mark McKinnon, who had just come from a planning meeting at the White House. "This is sort of like everybody woke up and they're on Mars," he said. "There's no precedent for this. We've never been attacked on our soil. There's no road map. It's a day-to-day operation. That'll be true for a month." How do you satisfy the public's anger over the attack, when there isn't any way to get back at the attackers immediately? "We live in an instant-gratification society in America," McKinnon said. "I think that's going to be one of the challenges. This is not a situation, I believe, in which you can provide instant gratification. But I think it's going to modulate. The instant-retaliation moment is going to diminish. People will consider the consequences of actions. There's a human instinct to just strike back. That's the emotional instinct. Then the intellectual instinct begins to take over: Who am I hitting, and how likely are we to be hit back by them?"

I asked him whether Bush would continue to speak publicly off the cuff every day, as he had been doing, in colloquial, emotional language. "I think it will be ratcheted back some," McKinnon



"All I ever thought about, Gus, was me, me, me. But that's all changed now."

said. "The President assured people, the last couple of weeks, that the situation's under control. He'll be out in public, but only two or three times a week. It's going to be Cheney and Powell and Rumsfeld. We'll see a lot of Colin Powell."

Will Washington return to its usual state of incessant political rivalry? McKinnon smiled. "Two weeks."

Will the country forget about the attack? "No. I don't think so," he said. "This is a stain on the national psyche that won't be easily erased."

Later, I stopped by the office of Senator John McCain, of Arizona. Since the attack, McCain had been living a dual life, half as a national totem, half as a legislator. He had flown back to town after being the introductory guest at the reopening of the "Tonight Show." The day after Bush's speech, he planned to go to New York so that he could tour the site of the World Trade Center attack with Mayor Giuliani and Governor Pataki, and the following day he would fly to California to speak at the funeral of one of the crash victims. He had spent the day at hearings of the Senate Commerce Committee, on airline safety and on providing emergency financial assistance to the airlines. He was annoyed by the hearings: Congress is an incredibly reactive body, and his colleagues were already back to what he considered petty concerns, such as lobbying for the reopening of Reagan National Airport. He was suspicious of the airlines, too, for wanting so much money so quickly. "What's it going to be like six months from now?" he complained. "How long will this solidarity hold? People up here will degenerate into partisanship and pork-barrelling. Watch that forty-billion-dollar bill we just passed, and see where the last fifteen billion goes. I think you may see some of it go to Alaska and West Virginia, those hard-hit states"—where the top two members of the Senate Appropriations Committee come from.

McCain had ducked out of the hearings early and gone to the Pentagon, which he hadn't seen at first hand since the plane hit it. "It was a horrendous explosion," he said. "The engine penetrated all the way to B Ring. There are big black scars on the Pentagon itself. It got hit on a seam—it looks like somebody sliced it right open. And now the workers have to take the debris and put it into a big container in the parking lot and sort through it, looking for body parts. Even though you expect something, it still hits you when you see it."

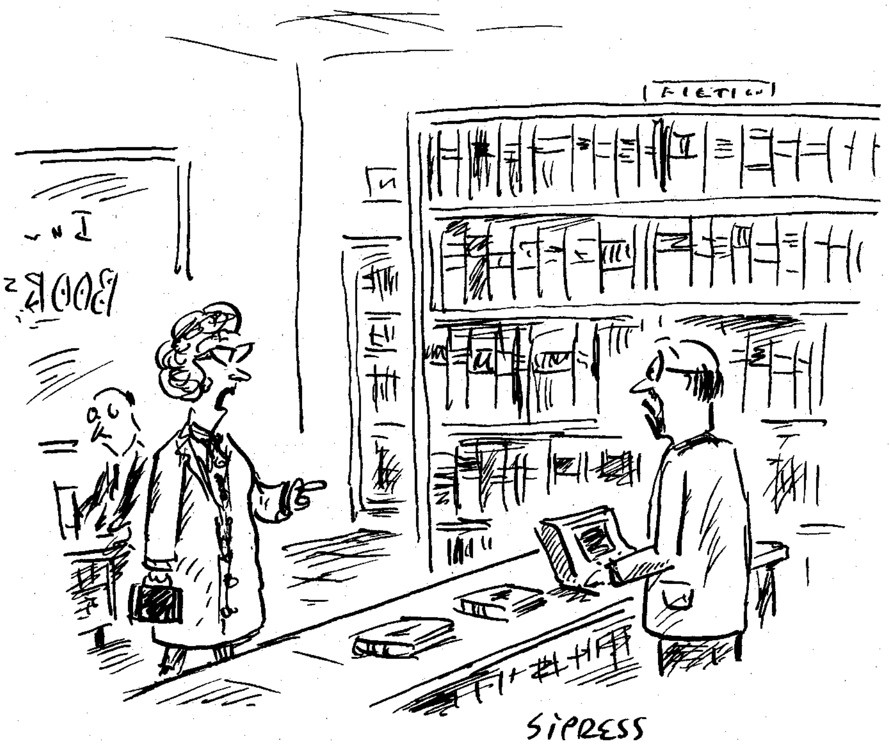
I'd been at the hearings that had so annoyed McCain. He was right—it was the usual show, with everybody advancing parochial interests in a ritualized atmosphere. Having wondered myself whether the luxury of pettiness would ever be available to us again, I didn't mind.

McCain went off to dinner, and I went to the House of Representatives' chamber to wait for Bush's speech. The House gallery filled up early, because security was so tight that people were afraid of not being able to get into the building. At twilight, the Capitol dome, glowing as it caught the last of the sun, stood out against a dark background of thunderclouds. There were security forces everywhere—mostly Capitol police in white shirts, but also military personnel in green fatigues. Helicopters and, out of visual range, F-16 and F-15 fighter jets were overhead. In the long approach to the building—streets had been shut down for blocks—one had one's credentials checked every hundred yards or so, and I passed through two metal detectors and had my reporter's notebook taken into storage.

The press gallery is what, at a baseball stadium, would be a front-row mezzanine seat behind home plate: looking out, that is, toward the chamber. For an hour, government officials wandered into the chamber; they appeared almost jolly, although it was hard to believe that the thought that the Capitol at that moment was the most tempting terrorist target possible had failed to cross anyone's mind. They hugged, kissed, chatted, and guffawed. This is what happens when you put six hundred of the world's leading extroverts into one room, I thought.

Eight-forty. Dennis Hastert, the House Speaker, entered, to a standing ovation. Washington has an uncritical respect for people who get things done; the big, bulky Hastert, a former high-school wrestling coach, was temporarily a hero for moving all the emergency legislation through quickly, so there was in his reception an element of what a batter would get coming up after hitting a home run.

Eight-forty-five. Somebody announced, grandly, "The President Pro Tempore of the Senate!" White-haired Senator Robert Byrd, of West Virginia, walked in, leading his fellow-senators in



"One of your used books gave me a rash."

"I like you, Janet—you're easy to talk over."

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procession. Then the membership of an escort committee was announced, and all its members rose and left. The announcer went on, "The dean of the diplomatic corps!" A small older gentleman glided down the center aisle. "The Supreme Court!" Five of the nine Justices, in their black robes.

Eight-fifty-eight. Everyone looked up toward a spot in the gallery that would correspond to above third base—the President's box. A door opened, and Laura Bush walked in with Giuliani, Pataki, Prime Minister Tony Blair, and Tom Ridge, the governor of Pennsylvania. The crowd stood and cheered.

Nine o'clock. "Mr. Speaker, the President of the United States!" More cheers. The main door opened, the escort committee returned, and behind it was Bush—without his usual grin, but by no means so sombre that he didn't devote a few minutes, on the way to the lectern, to getting in his share of shoulder grabs and soulful handclasps and whispered intimacies. He wasn't visibly nervous, as he had been in his televised speech on the night of the attacks.

I found all the Washington hokum comforting—it felt like life seeping back into the government. Bush's speech was noticeably less belligerent than many of his remarks over the past nine days. He departed only once for more than a word or two from the prepared text, and it was in the direction of defiant swagger: changing "And we will not allow it" to "And you know what? We're not gonna allow it." Other than that, he stuck strictly to the text. He is not and never will be a master orator; the notion that people in their fifties and sixties can dramatically "grow" and "change" in a period of a few days—a staple of political commentary—just isn't true. The crowd was attentive and respectful but not spellbound. People—Giuliani; Ridge, appointed to run the new Office of Homeland Defense; Lisa Beamer, the widow of one of the men on Flight 93 who fought the hijackers—not ideas, got the biggest applause, but then Washington thinks in terms of people, not ideas.

To me, the speech indicated that Bush was coming down somewhere between Option One and Option Two. The diagnostic section was devoted mostly to blaming bin Laden, Al Qaeda, and the Taliban, which I took as an indication that the Administration must have pretty solid evidence of that to present to other governments. He promised to try to wipe out Al Qaeda and to attack the Taliban directly if it doesn't coöperate in capturing bin Laden. He appeared to accept Option Two also, but only with a single flourishing sentence—"It will not end until every terrorist group of global reach has been found, stopped, and defeated"—rather than a detailed pledge. And he left Option Three just barely open, by saying that "we will pursue"—note the verb carefully; it wasn't "fight"—"nations that provide aid or safe haven to terrorism." Bush did not criticize any national government by name except Afghanistan's, or any terrorist group except Al Qaeda and two of its close allies. So it looked as if the State Department were winning the internal argument.

Gazing down from the gallery into the House chamber during Bush's speech, I found myself focussing on two small dramas. Every time there was an applause line, the Supreme Court Justices would conduct an instant, mute conference, through glances: Should they stand and clap? Justice Sandra Day O'Connor seemed to be the signal-caller here, and the criterion seemed to be whether Bush had said something indicating a policy choice that might one day come before the Court or made a point of general agreement. At "We will come together to strengthen our intelligence capacities," the Court sat; at "The hour is coming when America will act," it stood. Every time the Justices got, or gave themselves, the green light to stand and clap, Justice Clarence Thomas clapped more heartily than the others.

And then I watched the diplomatic corps—row upon row of ambassadors, from all over the world. During the sections of the speech where Bush was condemning bin Laden, Al Qaeda, and the Taliban, a few of the foreign diplomats did not stand at all. A few more stood stiffly, with their arms at their sides. None of them applauded enthusiastically.

It took thirty minutes to get out of the Capitol, because the building's myriad exits had been reduced to one or two, through which the whole crowd had to be funnelled. The grounds were floodlit, and there were buses and fire trucks everywhere. But soon the police opened the streets, and ordinary cars began driving by. An hour later, the clouds broke and a heavy rain came. ♦

LIFE AND LETTERS

HOLDEN AT FIFTY

"The Catcher in the Rye" and what it spawned.

BY LOUIS MENAND

"The Catcher in the Rye" was turned down by *The New Yorker.* The magazine had published six of J. D. Salinger's short stories, including two of the most popular, "A Perfect Day for Bananafish," in 1948, and "For Esmé—with Love and Squalor," in 1950. But when the editors were shown the novel they declined to run an excerpt. They told Salinger that the precocity of the four Caulfield children was not believable, and that the writing was showoffy—that it seemed designed to display the author's cleverness rather than to present the story. "The Catcher in the Rye" had already been turned down by the publishing house that solicited it, Harcourt Brace, when an executive there named Eugene Reynal achieved immortality the bad way by complaining that he couldn't figure out whether or not Holden Caulfield was supposed to be crazy. Salinger's agent took the book to Little, Brown, where the editor, John Woodburn, was evidently prudent enough not to ask such questions. It was published in July, 1951, and has so far sold more than sixty million copies.

The world is sad, Oscar Wilde said, because a puppet was once melancholy. He was referring to Hamlet, a character he thought had taught the world a new kind of unhappiness—the unhappiness of eternal disappointment in life as it is, Weltschmerz. Whether Shakespeare invented it or not, it has proved to be one of the most addictive of literary emotions. Readers consume volumes of it, and then ask to meet the author. It has also proved to be one of the most enduring of literary emotions, since life manages to come up short pretty reliably. Each generation feels disappointed in its own way, though, and seems to require its own literature of disaffection. For many Americans who grew up in the nineteen-fifties, "The Catcher in the Rye" is the purest extract of that mood. Holden Caulfield is their sorrow king. Americans who grew up in later decades still read Salinger's novel, but they have their own versions of his story, with different flavors of Weltschmerz—"Catcher in the Rye" rewrites, a literary genre all its own.

In art, as in life, the rich get richer. People generally read "The Catcher in the Rye" when they are around fourteen years old, usually because the book was given or assigned to them by people—parents or teachers—who read it when they were fourteen years old, because somebody gave or assigned it to them. The book keeps acquiring readers, in other words, not because kids keep discovering it but because grownups who read it when they were kids keep getting kids to read it. This seems crucial to making sense of its popularity. "The Catcher in the Rye" is a sympathetic portrait of a boy who refuses to be socialized which has become (among certain readers, anyway, for it is still occasionally banned in conservative school districts) a standard instrument of socialization. I was introduced to the book by my parents, people who, if they had ever imagined that I might, after finishing the thing, run away from school, smoke like a chimney, lie about my age in bars, solicit a prostitute, or use the word "goddam" in every third sentence, would (in the words of the story) have had about two hemorrhages apiece. Somehow, they knew this wouldn't be the effect.

Supposedly, kids respond to "The Catcher in the Rye" because they recognize themselves in the character of Holden Caulfield. Salinger is imagined to have given voice to what every adolescent, or, at least, every sensitive, intelligent, middle-class adolescent, thinks but is too inhibited to say, which is that success is a sham, and that successful people are mostly phonies. Reading Holden's story is supposed to be the literary equivalent of looking in a mirror for the first time. This seems to underestimate the originality of the book. Fourteen-year-olds, even sensitive, intelligent, middle-class fourteen-year-olds, generally do not think that success is a sham, and if they sometimes feel unhappy, or angry, or out of it, it's not because they think most other people are phonies. The whole emotional burden of adolescence is that you don't *know* why you feel unhappy, or angry, or out of it. The appeal of "The Catcher in the Rye," what makes it addictive, is that it provides you with a reason. It gives a content to chemistry.

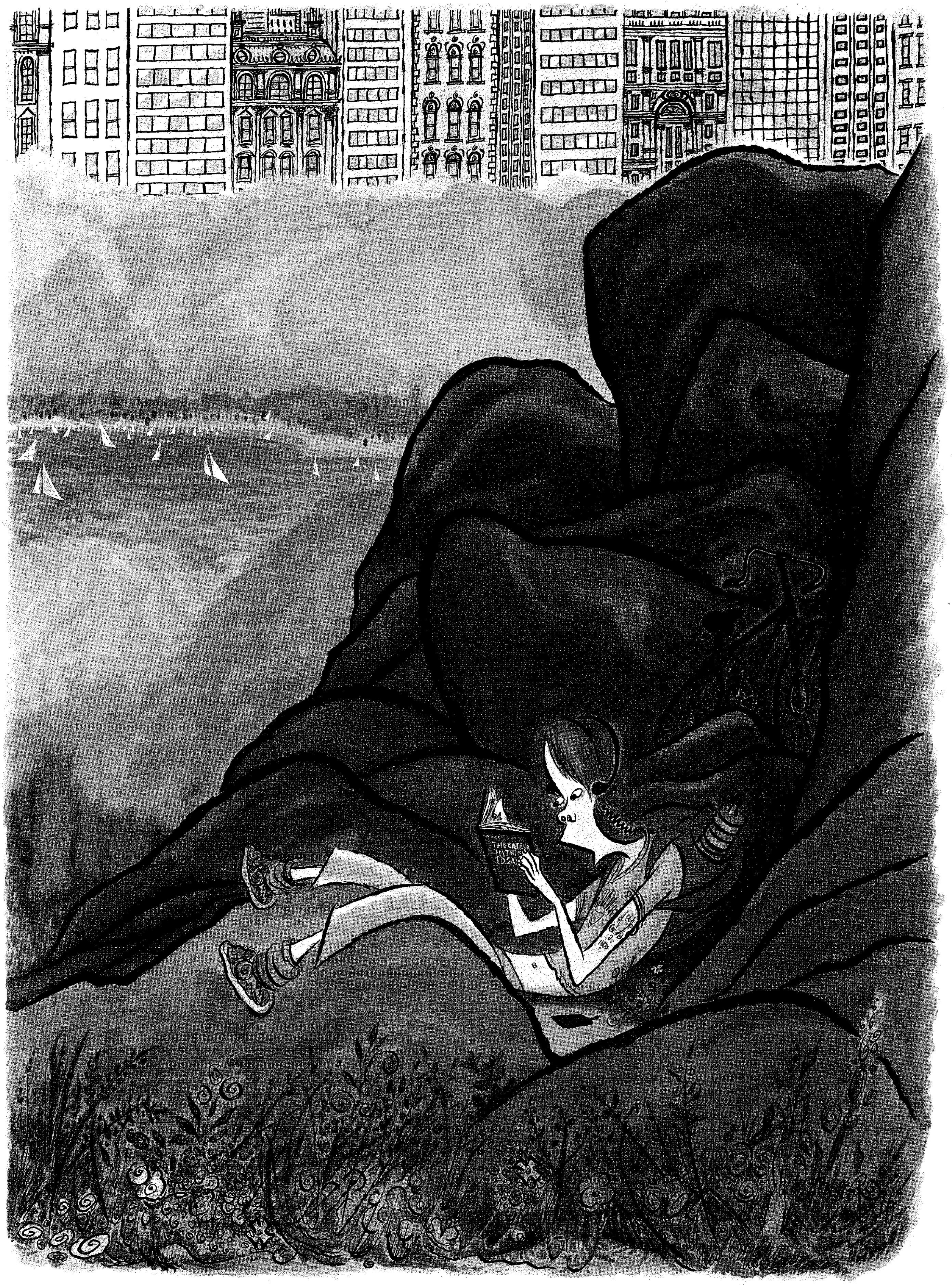
Holden talks like a teen-ager, and this makes it natural to assume that he thinks like a teen-ager as well. But like all the wise boys and girls in Salinger's fiction—like Esmé and Teddy and the many brilliant Glasses—Holden thinks like an adult. No teen-ager (and very few grownups, for that matter) sees through other human beings as quickly, as clearly, or as unforgivingly as he does. Holden is a demon of verbal incision. He sums people up like a novelist:

> He was always asking you to do him a big favor. You take a very handsome guy, or a guy that thinks he's a real hot-shot, and they're always asking you to do them a big favor. Just because *they're* crazy about themselves, they think *you're* crazy about them, too, and that you're just dying to do them a favor. It's sort of funny, in a way.

> She was blocking up the *whole goddam traffic* in the aisle. You could tell she liked to block up a lot of traffic. This waiter was waiting for her to move out of the way, but she didn't even notice him. It was funny. You could tell the waiter didn't like her much, you could tell even the Navy guy didn't like her much, even though he was dating her. And *I* didn't like her much. Nobody did. You had to feel sort of sorry for her, in a way.

> His name was George or something—I don't even remember—and he went to Andover. Big, big deal. You should've seen him when old Sally asked him how he liked the play. He was the kind of a phony that have to

ARNOLD ROTH



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J. D. Salinger's withdrawal was one of the things that transformed Holden from a fictional character into a culture hero.

"I can explain everything."

> give themselves room when they answer somebody's question. He stepped back, and stepped right on the lady's foot behind him. He probably broke every toe in her body. He said the play itself was no masterpiece, but that the Lunts, of course, were absolute angels. Angels. For Chrissake. Angels. That killed me.

"You had to feel sort of sorry for her, in a way." The secret to Holden's authority as a narrator is that he never lets anything stand by itself. He always tells you what to think. He has everyone pegged. That's why he's so funny. But *The New Yorker's* editors were right: Holden isn't an ordinary teen-ager—he's a prodigy. He seems (and this is why his character can be so addictive) to have something that few people ever consistently attain: an attitude toward life.

The moral of the book can seem to be that Holden will outgrow his attitude, and this is probably the lesson that most of the ninth-grade teachers who assign "The Catcher in the Rye" hope to impart to their students—that alienation is just a phase. But people don't outgrow Holden's attitude, or not completely, and they don't want to outgrow it, either, because it's a fairly useful attitude to have. One goal of education is to teach people to want the rewards life has to offer, but another goal is to teach them a modest degree of contempt for those rewards, too. In American life, where—especially if you are a sensitive and intelligent member of the middle class—the rewards are constantly being advertised as yours for the taking, the feeling of disappointment is a lot more common than the feeling of success, and if we didn't learn how not to care our failures would destroy us. Giving "The Catcher in the Rye" to your children is like giving them a layer of psychic insulation.

That it might end up on the syllabus for ninth-grade English was probably close to the last thing Salinger had in mind when he wrote the book. He wasn't trying to expose the spiritual poverty of a conformist culture; he was writing a story about a boy whose little brother has died. Holden, after all, isn't unhappy because he sees that people are phonies; he sees that people are phonies because he is unhappy. What makes his view of other people so cutting and his disappointment so unappeasable is the same thing that makes Hamlet's feelings so cutting and unappeasable: his grief. Holden is meant, it's true, to be a kind of intuitive moral genius. (So, presumably, is Hamlet.) But his sense that everything is worthless is just the normal feeling people have when someone they love dies. Life starts to seem a pathetically transparent attempt to trick them into forgetting about death; they lose their taste for it.

What drew Salinger to this plot? Holden Caulfield first shows up in Salinger's work in 1941, in a story entitled "Slight Rebellion off Madison," which features a character called Holden (he is not the narrator) and his girlfriend, Sally Hayes. (The story was bought by *The New Yorker* but not published until 1946.) And there are characters named Holden Caulfield in other stories that Salinger produced in the mid-forties. But most of "The Catcher in the Rye" was written after the war, and although it seems odd to call Salinger a war writer, both his biographers, Ian Hamilton and Paul Alexander, think that the war was what made Salinger Salinger, the experience that darkened his satire and put the sadness into his humor.

Salinger spent most of the war with the 4th Infantry Division, where he was in a counter-intelligence unit. He landed at Utah Beach in the fifth hour of the D Day invasion, and ended up in the middle of some of the bloodiest fighting of the liberation—in Hürtgen Forest and then in the Battle of the Bulge, in the winter of 1944. The 4th Division suffered terrible casualties in those engagements, and Salinger, by his own account, in letters he wrote at the time, was traumatized. He fought for eleven months during the advance on Berlin, and by the summer of 1945, after the German surrender, he seems to have had a nervous breakdown. He checked himself into an Army hospital in Nuremberg. Shortly after he was released, and while he was still in Europe, he wrote the first story narrated by Holden Caulfield himself, the real beginning of "The Catcher in the Rye." It was called "I'm Crazy." (It was published in *Collier's* in December, 1945.)

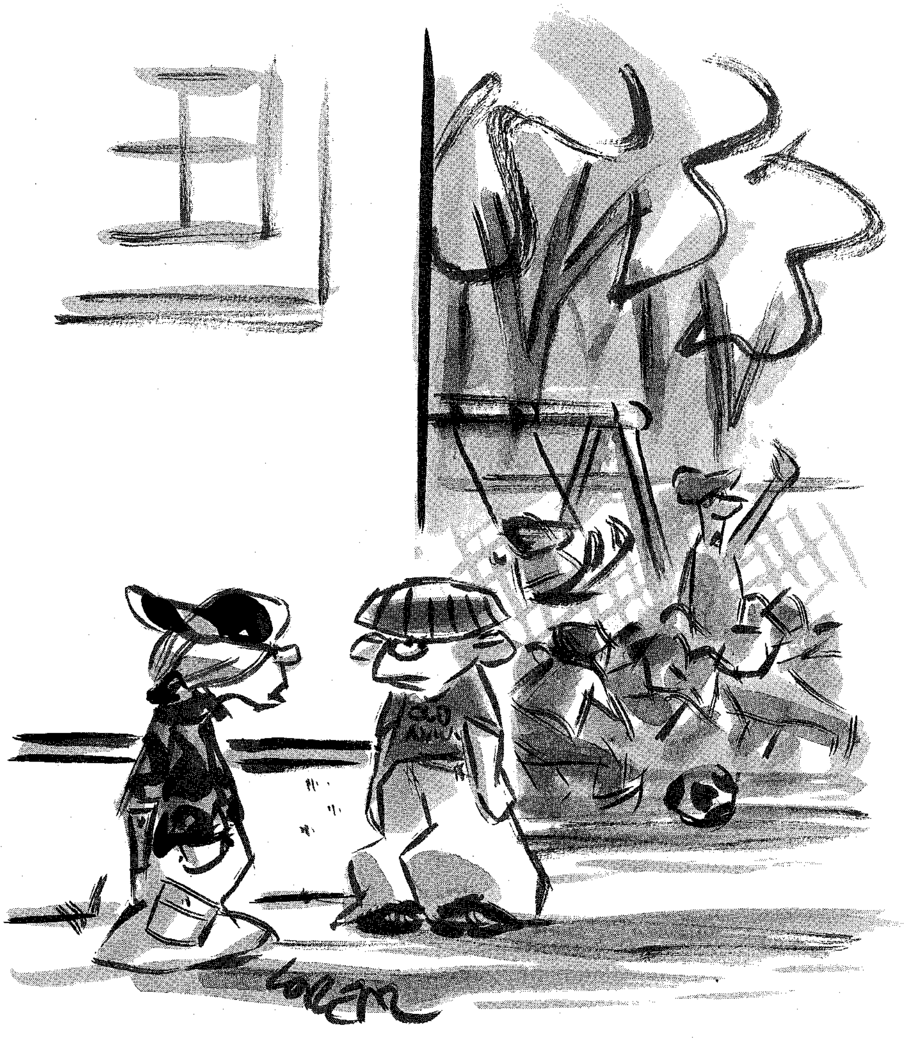
"A Perfect Day for Bananafish," published a little more than two years later, is, of course, the story that both introduced Seymour Glass, the oldest and most improbably gifted of the improbably gifted Glass children, and finished him off, since Salinger has Seymour kill himself on the last page. If we know Seymour only from the later stories in the Glass saga, in which he appears as a kind of saint—"Franny" and "Raise High the Roof Beam, Carpenters" (both published in *The New Yorker* in 1955), "Zooey" (1957), "Seymour: An Introduction" (1959), and "Hapworth 16, 1924" (1965), Salinger's last published work—we are likely to assume that he killed himself because the world's stupidity had made him crazy. But in "A Perfect Day for Bananafish" it is clear that Seymour kills himself because the war has made him crazy. He has just been discharged from an Army hospital, and his behavior in the story isn't saintly or visionary or engagingly eccentric; it's nutty and, in the end, psychotic. Seymour is a war casualty. So, much more obviously, is the unnamed protagonist of "For Esmé—with Love and Squalor," an American soldier who is befriended by a thirteen-year-old English girl just before he goes off to take part in the D Day invasion. "The Catcher in the Rye" was a best-seller when it came out, in 1951, but its reception as some sort of important cultural statement didn't happen until the mid-fifties, when people started talking about "alienation" and "conformity" and "the youth culture"—the time of "Howl" and "Rebel Without a Cause" and Elvis Presley's first records. It is as a hero of that culture that Holden Caulfield has survived. But "The Catcher in the Rye" is not a novel of the nineteen-fifties; it's a novel of the nineteen-forties. And it is not a celebration of youth. It is a book about loss and a world gone wrong.

By the mid-nineteen-fifties, Salinger had disappeared down his New Hampshire rabbit hole. *The New Yorker's* rejection of "The Catcher in the Rye" plainly had no effect on him as a writer. Criticized for creating a family with four precocious children and for writing in a style that drew attention to itself, he proceeded to create a family with *seven* precocious children, and to produce, in "Zooey" and "Seymour," works of supreme literary exhibitionism.

"Zooey" and "Seymour" are exhibitionistic because the emotional current driving the characters has become unmoored from anything that has actually happened to them. They are not thrown into a state of higher intensity by trauma or by grief. They are just in a state of higher intensity. In "Franny," Franny Glass's spiritual crisis is a kind of screen shielding the rather mundane circumstance that she has been made pregnant by a man who she realizes will remain, all his life, a pompous English major. But in "Zooey," published two years later, Franny's spiritual crisis is genuine, because, apparently, having spiritual crises is the price one pays for being a Glass in this lousy world. There is no suggestion of pregnancy. We get Seymour's Fat Lady instead. After 1955, Salinger stopped writing stories, in the conventional sense. He seemed to lose interest in fiction as an art form—perhaps he thought there was something manipulative or inauthentic about literary device and authorial control. His presence began to dissolve into the world of his creation. He let the puppets take over the theatre.

The New Yorker had no trouble publishing "Zooey" (which remains the longest piece of fiction it has ever run) and "Seymour." The magazine seems to have got over its anxiety about credibility and transparency. Salinger changed *The New Yorker's* aesthetic, at a time when *The New Yorker's* aesthetic was the gold standard for short fiction, and that is one testament to the impact he has had on American writing. There are many more. Philip Roth's early stories, collected in "Goodbye, Columbus," have something of Salinger's voice and comic timing, and it is hard to read Roth's later funny, kvetchy, mournful monologuists without imagining Holden Caulfield and Zooey Glass as ancestral presences.

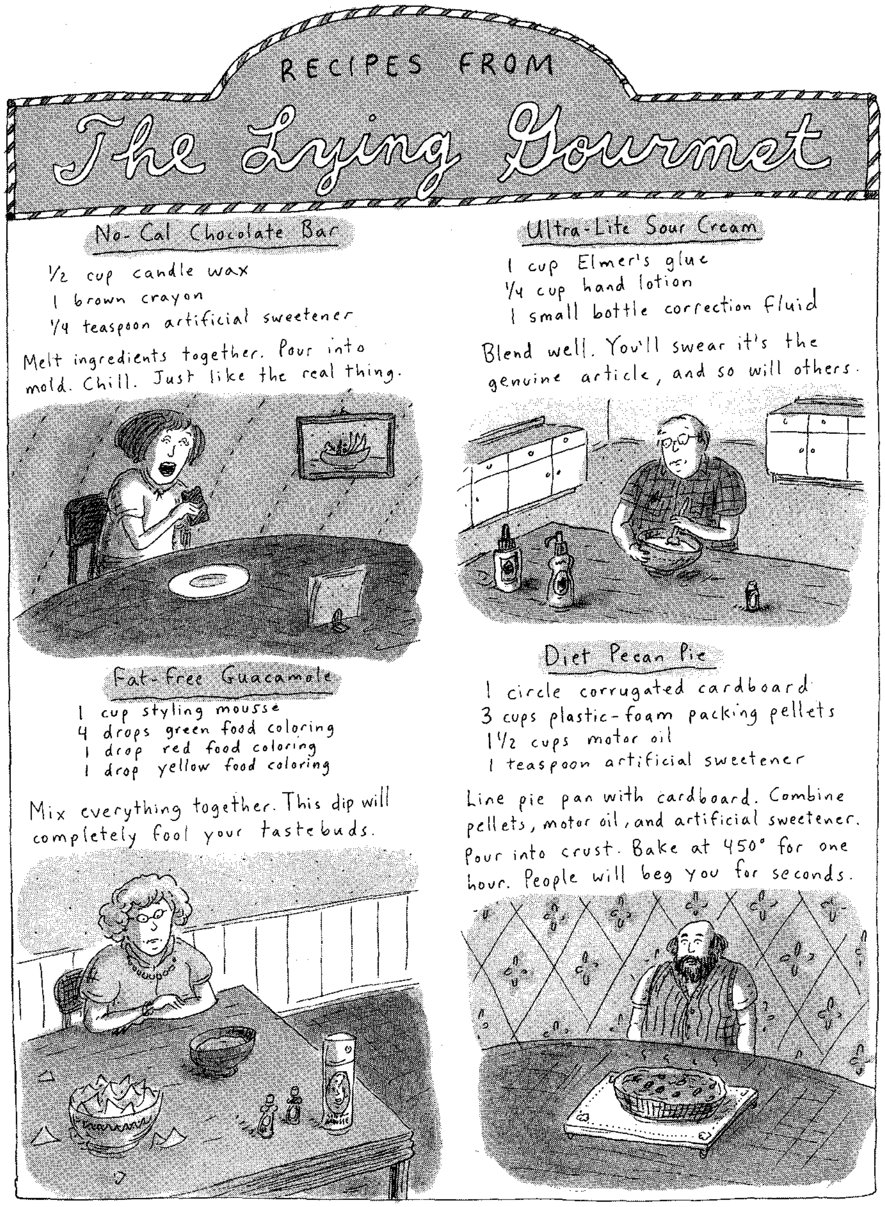
Still, Roth was not trying to rewrite



"Others have underestimated me, Tyler, to their regret."

"The Catcher in the Rye"; Salinger's complete lack of irony could hardly have appealed to him. But other writers have tried, at least one in every decade since it appeared. Sylvia Plath made a version of it for girls, in "The Bell Jar" (1963); Hunter Thompson produced one for people who couldn't believe that Nixon was President and Jim Morrison was dead, in "Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas" (1971). Jay McInerney's "Bright Lights, Big City" (1984) was the downtown edition; Dave Eggers' "A Heartbreaking Work of Staggering Genius" (2000) is the MTV one. Many books featuring interestingly unhappy young people have been published since "The Catcher in the Rye," of course, and some of them were written by people who no doubt regarded Salinger as a model and an influence. But that doesn't make those books "Catcher in the Rye" rewrites. The bar is set a good deal higher than that, and the reason has to do with the Salinger mystique.

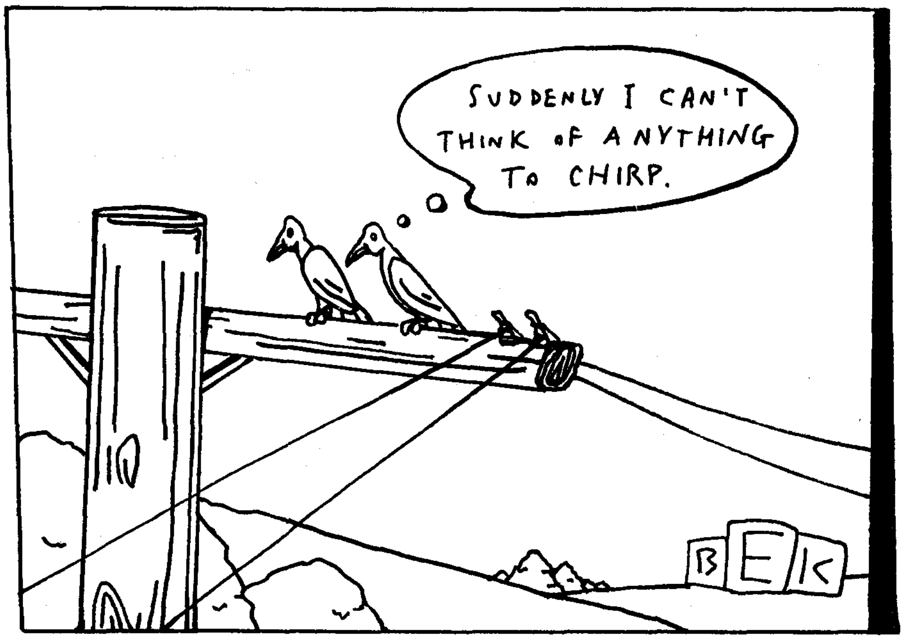
Why Salinger chose to drop out of sight and then out of print is his own business, and it probably ought to have nothing to do with the way people read the work that he did publish. But it does. Readers can't help it. Salinger's withdrawal is one of the things behind, for example, Holden Caulfield's transformation from a fictional character into a culture hero: it helped to confirm the belief that Holden's unhappiness was less personal than it appears—that it was really some sort of protest against modern life. It also helped to confirm the sense, encouraged by Salinger's own later manner, that there was no distinction between Salinger and his characters—that if you ran into Salinger at the Cornish, New Hampshire, post office (which is where his stalkers generally seem to have run into him) it would be exactly like running into Holden Caulfield or Seymour Glass. By dropping out, Salinger glamorized his misfits, for to be a misfit who can also write like J. D. Salinger—a Holden Caulfield who publishes in *The New Yorker*—must be very glamorous indeed.


RECIPES FROM
The Lying Gourmet
No-Cal Chocolate Bar
1/2 cup candle wax
1 brown crayon
1/4 teaspoon artificial sweetener
Melt ingredients together. Pour into mold. Chill. Just like the real thing.
Ultra-Lite Sour Cream
1 cup Elmer's glue
1/4 cup hand lotion
1 small bottle correction fluid
Blend well. You'll swear it's the genuine article, and so will others.
Fat-Free Guacamole
1 cup styling mousse
4 drops green food coloring
1 drop red food coloring
1 drop yellow food coloring
Mix everything together. This dip will completely fool your tastebuds.
Diet Pecan Pie
1 circle corrugated cardboard
3 cups plastic-foam packing pellets
1 1/2 cups motor oil
1 teaspoon artificial sweetener
Line pie pan with cardboard. Combine pellets, motor oil, and artificial sweetener. Pour into crust. Bake at 450° for one hour. People will beg you for seconds.

This is why the narrator in a "Catcher in the Rye" rewrite is always a magazine writer. So, of course, is the author of the "Catcher in the Rye" rewrite, and the author and the narrator are separated by barely a hair. The model for the narrator is no longer Holden Caulfield. And it is not J. D. Salinger imagined as Holden Caulfield. It is the author imagined as J. D. Salinger imagined as Holden Caulfield. You can't, in other words, rewrite "The Catcher in the Rye" simply by telling the story of an unhappy teen-ager and updating the cultural references, or transposing the events to a different city, or changing the sex of the protagonist. You have to reproduce the Salinger mystique, because the mystique has become part of what "The Catcher in the Rye" is. The end product of the ideal Salinger rewrite isn't a Salinger story. It's Salinger. To rewrite the story of Holden Caulfield you have to become a melancholy genius, too. You have to be your own sorrow king.

The book that seems, in some ways, closest to Salinger's is Plath's. Plath belonged to the first generation of "Catcher in the Rye" readers. She read it sometime before 1953, when she spent part of a summer in New York City as a twenty-year-old intern at *Mademoiselle*. (When she arrived at the magazine, she asked to be assigned to interview Salinger, whose "Nine Stories" had just been published. She got Elizabeth Bowen instead.) That internship and her subsequent breakdown and hospitalization became the basis, ten years later, for "The Bell Jar."

Reviewers noticed the similarity to "The Catcher in the Rye" immediately, and there are echoes of Holden's voice


SUDDENLY I CAN'T THINK OF ANYTHING TO CHIRP.
BEK

and story in the voice and story of Plath's heroine, Esther Greenwood. But Plath was not merely borrowing. She must have felt that an aspiring magazine writer in New York City in 1953, when Salinger was in his prime, would naturally see life in a Salingeresque way. When Esther says, for example, "I'm stupid about executions" (1953 is the year the Rosenbergs were executed), she is adopting a Caulfield attitude. Esther's vague loathing of sex is a loathing learned partly from "The Catcher in the Rye"; her obsession with madness and suicide is partly the obsession of an admirer of "Teddy" and "A Perfect Day for Bananafish." In other ways, though, "The Bell Jar" and "The Catcher in the Rye" are very different books, and the difference can be summed up by saying that no reader has ever wanted to be Esther Greenwood. Holden (despite the confusion of the Harcourt Brace executive) is not crazy; he tells his story from a sanatorium (where he has gone because of a fear that he has t.b.), not a mental hospital. The brutality of the world makes him sick. It makes Esther insane.

"The Bell Jar," too, has become a staple of ninth-grade English, an officially approved text for adolescents, a book about the culture of youth. The later "Catcher in the Rye" rewrites—Thompson's and McInerney's and Eggers'—are not yet canonical in this way. People don't read them because their parents recommended them. They read them for the same reason they listen to alternative rock or go to see "Pulp Fiction" six times—because these are things that teach them an attitude. They are sensibility manuals; they show what sort of unhappiness is in style this decade.

"Catcher in the Rye" rewrites are all constructed on roughly the same pattern: a trauma triggered by a death (in Thompson's book, it's the death of the sixties), followed by an episode of emotional regression and a kind of shadow war, mostly in the head, with the rest of the world. They share with "The Catcher in the Rye" and "The Bell Jar" a fuzzy Christian thematics about salvation, redemption, and rebirth, and they draw heavily on the Salinger and Plath catalogue: mummies, fetuses, comas, sensational headlines, perversions, botched sex, suicide attempts, suicides, death fantasies, deaths. The narrators have a mordant contempt for everyone and everything, including themselves. The books are funny, but they are about loss and frustration and defeat. And each one seemed to hit a generational nerve, as though no one had ever told that story, or sounded those notes, before. What makes their melancholy so irresistible?

We think of nostalgia as an emotion that grows with age, but, like most emotions, it is keenest when we are young. Is there any nostalgia more powerful than the feelings of a third grader revisiting his or her kindergarten classroom? Those tiny chairs, the old paste jars, the cubbies where we stuffed our extra sweaters—we want to climb back into that world, but we're third graders now, much too large. We've fallen off the carrousel. Although "youth" is supposed to mean an enthusiasm for change, young people don't want change any more than anyone else does, and possibly less. What they secretly want is what Holden wants: they want the world to be like the Museum of Natural History, with everything frozen exactly the way it was the first day they encountered it.

A great deal of "youth culture"—that is, the stuff that younger people actually consume, as opposed to the stuff that older people consume (like "Lord of the Flies") in order to learn about "youth"—plays to this feeling of loss. You go to a dance where a new pop song is playing, and for the rest of your life hearing that song triggers the same emotion. It comes on the radio, and you think, *That's when things were truly fine.* You want to hear it again and again. You have become addicted. Youth culture acquires its poignancy through time, and so thoroughly that you can barely see what it is in itself. It's just, permanently, "your song," your story. When people who grew up in the nineteen-fifties give "The Catcher in the Rye" to their kids, it's like showing them an old photo album: *That's me.*

It isn't, of course. Maybe, in fact, the nostalgia of youth culture is completely spurious. Maybe it invites you to indulge in bittersweet memories of a childhood you never had, an idyll of Beach Boys songs and cheeseburgers and convertibles and teen-age crushes which has been constructed by pop songs and television shows and movies, and bears very little relation to any experience of your own. But, whether or not the emotion is spurious, people have it. It is the romantic certainty, which all these books seduce you with, that somehow, somewhere, something was taken away from you, and you cannot get it back. Once, you did ride a carrousel. It seemed as though it would last forever. ♦

FICTION

SEVEN

BY EDWIDGE DANTICAT

CHESTER HIGGINS, JR.

Next month would make it seven years since he'd last seen his wife. Seven, a number he despised but had discovered was a useful marker. There were seven days between paychecks, seven hours, not counting lunch, spent each day at his day job, seven at his night job. Seven was the last number in his age—thirty-seven. And now there were seven hours left before his wife was due to arrive. Maybe it would be more, with her having to wait for her luggage and then make it through the long immigration line and past customs to look for him in the crowd of welcoming faces on the other side of the sliding doors at J.F.K. That is, if the flight from Port-au-Prince wasn't delayed, as it often was, or cancelled altogether.

He shared an apartment in the basement of a house in East Flatbush, Brooklyn, with two other men. To prepare for the reunion, he had cleaned his room. He had thrown out some cherry-red rayon shirts that he knew she would hate. And then he had climbed the splintered steps to the first floor to tell the landlady that his wife was coming. His landlady was also Haitian, a self-employed accountant.

"I don't have a problem with your wife coming," she had told him. She was microwaving a frozen dessert. "I just hope she is clean."

"She is clean," he said.

The kitchen was the only room in the main part of the house that he'd ever seen. It was spotless, and the dishes were neatly organized in glass cabinets. It smelled of pine-scented air freshener.

"Did you tell the men?" she asked. She opened the microwave and removed two small plastic plates of something that vaguely resembled strawberry cheesecake.

"I told them," he said.

He was waiting for her to announce that she would have to charge him extra. She had agreed to rent the room to one person, not two—a man she'd probably taken for a bachelor.

"I don't know if I can keep this arrangement if everyone's wife starts coming," she said.

He could not speak for the two other men. Michel and Dany had wives, too, but he had no idea if or when those wives would be joining them.

"A woman living down there with

three men," the landlady said. "Maybe your wife will be uncomfortable."

He wanted to tell her that it was not up to her to decide whether or not his wife would be comfortable. But he had been prepared for this, too, for some unpleasant remark about his wife. Actually, he was up there as much to give notice that he was looking for an apartment as to announce that his wife was coming. As soon as he found one, he would be moving.

"O.K., then," she said, opening her silverware drawer. "Just remember, you start the month, you pay the whole thing."

"Thank you very much, Madame," he said.

As he walked back downstairs, he scolded himself for calling her Madame. Why had he acted like a servant who had been dismissed? It was one of those class things from home that he couldn't shake. On the other hand, if he had addressed the woman respectfully, it wasn't because she was so-called upper class, or because she spoke French (though never to him), or even because after five years in the same room he was still paying only three hundred and fifty dollars a month. If he had addressed the woman politely that day, it was because he was making a sacrifice for his wife.

After his conversation with the landlady, he decided to have a more thorough one with the men who occupied the other two rooms in the basement. The day before his wife was to arrive, he went into the kitchen to see them. The fact that they were wearing only white, rather sheer, loose boxers, as they stumbled about bleary-eyed, concerned him.

"You understand, she's a woman," he told them. He wasn't worried that she'd be tempted—they were skin and bones—but if she was still as sensitive as he remembered, their near-nakedness might embarrass her.

The men understood.

"If it were my wife," Michel said, "I would feel the same."

Dany simply nodded.

They had robes, Michel declared after a while. They would wear them.

They didn't have robes—all three men knew this—but Michel would buy some, out of respect for the wife. Michel, at forty, the oldest of the three, had advised him to pretty up his room—to buy some silk roses, some decorative prints for the walls (no naked girls), and some vanilla incense, which would be more pleasing than the air fresheners the woman upstairs liked so much.

Dany told him that he would miss their evenings out together. In the old days, they had often gone dancing at the Rendez-Vous, which was now the Cenegal night club. But they hadn't gone much since the place had become famous—Abner Louima was arrested there, then beaten and sodomized at a nearby police station.

He told Dany not to mention those nights out again. His wife wasn't to know that he had ever done anything but work his jobs—as a day janitor at Medgar Evers College and as a night janitor at King's County Hospital. And he wasn't going to tell her about those women who had occasionally come home with him in the early-morning hours. Those women, most of whom had husbands, boyfriends, fiancés, and lovers in other parts of the world, had never meant much to him anyway.

Michel, who had become a lay minister at a small Baptist church near the Rendez-Vous and never danced there, laughed as he listened. "The cock can no longer crow," he said. "You might as well give the rest to Jesus."

"Jesus wouldn't know what to do with what's left of this man," Dany said.

Gone were the late-night domino games. Gone was the phone number he'd had for the past five years, ever since he'd had a phone. (He didn't need other women calling him now.) And it was only as he stood in the crowd of people waiting to meet the flights arriving simultaneously from Kingston, Santo Domingo, and Port-au-Prince that he stopped worrying that he might not see any delight or recognition in his wife's face. There, he began to feel some actual joy, even exhilaration, which made him want to leap forward and grab every woman who vaguely resembled the latest pictures she had sent him, all of which he had neatly framed and hung on the walls of his room.

They were searching her suitcase. Why were they searching her suitcase? One meagre bag, which, aside from some gifts for her husband, contained the few things she'd been unable to part with, the things her relatives hadn't nabbed from her, telling her that she could get more, and better, where she was going. She had kept only her undergarments, a nightgown, and two outfits: the green princess dress she was wearing and a red jumper that she'd gift wrapped before packing so that no one would take it. People in her neighborhood who had travelled before had told her to gift wrap everything so that it wouldn't be opened at the airport in New York. Now the customs man was tearing her careful wrapping to shreds as he barked questions at her in mangled Creole.

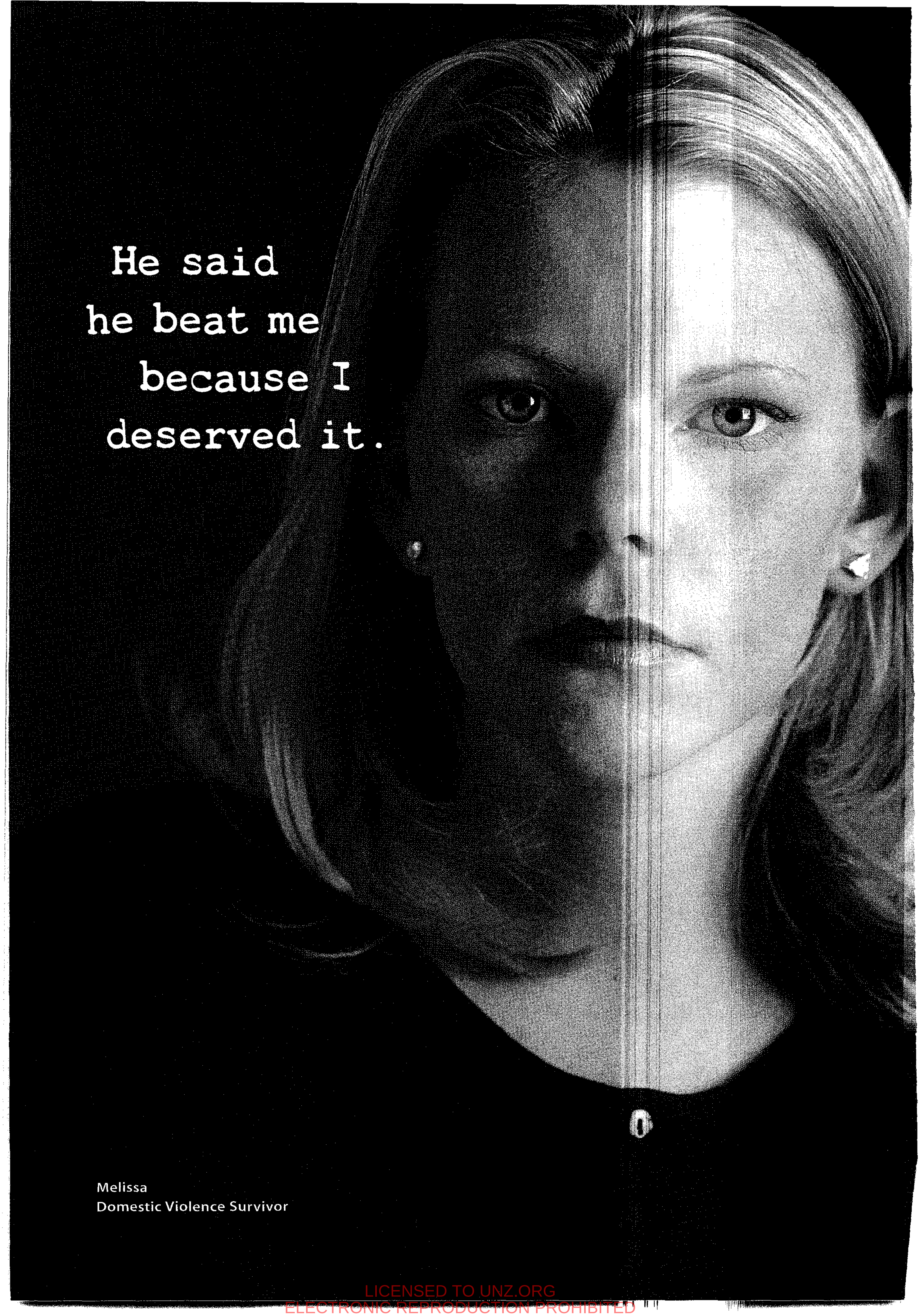
"*Ki sa l ye*?" He held a package out in front of her before opening it.

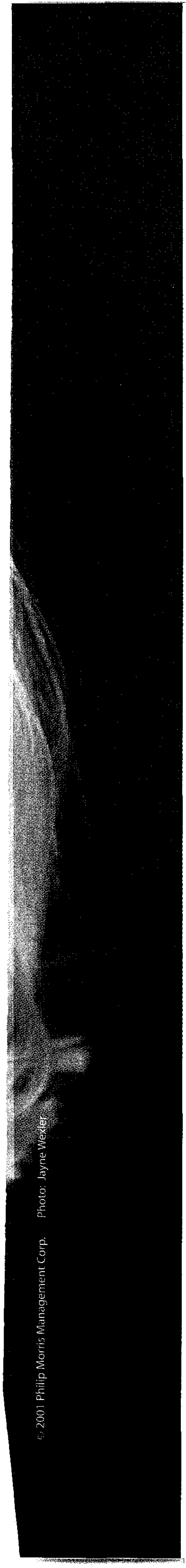
What was it? She didn't know anymore. She could only guess by the shapes and sizes.

He unwrapped all her gifts—the mangoes, sugarcane, avocados, the orange- and grapefruit-peel preserves, the peanut, cashew, and coconut confections, the coffee beans, which he threw into a green bin decorated with drawings of fruits and vegetables with red lines across them. The only thing that seemed as though it might escape disposal was a small packet of trimmed chicken feathers, which her husband used to enjoy twirling in his ear cavity. In the early days, soon after he'd left, she had spun the tips of the feathers inside her ears, too, and discovered that from them she could get *jwisans*, pleasure, an orgasm. She had thought to herself then that maybe the foreign television programs were right: sex was mostly between the ears.

When the customs man came across the small package of feathers, he stared down at it, then looked up at her, letting his eyes linger on her face, mostly, it seemed to her, on her ears. Obviously, he had seen feathers like these before. Into the trash they went, along with the rest of her offerings.

By the time he was done with her luggage, she had little left. The suitcase was so light now that she could walk very quickly as she carried it in her left hand. She followed a man pushing a cart, which tipped and swerved under the weight of three large boxes. And suddenly she found herself before a door that slid open by itself, parting


He said
he beat me
because I
deserved it.
Melissa
Domestic Violence Survivor


HELPING END DOMESTIC VIOLENCE

"He tried to strangle me last night."

Melissa cried as she wrote these words, eight months pregnant and seeking an order of protection from her husband. Their high school romance had seemed like a fairy tale, but when the honeymoon ended, the beatings began. Terrified, she hid her abuse from family and friends. Once she was finally free from her abusive husband, Melissa began to share her story with other young women, so they would know that no one should live with domestic violence.

Now I know
I deserve better.

Too often, society blames victims of domestic violence for not leaving, rather than holding the abusers responsible. The reality is that fear, financial dependency and concern for the children can make the idea of leaving seem impossible. No one deserves to be abused. And everyone should have someone to turn to. With your support, domestic violence programs across America can offer hope and new beginnings.
Just ask Melissa.

Recently, we have all seen the devastating effects of violence on our country, and the power of communities that unite to help those in need. If domestic violence is affecting you or someone you know, or if you'd like to make a contribution, contact:

National Domestic Violence Hotline
(800) 799-SAFE ext. 241
(800) 787-3224 (TTY)
www.ndvh.org

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to remember,

and rebuild

remains undaunted.

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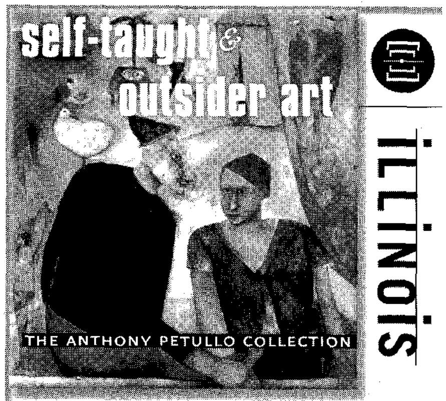

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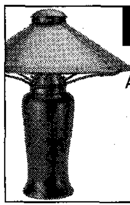

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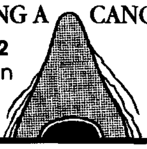

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like a glass sea, and as she was standing there the door closed again, and when she moved a few steps forward it opened, and then she saw him. He charged at her and wrapped both his arms around her. And as he held her she felt her feet leave the ground. It was when he put her back down that she finally believed she was really somewhere else, on another soil, in another country.

He could tell she was happy that so many of her pictures were displayed on the wall facing his bed. During the ride home, he had nearly crashed the car twice. He wasn't sure why he was driving so fast. They dashed through the small talk, the inventory of friends and family members and the state of their health. She had no detailed anecdotes about anyone in particular. Some had died and some were still living; he couldn't even remember which. She was bigger than she had been when he left her, what people here might call chubby. It was obvious that she had been to a professional hairdresser, because she was elegantly coiffed with her short hair gelled down to her scalp and a fake bun bulging in the back. She smelled good—a mixture of lavender and lime. He had simply wanted to get her home, if home it was, to that room, and to reduce the space between them until there was no air for her to breathe that he wasn't breathing, too.

The drive had reminded him of the one they had taken to their one-night honeymoon at the Ifé Hotel, when he had begged the uncle who was driving them to go faster, because the next morning he would be on a plane for New York. That night, he'd had no idea that it would be seven years before he would see her again. He'd had it all planned. He knew that he couldn't send for her right away, since he would be overstaying a tourist visa. But he was going to work hard, to find a lawyer and get himself a green card, and then send for his wife. The green card had taken six years and nine months. But now she was here with him, staring at the pictures on his wall as though they were of someone else.

"Do you remember that one?" he asked, to reassure her. He was pointing at a framed eight-by-twelve of her lying on a red mat by a tiny Christmas tree in a photographer's studio. "You sent it last Noël?"

She remembered, she said. It was just that she looked so desperate, as if she were trying to force *him* to remember *her*.

"I never forgot you for an instant," he said.

She said that she was thirsty.

"What do you want to drink?" He listed the juices he had purchased from the Cuban grocer down the street, the combinations he was sure she'd be craving, papaya and mango, guava and pineapple, cherimoya and passion fruit.

"Just a little water," she said. "Cold."

He didn't want to leave her alone while he went to the kitchen. He would have called through the walls for one of the men to get some water, if they were not doing such a good job of hiding behind the closed doors of their rooms to give him some privacy.

When he came back with the glass, she examined it, as if for dirt, and then gulped it down. It was as though she hadn't drunk anything since the morning he'd got on the plane and left her behind.

"Do you want more?" he asked.

She shook her head.

It's too bad, he thought, that in Creole the word for love, *renmen*, is also the word for like, so that as he told her he loved her he had to embellish it with phrases that illustrated the degree of that love. He loved her more than there were seconds in the years they'd been apart, he babbled. He loved her more than the size of the ocean she had just crossed. To keep himself from saying more insipid things, he jumped on top of her and pinned her down on the bed. She was not as timid as she had been on their wedding night. She tugged at his black tie so fiercely that he was sure his neck was bruised. He yanked a few buttons off her dress and threw them aside as she unbuttoned his starched and ironed white shirt, and though in the rehearsals in past daydreams he had gently placed a cupped hand over her mouth, he didn't think to do it now. He didn't care that the other men could hear her, or him. Only for a moment did he think to feel sorry that it might be years before the others could experience the same thing.

He was exhausted when she grabbed the top sheet from the bed, wrapped it around her, and announced that she was going to the bathroom.

"Let me take you," he said.

"*Non non*," she said. "I can find it."

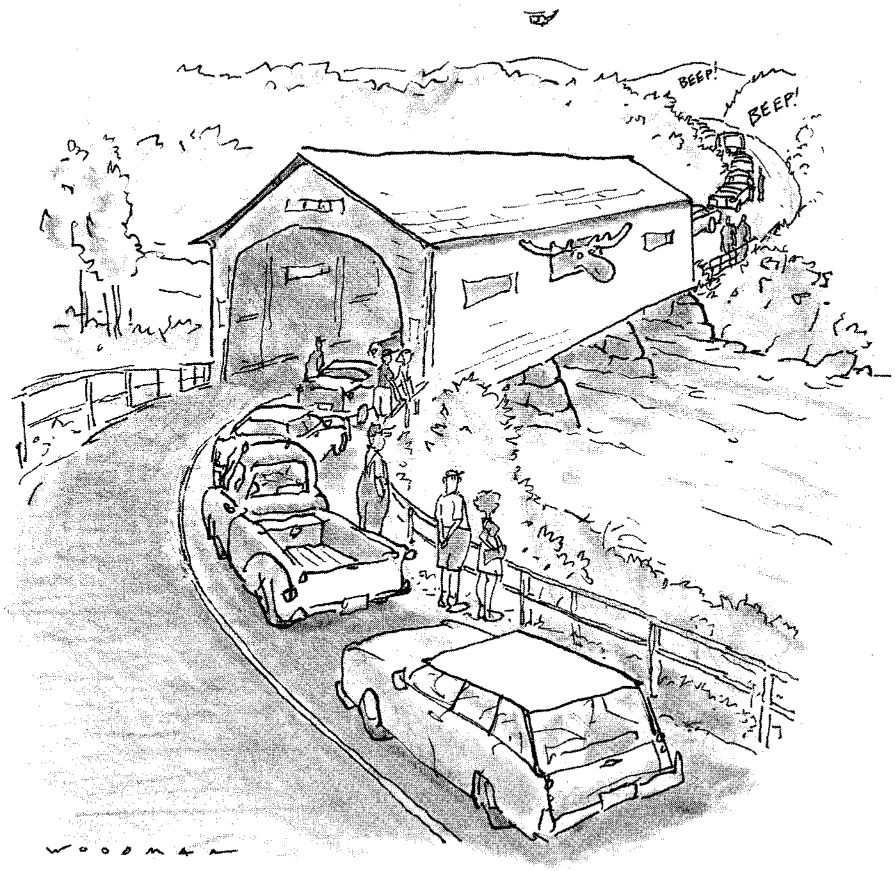
He couldn't stand to watch her turn away and disappear.

He heard voices in the kitchen, her talking to the men, introducing herself. He bolted right up from the bed when he remembered that all she had on was the sheet. As he raced to the door, he collided with her coming back.

There were two men playing dominoes in the kitchen, she told him, dressed in identical pink satin robes.

He left early for work the next day, along with the other men, but not before handing her a set of keys and instructing her not to let anyone in. He showed her how to work the stove and how to find all the Haitian stations on the AM/FM dial of his night-table radio. She slept late, reliving the night, their laughter after she'd seen the men, who, he explained, had hurried to buy those robes for her benefit. They had made love again and again, forcing themselves to do so more quietly each time. Seven times, by his count—once for each year they'd been apart—but fewer by hers. He had assured her that there was no need to be embarrassed. They were married, before God and a priest. This was crucial for her to remember. That's why he had seen to it on the night before he left. So that something more judicial and committing than a mere promise would bind them. So that even if their union had become a victim of distance and time, it could not have been easily dissolved. They would have had to sign papers to come apart, write letters, speak on the phone about it. He told her that he didn't want to leave her again, not for one second. But he had asked for the day off and his boss had refused. At least they would have the weekends, Saturdays and Sundays, to do with as they wished—to go dancing, sightseeing, shopping, and apartment-hunting. Wouldn't she like to have her own apartment? To make love as much as they wanted and not worry that some men in women's robes had heard them?

At noon, the phone rang. It was him. He asked her what she was doing. She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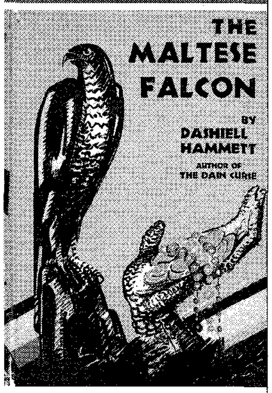

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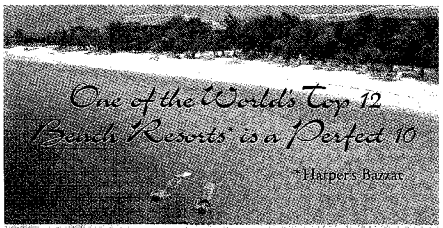

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lied and told him that she was cooking, making herself something to eat. He asked what. She said eggs, guessing that there must be eggs in the refrigerator. He asked if she was bored. She said no. She was going to listen to the radio and write letters home.

When she hung up, she turned on the radio. She scrolled between the stations he had pointed out to her and was glad to hear people speaking Creole. There was music playing, too—*konpa* by a group named Top Vice. She switched to a station with a talk show. She sat up to listen as some callers talked about a Haitian-American named Patrick Dorismond who had been killed. He had been shot by a policeman in a place called Manhattan. She wanted to call her husband back, but he hadn't left a number. Lying back, she raised the sheet over her head and through it listened to the callers, each one angrier than the last.

When he came home, he saw that she had used what she had found in the refrigerator and the kitchen cabinets to cook a large meal for all four of them. She insisted that they wait for the other men to drift in before they ate, even though he had only a few hours before he had to leave for his night job.

The men complimented her enthusiastically on her cooking, and he could tell that this meal made them feel as though they were part of a family, something they had not experienced in years. They seemed to be happy, eating for pleasure as well as sustenance, chewing more slowly than they ever had before. Usually they ate standing up, Chinese or Jamaican takeout from places down the street. Tonight there was little conversation, beyond praise for the food. The men offered to clean the pots and dishes once they were done, and he suspected that they wanted to lick them before washing them.

He and his wife went to the room and lay on their backs on the bed. He explained why he had two jobs. It had been partly to fill the hours away from her, but also partly because he had needed to support both himself here and her in Port-au-Prince. And now he was saving up for an apartment and, ultimately, a house. She said that she, too, wanted to work. She had finished a secretarial course; perhaps that would be helpful here. He warned her that, because she didn't speak English, she might have to start as a cook in a restaurant or as a seamstress in a factory. He fell asleep mid-thought. She woke him up at nine o'clock, when he was supposed to start work. He rushed to the bathroom to wash his face, came back, and changed his overalls, all the while cursing himself. He was stupid to have overslept, and now he was late. He kissed her goodbye and ran out. He hated being late, being lectured by the night manager, whose favorite reprimand was “There's tons of people like you in this city. Half of them need a job.”

She spent the whole week inside, worried that she'd get lost if she ventured out alone, that she might not be able to retrace her steps. Her days fell into a routine. She'd wake up and listen to the radio for news of what was happening both here and back home. Somewhere, not far from where she was, people were in the streets, marching, protesting Dorismond's death, their outrage made even greater by the fact that the Dorismond boy was the American-born son of a well-known singer, whose voice they had heard on the radio back in Haiti. “No justice, no peace!” she chanted while stewing chicken and frying fish. In the afternoons, she wrote letters home. She wrote of the meals that she had made, of the pictures of her on the wall, of the songs and protest chants on the radio. She wrote to family members, and to childhood girlfriends who had been so happy that she was finally going to be with her husband, and to newer acquaintances from the secretarial school who had been jealous. She also wrote to a male friend, a neighbor who had come to her house three days after her husband had left to see why she had locked herself inside.

He had knocked for so long that she'd had no choice but to open the door. She was still wearing the dress she'd worn to see her husband off. When she collapsed in his arms, he had put a cold compress on her forehead and offered her some water. She had swallowed so much water so quickly that she'd vomited. That night, he had lain down next to her, and in the dark had told her that this was love, if love there was—having the courage to abandon the present for a future that one

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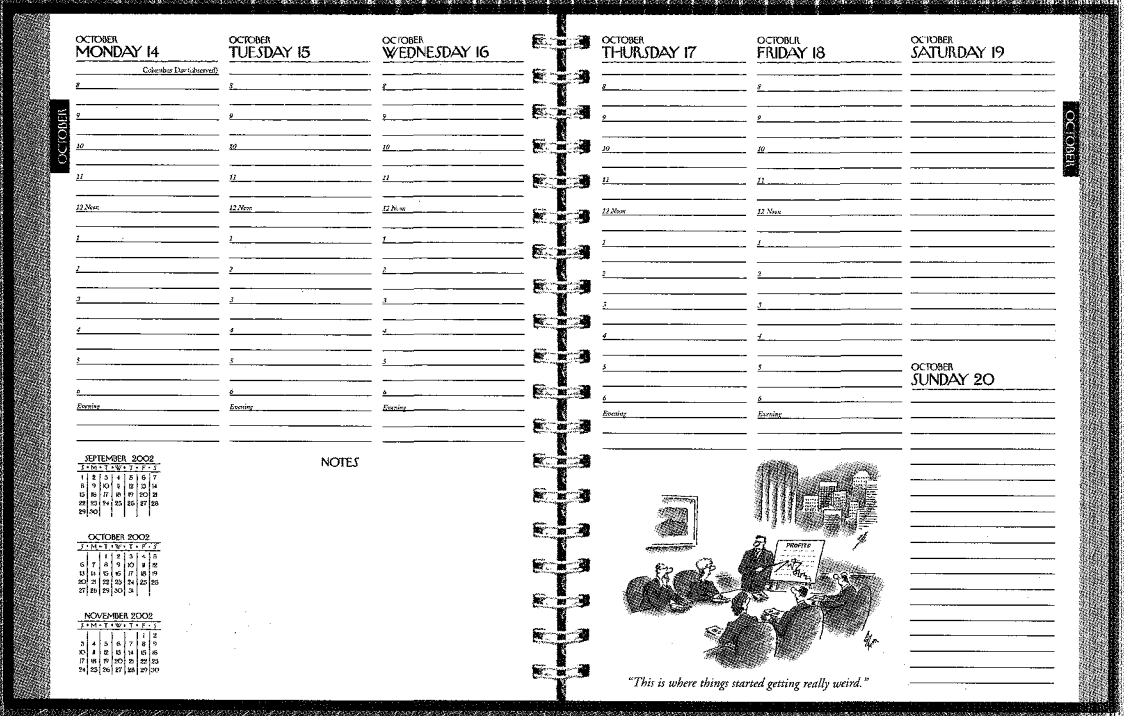

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MONDAY 14
Columbus Day (observed)

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Evening

OCTOBER
TUESDAY 15

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OCTOBER
WEDNESDAY 16

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Evening

SEPTEMBER 2002

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OCTOBER 2002

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NOTES

OCTOBER

OCTOBER
THURSDAY 17

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OCTOBER
FRIDAY 18

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Evening

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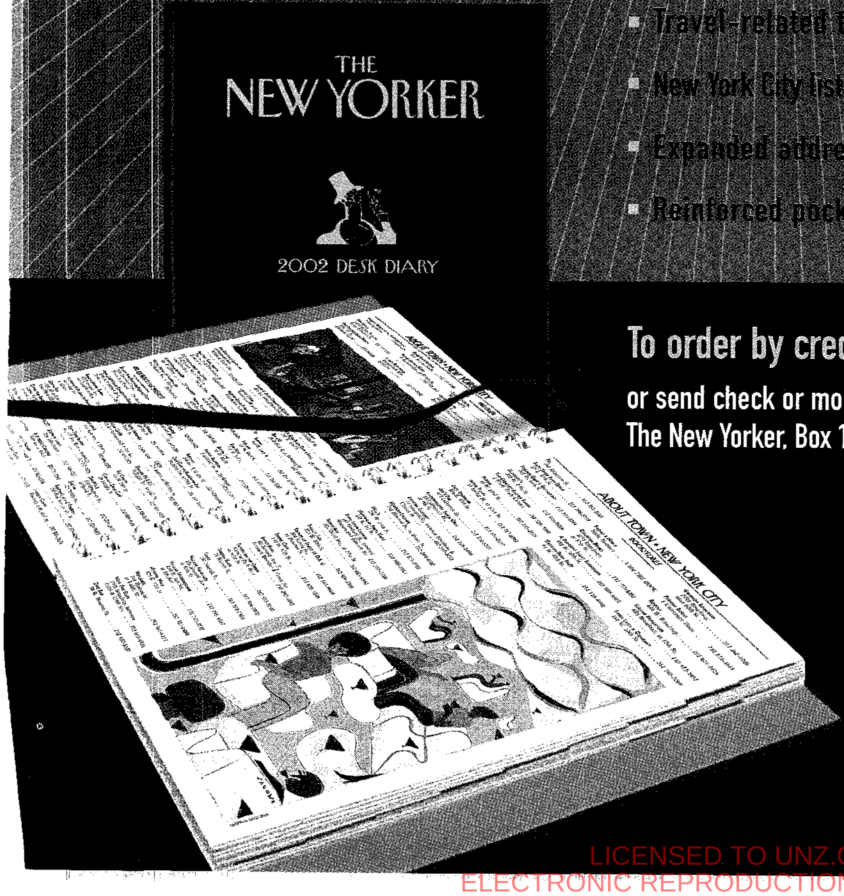

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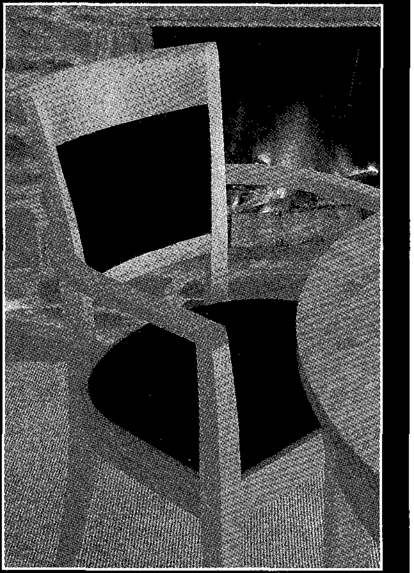

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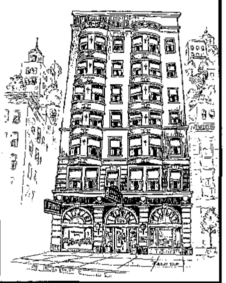

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no shelter from; cold winds
no walls need broach the chill of for me:

when fire splits seams
out of the ground, I won't
need the warmth at all: lone, ever,

when you who have given
your days to me, when you
come close, I won't sense

that last approach: not
knowing how to speak,
I'll say nothing.

—*A. R. Ammons*
(*1926-2001*)

could only imagine. He had assured her that her husband loved her.

In the afternoons, while she was writing her letters, she would hear someone walking back and forth on the floor above. She took to pacing as well, as she waited for the men to come home. She wanted to tell her husband about that neighbor who had slept next to her for those days after he'd left and in whose bed she had spent many nights after that. Only then would she feel that their future would be true. Someone had said that people lie only at the beginning of relationships. The middle is where the truth resides. But there had been no middle for her husband and herself, just a beginning and many dream-rehearsed endings.

He had first met his wife during carnival in the mountains in Jacmel. His favorite part of the festivities was the finale, on the day before Ash Wednesday, when a crowd of tired revellers would gather on the beach to burn their carnival masks and costumes and feign weeping, symbolically purging themselves of the carousing of the preceding days and nights. She had volunteered to be one of the official weepers—one of those who wailed convincingly as the carnival relics turned to ashes in the bonfire.

"*Papa Kanaval ou ale?*" "Where have you gone, Father Carnival?" she had howled, with real tears running down her face.

If she could grieve so passionately on demand, he thought, perhaps she could love even more. After the other weepers had left, she stayed behind until the last embers of the bonfire had dimmed. It was impossible to distract her, to make her laugh. She could never fake weeping, she told him. Every time she cried for anything, she cried for everything else that had ever hurt her.

He had travelled between Jacmel and Port-au-Prince while he was waiting for his visa to come through. And when he finally had a travel date he had asked her to marry him.

One afternoon, when he came home from work, he found her sitting on the edge of the bed in that small room, staring at the pictures of herself on the opposite wall. She did not move as he kissed the top of her head. He said nothing, simply slipped out of his clothes and lay down on the bed, pressing his face against her back. He did not want to trespass on her secrets. He simply wanted to extinguish the carnivals burning in her head.

She was happy when the weekend finally came. Though he slept until noon, she woke up at dawn, rushed to the bathroom before the men could, put on her red jumper and one of his T-shirts, then sat staring down at him on the bed, waiting for his eyes to open.

"What plan do we have for today?" she asked when they finally did.

The plan, he said, was whatever she wanted.

She wanted to walk down a street with him and see faces. She wanted to eat something, an apple or a chicken leg, out in the open with the sun beating down on her face.

As they were leaving the house, they ran into the woman whose footsteps she had been hearing all week long above her head. The woman smiled coyly and said, "*Bienvenue*." She nodded politely, then pulled her husband away by the hand.

They walked down a street filled with people doing their Saturday food shopping at outside stalls stacked with fruits and vegetables.

He asked if she wanted to take the bus.

"Where to?"

"Anywhere," he said.

From the bus, she counted the frame and row houses, beauty-shop signs, church steeples, and gas stations. She pressed her face against the window, and her breath occasionally blocked her view of the streets speeding by. She turned back now and then to look at him, sitting next to her. There was still a trace of sleepiness in his eyes. He watched her as though he were trying to put himself in her place, to see it all as if for the first time, but could not.

He took her to a park in the middle of Brooklyn, Prospect Park, a vast stretch of land, trees, and trails. They strolled deep into the park, until they could see only a few of the surrounding buildings, which towered like mountains above the landscape. In all her daydreams, she had never imagined that there would be a place like this here. This immense garden, he told her, was where he came to ponder the passing seasons, lost time, and interminable distances.

It was past seven o'clock when they emerged from the park and headed down Parkside Avenue. She had reached for his hand at 5:10 P.M., he had noted, and had not released it since. And now, as they were walking down a dimly lit side street, she kept her eyes upward, looking into the windows of apartments lit by the indigo glow of television screens. When she said she was hungry, they turned onto Flatbush Avenue in search of something to eat.

Walking hand in hand with her through crowds of strangers made him long for his other favorite piece of carnival theatre. A bride and groom, in their most lavish wedding clothing, would wander the streets. Scanning a crowd of revellers, they would pick the most stony-faced person and ask, "Would you marry us?" Over the course of several days, for variety, they would modify this request. "Would you couple us?" "Would you make us one?" "Would you tie the noose of love around our necks?" The joke was that when the person took the bait and looked closely, he or she might discover that the bride was a man and the groom a woman. The couple's makeup was so skillfully applied that only the most observant could detect this.

On the nearly empty bus on the way home, he sat across the aisle from her, not next to her as he had that morning. She pretended to keep her eyes on the night racing past the window behind him. He was watching her again. This time he seemed to be trying to see *her* as if for the first time, but could not.

She, too, was thinking of carnival, and of how, the year after they'd met, they had dressed as a bride and groom looking for someone to marry them. She had disguised herself as the bride and he as the groom, forgoing the traditional puzzle.

At the end of the celebrations, she had burned her wedding dress in the bonfire and he had burned his suit. She wished now that they had kept them. They could have walked these foreign streets in them, performing their own carnival. Since she didn't know the language, they wouldn't have to speak or ask any questions of the stony-faced people around them. They could perform their public wedding march in silence, a silence like the one that had come over them now. ♦

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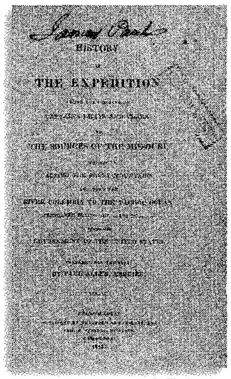

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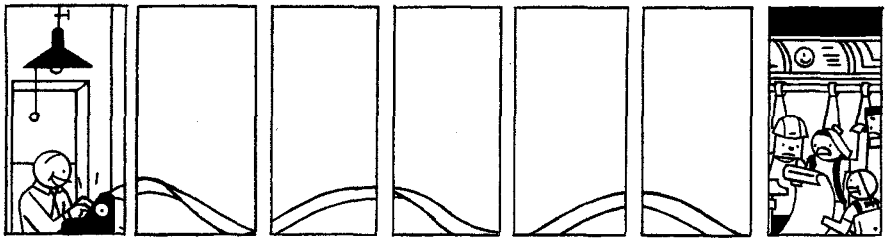


A CRITIC AT LARGE

LOVING DOSTOYEVSKY

The recovery of the novel "Summer in Baden-Baden."

BY SUSAN SONTAG

The literature of the second half of the twentieth century is a much traversed field, and it seems unlikely that there are still masterpieces in major, intently patrolled languages waiting to be discovered. Yet some ten years ago, rifling through a bin of scruffy-looking used paperbacks outside a bookshop on London's Charing Cross Road, I came across just such a book, "Summer in Baden-Baden," which I would include among the most beautiful, exalting, and original achievements of a century's worth of fiction and para-fiction.

The reasons for the book's obscurity are not hard to fathom. To begin with, its author was not by profession a writer. Leonid Tsypkin was a doctor, a distinguished medical researcher who published nearly a hundred papers in scientific journals in the Soviet Union and abroad. But—discard any comparison with Chekhov and Bulgakov—this Russian doctor-writer never saw a single page of his literary work published during his lifetime.

Censorship and its intimidations are only part of the story. Tsypkin's fiction was, to be sure, a poor candidate for official publication. But it did not circulate in samizdat, either, for Tsypkin remained—out of pride, intractable gloom, unwillingness to risk being rejected by the unofficial literary establishment—wholly outside the independent or underground literary circles that flourished in Moscow in the nineteen-sixties and seventies, the era when he was writing "for the drawer." For literature itself.

Actually, it is something of a miracle that "Summer in Baden-Baden" survived at all.

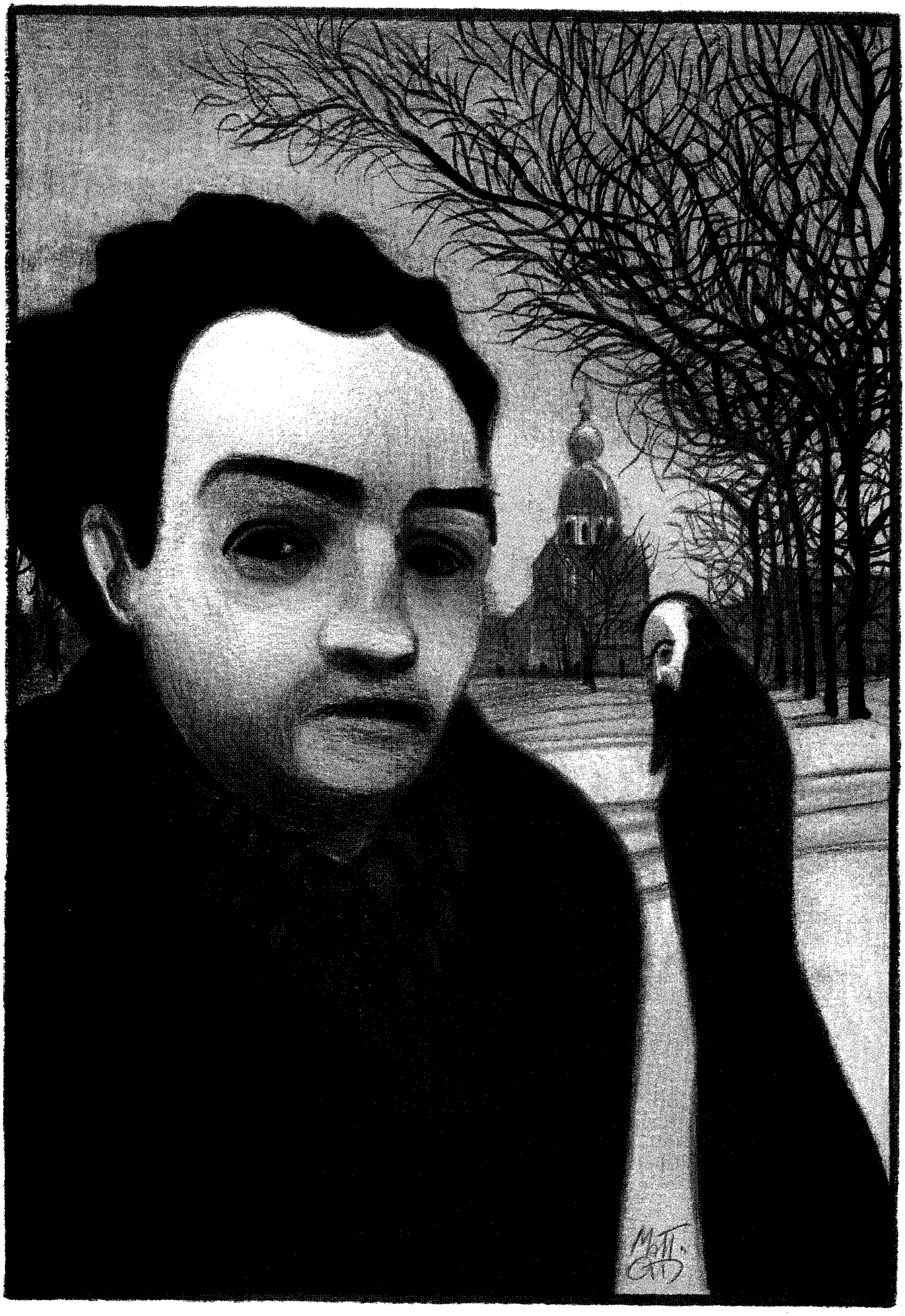
Leonid Tsypkin was born in 1926 in Minsk of Russian-Jewish parents, both physicians. The medical specialty of his mother, Vera Polyak, was pulmonary tuberculosis. His father, Boris Tsypkin, was an orthopedic surgeon who was arrested at the start of the Great Terror, in 1934, on the usual fanciful charges and then released, through the intervention of an influential friend, after he tried to commit suicide by jumping down a prison stairwell. He returned home on a stretcher, with a broken back, but he did not become an invalid and went on with his surgical practice until his death in 1961. Two of Boris Tsypkin's sisters and a brother were also arrested during the Terror, and perished.

Minsk fell a week after the German invasion in 1941, and Boris Tsypkin's mother, another sister, and two little nephews were murdered in the ghetto. Boris Tsypkin, his wife, and fifteen-year-old Leonid owed their escape from the city to the chairman of a nearby collective farm, a grateful ex-patient, who ordered several barrels of pickles taken off a truck to accommodate the esteemed surgeon and his family. A year later, Leonid Tsypkin began his medical studies, and when the war was over he returned with his parents to Minsk, where he graduated from medical school in 1947. In 1948, he married Natalya Michnikova, an economist. Mikhail, their only child, was born in 1950. By then, Stalin's anti-Semitic campaign, launched the year before, was racking up victims, and Tsypkin hid out on the staff of a rural psychiatric hospital. In 1957, he was allowed to settle with his wife and son in Moscow, where he had been offered a post as a pathologist at the prestigious Institute of Poliomyelitis and Viral Encephalitis. He became part of the team that introduced the Sabin polio vaccine in the Soviet Union; his subsequent work at the institute reflected a variety of research interests, among them the response of tumor tissues to lethal viral infections and the biology and pathology of monkeys.

Tsypkin had always been fervent about literature, had always written a little for himself, both prose and poetry. In his early twenties, when he was nearing the completion of his medical studies, he considered quitting medicine in order to study literature, with the idea of devoting himself entirely to writing. Riven by the nineteenth-century Russian soul questions (how to live without faith? without God?), he had idolized Tolstoy, who eventually was replaced by Dostoyevsky. Tsypkin also had cine-loves: Antonioni, for example, but not Tarkovsky. In the early sixties, he thought about enrolling in night classes at the Institute of Cinematography to become a film director, but the necessity of supporting his family, he said later, made him pull back.

It was also in the early sixties that Tsypkin began a more committed spate of writing: poems which were strongly influenced by Tsvetaeva and Pasternak, whose pictures hung above his small worktable. In September, 1965, he decided to chance showing some of his lyrics to Andrei Sinyavsky, but Sinyavsky was arrested a few days before their appointment. Tsypkin and Sinyavsky, who was a year older, were never to meet, and Tsypkin became even more cautious. ("My father," says Mikhail Tsypkin, who now lives in California, "was not inclined to talk or even to think much about politics. In our family, it was assumed without discussion that the Soviet regime was Evil incarnate.") After several unsuccessful attempts to publish some of his poems,

Leonid Tsypkin (1926–82) interweaves an account of Dostoyevsky's life in the eighteen-sixties with his own journey to Leningrad.



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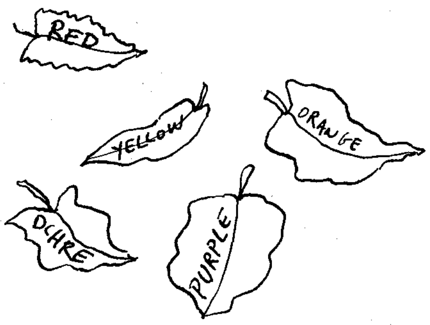
Tsypkin stopped writing for a while. Much of his time was devoted to finishing "A Study of the Morphological and Biological Properties of Cell Cultures of Trypsinized Tissues," his dissertation for a Doctor of Science degree. (An earlier dissertation, for a Ph.D., was on growth rates of brain tumors that had been subjected to repeated surgeries.) After the successful defense of his second dissertation, in 1969, Tsypkin received an increase in salary, which freed him from moonlighting as a part-time pathologist in a small hospital. Already in his forties, he began writing again—not poetry but prose.

In the thirteen years he had left to live, Tsypkin created a small body of work of ever larger reach and complexity. After a handful of short sketches came longer, more plotted stories, two autobiographical novellas, "The Bridge Across the Neroch" and "Norartakir," and then his last and longest work of fiction, "Summer in Baden-Baden," a kind of dream-novel, in which the dreamer, who is Tsypkin himself, conjures up his own life and that of Dostoyevsky in a streaming, passionate narration. Writing was engorging, isolating. "Every day," relates Mikhail Tsypkin, "my father left at a quarter to eight sharp for his work at the Institute of Poliomyelitis and Viral Encephalitis, which was situated in a distant suburb of Moscow, not far from the Vnukovo airport. He came back home at 6 P.M., had dinner, took a short nap, and sat down to write—if not his prose, then his medical research papers. Before going to bed, at 10 P.M., he sometimes took a walk. He usually spent his weekends writing as well. My father craved every opportunity to write, but writing was difficult, painful. He agonized over each word, and endlessly corrected his handwritten manuscripts. Once finished with editing, he typed his prose on an ancient, shiny German typewriter, an Erika—Second World War loot—that an uncle gave him in 1949. And in that form his writings remained. He did not send his manuscripts to publishers, and did not want to circulate his prose in samizdat because he was afraid of problems with the K.G.B. and of losing his job." Writing without hope or prospect of being published—what resources of faith in literature does that imply? Tsypkin's readership was never much larger than his wife, his son, and a couple of his son's Moscow University classmates. He had no real friends in any of the Moscow literary worlds.

There was one literary personage in Tsypkin's immediate family, his mother's younger sister, the literary critic Lydia Polyak, and readers of "Summer in Baden-Baden" make her glancing acquaintance on the very first page. The narrator, aboard a train bound for Leningrad, opens a book, a precious book whose binding and decorative bookmark are lovingly described before we learn that it is the "Diary" of Dostoyevsky's second wife, Anna Grigoryevna Dostoyevsky, and that this copy, flimsy and almost falling apart when it came into Tsypkin's hands, belongs to an unnamed aunt who can only be Lydia Polyak. Since, Tsypkin writes, "in my heart of hearts I had no intention of returning the book borrowed from my aunt who possessed a large library," he has had it trimmed and rebound.

According to Mikhail Tsypkin, several of his father's stories contain a cranky reference to Polyak. A well-connected member of the Moscow intelligentsia for half a century, she had held a research position at the Gorky Institute of World Literature since the thirties, and even when she was fired from her teaching post at Moscow University, during the anti-Semitic purges of the early fifties, she managed to keep her position at the institute, where Sinyavsky eventually became a junior colleague of hers. Although it was she who arranged the aborted meeting with Sinyavsky, Polyak apparently disapproved of her nephew's writing and condescended to him, for which he never forgave her.

In 1977, Mikhail Tsypkin and his wife, Elena, decided to apply for exit visas. Natalya Michnikova, fearing that her employment, for which a security clearance was needed, would prejudice her son's chances, resigned from her job



in the division of the State Committee for Material and Technical Supplies (GOSSNAB) that allocated heavy road-building and construction equipment to practically all sectors of the Soviet economy, including the military. The visas were granted, and Mikhail and Elena Tsypkin left for the United States. As soon as the K.G.B. relayed this information to Sergei Drozdov, the director of the Institute of Poliomyelitis and Viral Encephalitis, Tsypkin was demoted to junior researcher—his starting rank of more than twenty years earlier, a position for someone without an advanced degree. His salary, now the couple's only source of income, was cut by seventy-five per cent. He continued to go to the institute every day but was excluded from laboratory research, which was always conducted by teams; not one of his colleagues was willing to work with Tsypkin, for fear of being tainted by contact with an "undesirable element." There would have been no point in seeking a research position elsewhere, since in every job application he would have to declare that his son had emigrated.

Tsypkin, his wife, and his mother applied for exit visas in June, 1979. They then waited for almost two years. In April, 1981, they were informed that their requests were "inexpedient" and had been denied. (Emigration from the U.S.S.R. virtually stopped in 1980, when relations with the United States deteriorated as a result of the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan; it became obvious that, for the time being, no favors from Washington would be forthcoming in exchange for permitting Soviet Jews to leave.) It was during this period that Tsypkin wrote most of "Summer in Baden-Baden." He started the book in 1977 and completed it in 1980. The writing was preceded by years of preparation: consulting archives and photographing places associated with Dostoyevsky's life as well as ones frequented by Dostoyevsky's characters during the seasons and at the times of day mentioned in the novels. (Tsypkin was a dedicated amateur photographer and had owned a camera since the early fifties.) After finishing "Summer in Baden-Baden," he presented an album of these photographs to the Dostoyevsky museum in Leningrad.

However inconceivable it was that "Summer in Baden-Baden" could be published in Russia, there was still the option of publishing it abroad, as the best writers were then doing with their work. Tsypkin decided to attempt just this, and asked Azary Messerer, a journalist friend who had received permission to leave in early 1981, to smuggle a copy of the manuscript and some of the photographs out of the Soviet Union. Messerer was able to arrange this through the good offices of two American friends, a married couple, who were correspondents for U.P.I. based in Moscow.

At the end of September, Tsypkin, his wife, and his mother reapplied for exit visas. On October 19th, Vera Polyak died at the age of eighty-six. The refusal of all three visa applications came a week later; this time, the decision had taken less than a month.

In early March, 1982, Tsypkin went to see the head of the Moscow visa office, who told him, "Doctor, you will never be allowed to emigrate." On Monday, March 15th, Sergei Drozdov informed Tsypkin that he could no longer work at the Institute. The same day, Mikhail Tsypkin, who was in graduate school at Harvard, called Moscow to announce that on Saturday his father had finally become a published writer. Azary Messerer had succeeded in placing "Summer in Baden-Baden" with a Russian-émigré weekly in New York, *Novaya Gazeta*. The first installment, illustrated by some of Tsypkin's photographs, had appeared on March 13th.

Early on Saturday, March 20th, his fifty-sixth birthday, Tsypkin sat down at his desk to continue work on the translation of a medical text from English into Russian—translating being one of the few possibilities of eking out a living open to refuseniks (Soviet citizens, usually Jews, who had been denied exit visas as well as fired from their jobs)—suddenly felt unwell (it was a heart attack), lay down, called out to his wife, and died. He had been a published author of fiction for exactly seven days.

"Summer in Baden-Baden" is not, like J. M. Coetzee's wonderful "The Master of Petersburg," a Dostoyevsky fantasy. Neither is it a docu-novel, although it was a matter of honor for Tsypkin that everything of a factual nature in "Summer in Baden-Baden" be true to the story and the circumstances of

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the real lives it evokes. Tsypkin may have imagined that if "Summer in Baden-Baden" were ever published as a book it should include some of the photographs he had taken, thereby anticipating the signature effect of the work of W. G. Sebald, who, by seeding his books with photographs, infuses the plainest idea of verisimilitude with enigma and pathos.

What kind of book is "Summer in Baden-Baden"? From the start, the novel proposes a double narrative. It is wintertime, late December, no date given; a species of "now." The narrator is going to Leningrad (the once and future St. Petersburg). And it is mid-April, 1867. The Dostoyevskys, Fyodor (Fedya) and his young wife, Anna Grigoryevna, have left St. Petersburg and are on their way to Dresden. The account of the Dostoyevskys' travels—for they will be mostly abroad in Tsypkin's novel, and not only in Baden-Baden—has been scrupulously researched. The passages where the narrator—Tsypkin—describes his own doings are wholly autobiographical. Since imagination and fact are easily contrasted, we tend to draw genre lessons from this, and segregate invented stories (fiction) from real-life narratives (chronicle and autobiography). That's one convention—ours. In Japanese literature, the so-called "I"-novel (*shishōsetsu*), a narrative that is essentially autobiographical but contains elements of invention, is one of the dominant novel forms.

In "Summer in Baden-Baden," several "real" worlds are evoked, described, re-created in a hallucinatory rush of feeling. The originality of Tsypkin's novel lies in the way it moves, from the autobiographical narrative of the never-to-be-named narrator, embarked on his journey through the bleak contemporary Soviet landscape, to the life of the peripatetic Dostoyevskys. In the cultural ruin that is the present, the feverish past shines through. Tsypkin is travelling into Fedya's and Anna's souls and bodies as he travels to Leningrad. There are prodigious, uncanny acts of empathy.

Tsypkin will stay in Leningrad for a few days: it is a Dostoyevsky pilgrimage (surely not the first), a solitary one (no doubt as usual), that will end in a visit to the house where Dostoyevsky died. The Dostoyevskys are just beginning their impecunious travels; they will remain in Western Europe for four years. (It is worth recalling that the author of "Summer in Baden-Baden" was never allowed outside the Soviet Union.) Dresden, Baden-Baden, Basel, Frankfurt, Paris—their lot is to be constantly agitated by the confusions and humiliations of cramping financial misery while having to negotiate with a chorus of presumptuous foreigners (porters, coachmen, landladies, waiters, shopkeepers, pawnbrokers, croupiers), and by gusts of whim and volatile emotions of many kinds. The gambling fever. The moral fevers. The fever of illness. The sensual fevers. The fever of jealousy. The penitential fevers. The fear . . .

The principal intensity depicted in Tsypkin's fictional re-creation of Dostoyevsky's life is not gambling, not writing, not Christing. It is the searing, generous absoluteness (which is not to pronounce on the satisfactoriness) of conjugal love. Who will forget the image of the couple's lovemaking as swimming? Anna's all-forgiving but always dignified love for Fedya rhymes with the love of literature's disciple, Tsypkin, for Dostoyevsky.

Nothing is invented. Everything is invented. The framing action is the narrator's trip to the sites of Dostoyevsky's life and novels, part of the preparation (as we come to realize) for the book we hold in our hands. "Summer in Baden-Baden" belongs to a rare and exquisitely ambitious subgenre of the novel: a retelling of the life of a real person of accomplishment from another era, it interweaves this story with a story in the present, of the novelist mulling over, trying to gain deeper entry into, the inner life of someone whose destiny it was to become not only historical but monumental. (Another example, and one of the glories of twentieth-century Italian literature, is "Artemisia," by Anna Banti.)

Tsypkin leaves Moscow on the first page, and two-thirds of the way through the book arrives at the Moscow Station in Leningrad. Although he is aware that somewhere near the station is the "ordinary, grey Petersburg dwelling-house" where Dostoyevsky spent the last years of his life, he walks onward with his suitcase in the icy nocturnal gloom, crossing the Nevsky Prospect to pass by other places associated with Dostoyevsky's last years, then turns up where he always stays in Leningrad, a portion of a dilapidated communal apartment occupied by a tenderly described friend of his

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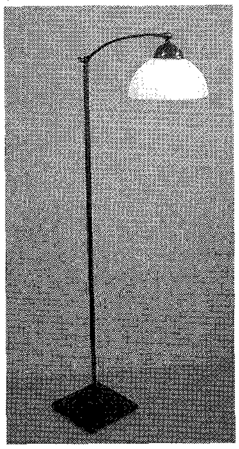
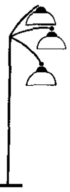
mother, who welcomes him, feeds him, makes up an old broken sofa for him to sleep on, and asks him, as she always does, "Are you still as keen on Dostoyevsky?" When she goes to bed, Tsypkin sinks into a volume plucked at random out of the pre-Revolutionary edition of Dostoyevsky's collected works in her bookcase, the "Diary of a Writer," and falls asleep musing about the mystery of Dostoyevsky's anti-Semitism.

After a morning spent chatting with his affectionate old friend, and hearing more stories of the horrors endured during the Leningrad Blockade, Tsypkin sets off—the short winter day is already darkening—to roam about the city, "taking photographs of the Raskolnikov House or the Old Moneylender's House or Sonechka's House or buildings where their author had lived during the darkest and most clandestine period of his life in the years immediately following his return from exile." Walking on, "led by a kind of instinct," Tsypkin manages to reach "exactly the right spot"—"my heart was pounding with joy and some other vaguely sensed feeling"—opposite the four-story corner building where Dostoyevsky died, now the Dostoyevsky museum; and the description of the visit ("An almost churchlike silence reigned in the museum") segues into a narrative of a dying that is worthy of Tolstoy. It is through the prism of Anna's excruciating grief that Tsypkin re-creates the long deathbed hours in this book about love, married love and the love of literature—loves that are in no way linked or compared, but each given its due, each contributing its infusing fire.

Loving Dostoyevsky, what is one to do—what is a Jew to do—with the knowledge that he hated Jews? How explain the vicious anti-Semitism of "a man so sensitive in his novels to the suffering of others, this jealous defender of the insulted and injured"? And how understand "this special attraction which Dostoyevsky seems to possess for Jews"?

The most intellectually powerful of the Jewish Dostoyevsky lovers, Leonid Grossman (1888-1965), heads a long list of Jewish Dostoyevskyists cited by Tsypkin. Grossman is an important source for Tsypkin's re-imagining of Dostoyevsky's life, and a book he refers to at the beginning of "Summer in Baden-Baden" is the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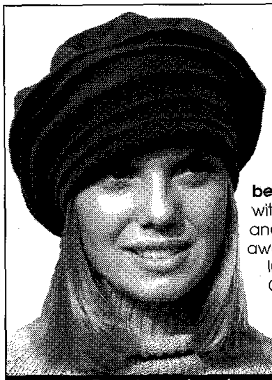
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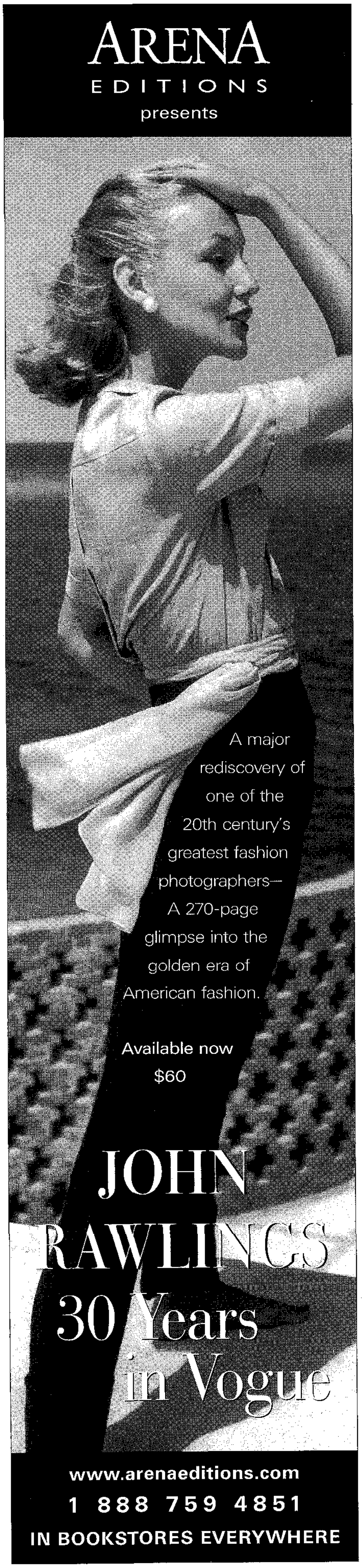

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product of Grossman's scholarly labors. It was he who edited the first selection of Anna Dostoyevsky's "Reminiscences," which was published in 1925, seven years after her death. Tsypkin speculates that the absence of "loathsome little Jews" and other such expectable phrases in the memoirs of Dostoyevsky's widow may be explained by the fact that she wrote them, on the eve of the Revolution, after she made Grossman's acquaintance.

Tsypkin must have known Grossman's many influential essays on Dostoyevsky, such as "Balzac and Dostoyevsky" (1914) and "Dostoyevsky's Library" (1919). He may have come across Grossman's novel "Roulettenburg" (1932), a gloss on Dostoyevsky's novella about the gambling passion. ("Roulettenburg" was the original title of "The Gambler.") But he couldn't have read Grossman's "Confession of a Jew" (1924), which had gone completely out of circulation. "Confession of a Jew" is an account of the life of the most enthralling and pathetic of the Jewish Dostoyevskyists, Arkady Kovner (1842-1909), a reckless autodidact brought up in the Vilna ghetto, with whom Dostoyevsky entered an epistolary relationship. Kovner had fallen under the writer's spell and was inspired by reading "Crime and Punishment" to commit a theft to succor an ailing impoverished young woman with whom he was in love. In 1877, from his cell in a Moscow jail, before being transported to serve a sentence of three years of hard labor in Siberia, Kovner wrote to Dostoyevsky to challenge him on the matter of his antipathy to Jews. (That was the first letter; the second was about the immortality of the soul.)

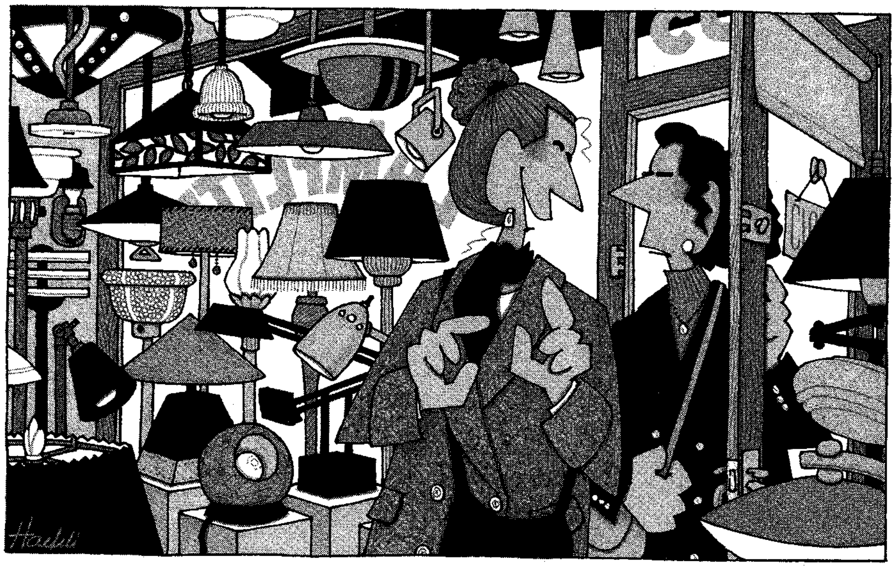
In the end, there is no resolution of the anguishing subject of Dostoyevsky's anti-Semitism, a theme that comes surging into "Summer in Baden-Baden" once Tsypkin reaches Leningrad. It seemed, he writes, "strange to the point of implausibility" that Dostoyevsky should not have uttered "even a single word in the defense or justification of a people persecuted over several thousands of years . . . and he did not even refer to the Jews as a people, but as a tribe . . . and to this tribe I belonged and the many friends and acquaintances of mine with whom I had discussed the subtlest problems of Russian literature." Yet this hasn't kept Jews from loving Dostoyevsky. How to explain that?

Tsypkin has no better explanation than the fervor of Jews for Russian literature—which might remind us that the German adulation of Goethe and Schiller was in large part a Jewish affair, right up to the time Germany started murdering its Jews. Loving Dostoyevsky means loving literature.

A crash course on all the great themes of Russian literature, "Summer in Baden-Baden" is unified by the ingenuity and velocity of its language (superbly rendered in English by Roger and Angela Keys, according to Tsypkin's son), which moves boldly, seductively, between first and third person—the doings, memories, musings of the narrator ("I") and the Dostoyevsky scenes ("he," "they," "she")—and between past and present. But this is not a unitary present (of Tsypkin on his Dostoyevsky pilgrimage), any more than it is a unitary past (the Dostoyevskys from 1867 to 1881, the year of Dostoyevsky's death). Dostoyevsky, in the past, submits to the undertow of remembered scenes, passions from earlier moments in his life; the narrator, in the present, summons up memories of his past.

Each paragraph indent begins a long, long sentence, whose connectives are "and" (many of these) and "but" (several) and "although" and "and so" and "whereas" and "just as" and "because" and "as if," along with many dashes. There is a full stop only when the paragraph ends. In the course of these ardently protracted paragraph-sentences, the river of feeling gathers up and sweeps along the narrative of Dostoyevsky's life and of Tsypkin's: a sentence that starts with Fedya and Anna in Dresden might flash back to Dostoyevsky's convict years or to an earlier bout of gambling mania linked to his romance with Polina Suslova, then thread onto this a memory from the narrator's medical-student days and a rumination on some lines by Pushkin.

Tsypkin's sentences call to mind José Saramago's run-on sentences, which fold dialogue into description and description into dialogue, and are spiked by verbs that refuse to stay consistently in either the past or the present tense. In their incessantness, Tsypkin's sentences have something of the same force and hectic authority as those of Thomas Bernhard. Obviously, Tsypkin could not have known the books of Saramago and



"This is a clever little shop. It makes you think it would be fun to own a lamp."

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Bernhard. He had other models of ecstatic prose in twentieth-century literature. He loved the early, not the late, prose of Pasternak—"Safe Conduct," not "Doctor Zhivago." He loved Tsvetaeva. He loved Rilke, in part because Tsvetaeva and Pasternak had loved Rilke; he read very little foreign literature, and only in translation. Of what he had read, his greatest passion was Kafka, whom he discovered by way of a volume of stories published in the Soviet Union in the mid-sixties. The amazing Tsypkin sentence was entirely his own construction.

Tsypkin's son says that his father was obsessed by detail and compulsively neat. His daughter-in-law, commenting on his choice of medical specialty—pathology—and his decision never to practice as a clinical physician, recalls that "he was very interested in death." Perhaps only an obsessive, death-haunted hypochondriac, such as Tsypkin seems to have been, could have devised a sentence form that is free in so original a way. His prose is an ideal vehicle for the emotional intensity and abundance of his subject. In a relatively short book, the long sentence bespeaks inclusiveness and associativeness, the passionate agility of a temperament steeped, in most respects, in adamancy.

Besides the account of the incomparable Dostoyevsky, Tsypkin's novel offers an extraordinary mental tour of Russian reality. Taken for granted, if that is not too odd a way of putting it, are the sufferings of the Soviet era, from the Great Terror of 1934-37 to the present of the narrator's quest: the book pulses with them. "Summer in Baden-Baden" is also a spirited and plangent account of Russian literature—the whole arc of Russian literature. Pushkin, Turgenev (there is a scene of fierce confrontation between Dostoyevsky and Turgenev), and the great figures of twentieth-century literature and ethical struggle—Tsvetaeva, Solzhenitsyn, Sakharov and Bonner—also enter, are poured into the narration.

It is sobering to recall how close the book came to being lost, after being published first by a small German-language house in Munich in 1983 and, four years later, in an English translation in London; both editions quickly went out of print. Only in 1999 did "Summer in Baden-Baden" at last appear in Russia, in a one-volume gathering of Tsypkin's principal prose works. Even in its native language, the novel remains something of a secret. For the moment, more perhaps may be hoped from the English translation, which has now been brought back into print and will be published in America for the first time, by New Directions, next month.

One emerges from reading "Summer in Baden-Baden" purged, shaken, fortified, breathing a little deeper, grateful to literature for what it can harbor and exemplify. Leonid Tsypkin did not write a long book. But he made a great journey. ♦

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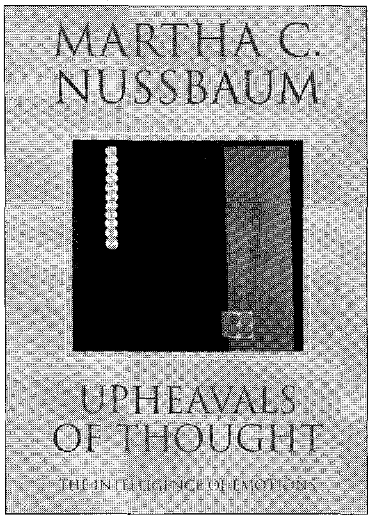
"A MAJOR ACHIEVEMENT*"



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BOOKS

YOUNG IRIS

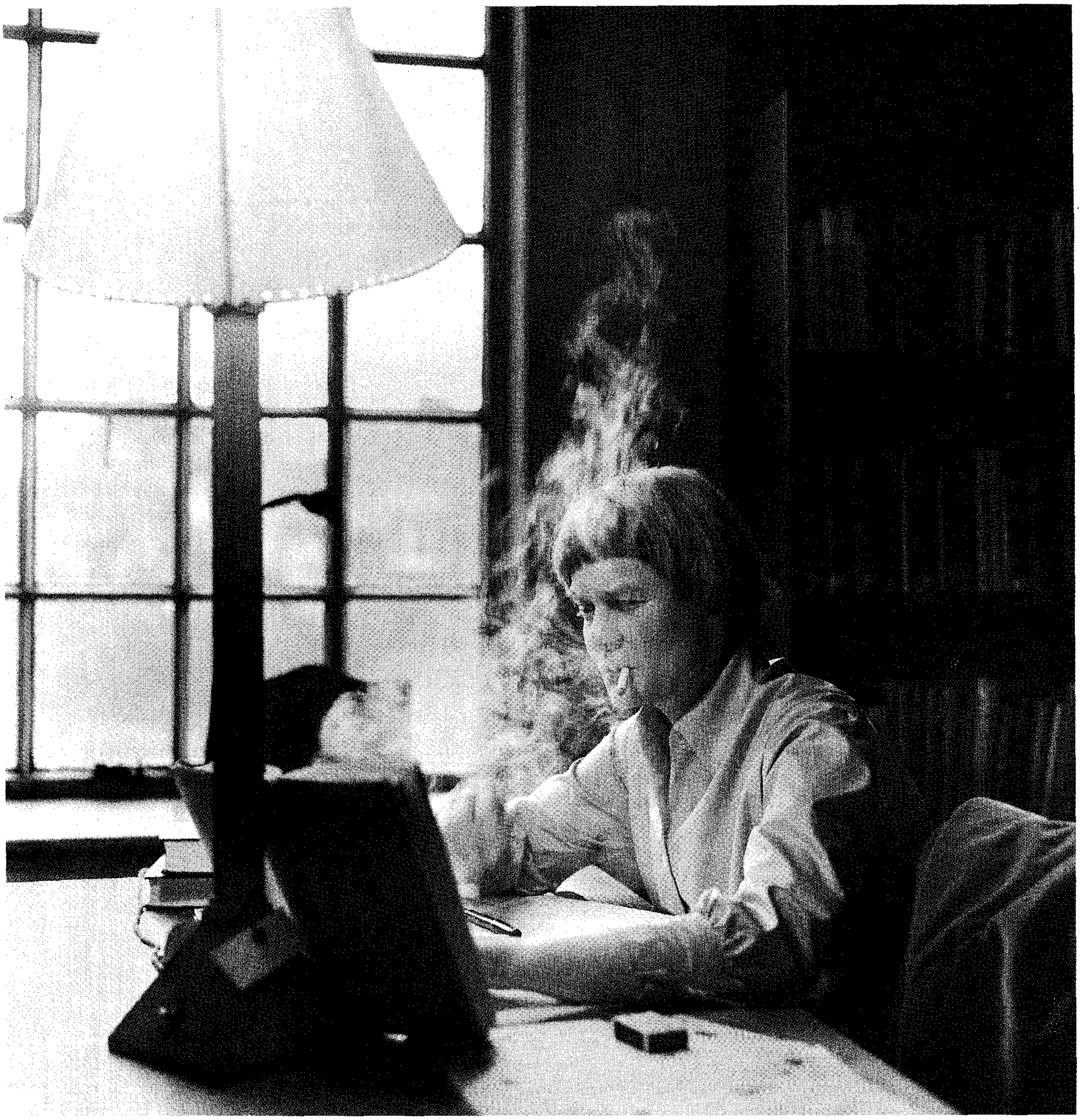
A new biography focusses on the novelist's early questings.

BY JOHN UPDIKE

There would be no need to complain of literary biographies—so often superfluous, bloated, and carping—if they were all as good as Peter J. Conradi's "Iris Murdoch: A Life" (Norton; $35). Conradi offers a real expansion of our sense of the preëminent English novelist of the second half of the twentieth century; he brings to the table personal and literary intimacy with his subject, and a treasure lode of hitherto unpublished journals that she had kept (with some post-factum excisions) since her college days, plus caches of her letters retained by their recipients. A professor emeritus of English at Kingston University, he had been acquainted with Murdoch and her husband, John Bayley, since 1981, and was especially close to them in the last decade of the century, as Murdoch, from about 1994 on, slowly sank into the fog of Alzheimer's disease. Upon her death, in 1999, Conradi was named her co-executor. The matter of his writing her biography came up while she was still alive, and, though self-effacing and considerably secretive, she gave him her blessing in 1997, saying simply, "You're a good friend." In her remaining few years, to the extent that she was able, she collaborated with him by providing interviews and suggesting contacts. Conradi had, in 1986, written a book-length study of her work ("Iris Murdoch: The Saint and the Artist," revised and reprinted in 1988 and 2001) and, in 1997, collected her essays, under the title "Existentialists and Mystics." He is fond but not infatuated: he strives to see, with an occasional touch of irritation, into the sometimes murky psychology of his verbose, seductive subject. On the second page of "The Saint and the Artist," he provides as brisk a summary of her artistic failings as an adverse critic could desire:

> She can be uneven, over-intellectual or romantic. There is some unfinished and repetitive writing. The books can seem contrived or over-plotted, the characters sometimes insufficiently imagined. Her social range is not huge, she says little about work and often appears to take money for granted. She can seem to be playing a complex game with the reader. There is, as early reviewers noted, "too much" in the books.

His biography, his introduction says, "might have been entitled 'Young Iris' "; it is preponderantly concerned with the relatively obscure years between Murdoch's birth, in 1919, and the mid-fifties, when, with the publication of her first novel, in 1954, and her marriage to John Bayley, in 1956, her restless questings—intellectual, religious, and amorous—arrived at a settled vocation and a permanent relationship. But Conradi's critical acumen and literary learning also bring to Old Iris some enlightening aperçus as he surveys a massive œuvre and an increasingly public existence. For example: "Her best fiction is part-fed by a species of cool rage which may relate to a radical *contemptus mundi et vitae*, but is sufficiently rooted in the world for it to live in the imagination of the reader." With delicacy and a finely apt quotation, he measures out judgment on the propriety of Bayley's loving yet ruthlessly exposing memoir "Elegy for Iris," which, published while Murdoch was still alive, brought letters of gratitude from other caretakers of Alzheimer's victims but also protests from those who, Conradi writes, "felt Iris was cast in this very public role of quixotic benefactress without her consent. Like the gentleman witnessing Lear's madness, it was a 'sight most pitiful in the meanest wretch / Past speaking of in a king!' " The biographer relays Francis Wyndham's comically majestic picture of Murdoch at her desk: "Like a Henry Moore statue seated between two massive piles of manuscript, moving only to write, one pile of empty paper, the other full, her industry phenomenal." Of the not infrequent carelessness of her writing, and her spurning of editorial advice (most persistently



Murdoch in Oxford in 1957: "My task after all to write—thank God for this much of a solution." Photograph by Snowdon.

CAMERA PRESS/RETNA

offered by her American publisher, Viking), he cites Plato's "emphasis on the provisionality of all imagery" and her own remark, in a review of a book by her acolyte A. S. Byatt, that the novel is "the most imperfect of art-forms"; we are led to the conclusion that a spiritual virtue of sorts, a way to "escape definition," lay behind "the wilful obstinacy of her imperfection—as in her refusal to be edited."

Along with its felicities of perception, its warm sympathy with its subject, and its wealth of fresh material, Conradi's book has a few imperfections of its own, including some woolly sentences and misattached modifiers surprising in an English professor (e.g., "Like William Golding, and perhaps Muriel Spark, the Second World War made Iris think anew about human wickedness and irrationality"). And there are oddities of format. The ample, sprightly notes in the back are difficult to consult, since they are headed only by chapter numbers while the chapter running heads give only the titles. Divisions within the chapters are marked by spelled-out numbers in capital letters, a distractingly obtrusive device that possibly, in its extra distinctness, has the advantage of enabling Conradi to cover a large territory in swift strides: the chapter titled "Discontinuities" takes up, in sections of one or two thousand words, Murdoch's dim sense of personal identity, her "only recreation" of learning languages, her fitful artistic connection with the theatre, her disappointments with film adaptations of her novels, her happy marriage (she called her husband Puss and signed her checks "Iris Bayley"), her love of urban anonymity, her Buddhism and Platonism, and "four lesser novels from the 1970s."

John Bayley's memoir and Conradi's life both emphasize Murdoch's selflessness. "Nobody less narcissistic than Iris can well be imagined," Bayley writes, and observes that, as Alzheimer's closed in, "Iris's own lack of a sense of identity seemed to float her more gently into its world of preoccupied emptiness." Conradi, a practicing Buddhist who rejoiced with Murdoch in the happy possibility of a Godless religion, approvingly writes, "Both the saint and the true artist were equally, in her coinage, 'unpersons.' " And yet the young Iris abounded with a good firm sense of herself, enough so that as a schoolgirl "she didn't care much what people thought. . . . She was there to get on with things and enjoy them." The cherished only child of a Protestant Irish couple transplanted to England, she remembered her isolated little family as "a perfect trinity of love." (She made much of her Irishness in interviews, and, indeed, was born in Dublin and spoke with a brogue. Yet at the time of her birth, Conradi shows, her father, a civil servant from Belfast who had served as an officer in the British Army for three years of the First World War, had already moved to London and was working there. The infant and her mother, a gifted singer from a colorful family of faded Dublin gentry, the Richardsons, followed within a year.) Iris had an English upbringing, enlivened by summer visits to her many relatives in Ireland. The Chapmans of Portrush remembered Iris's childhood personality as one of "goodness, kind-heartedness, strangeness, strong will and shyness"; a friend from Oxford recalled "something 'aboriginal' in Iris—'simplicity, naiveté, power, and space.' "

Her father, a gentle, bookish, and modestly paid clerk in the Ministry of Health, scrimped and borrowed to send her to expensive progressive schools. At the age of five, she was enrolled at the Froebel Demonstration School, near their home in London's West End; the Scots headmistress, Ethel M. Bain, led her charges in elaborate chivalric rites that included jousting with "King Bain" and eating a boar's head concocted of sponge cake. At the age of thirteen, Iris went away to Badminton School, in a suburb of Bristol, on a scholarship, which gave rise to the taunt, in a letter from her fellow-writer Brigid Brophy, that she had been a "poor girl who only just made it into a rich girls' school." The headmistress, the formidable Beatrice May Baker—who until her death, at ninety-seven, remained a friend of Murdoch's—exposed her rich girls to a regimen of cold baths in the morning, serious academic studies, and, as Fascism took hold on the Continent, left-wing idealism. A teacher recalled Iris as "a good hockey player, interested in and gifted at art (painting), not particularly musical, though she 'had a go,' but excelling at classics and English." Conradi adds, "It would not be surprising if Iris's omnicompetence aroused dislike or envy; none has stepped forward to say it did." By her senior year, she was head girl and translating Sophocles, praising the Soviet Union, meeting W. H. Auden, winning prizes, editing a collection of poems by Bristol schoolchildren, and conducting her first romance, initially an epistolary one, with James Henderson Scott, a poetry-writing Belfast dentistry student and a convert from Methodism to Catholicism. After they met, she cooled the romance, though they did sail to Belfast together and "climbed the tower of Queen's University, tying a friend's pyjamas to the flagpost." Scott recovered enough from Iris's rejection to fall in love elsewhere and to give his inaugural lecture as Professor of Dental Anatomy at Queen's in blank verse. When he died, she wrote his widow that he had been to her a "great awakener."

There was much awakening to come. She won a stipend of forty pounds a year for three years at Somerville College, Oxford. The acting dean warned the new students, "The women are still very much on probation in this University. You may think that it doesn't matter if you do something a little wild, but I can tell you that it will." Wild Iris took root; while remaining a virgin, she fended off as many as six proposals in one term. Michael Foot, a fellow-Oxonian who was to be one of her conquests, recalled that "practically everyone who was up with Iris fell for her. She had personality and that wonderful Irish voice." She also had a stocky figure and an arguably plain face, but it was left to her prospective mother-in-law to remark, in 1954, "She's like a little bull!" Of her Oxford years Iris later wrote, "My God, that was a golden time." Many of her college friends remained so for the rest of her life. Conradi explains, "Friendships formed just before the war partook of the same intensity as did politics and love; no one, after all, knew who would survive the coming onslaught." Murdoch had intended to study English but switched to classics—"Mods and Greats"—a degree that took four years instead of three. She joined the Communist Party, probably in 1938, and spent two August weeks in 1939, the last days of peace, touring with the Magpie Players, singing and "enacting the roles of 'care-free students.' " Among the men who engaged her interest at Oxford were Frank Thompson, a poet and Wykehamist who spoke six languages, enlisted in 1939, and eloquently corresponded with Iris until his death in Bulgaria in 1944; Eduard Fraenkel, a Jewish refugee classical scholar, physically deformed and intellectually intimidating, who taught her in his "Agamemnon" seminar; and Donald MacKinnon, another instructor, a High Anglo-Catholic who taught philosophy and was, according to George Steiner, "that most searching of modern British moral philosophers." Her involvement with all three was chaste but passionate; they enamored her mind and haunt her fiction.

In 1942, she graduated from Oxford with a first and, having registered as "willing to carry out war work in the short-staffed civil service," was assigned to the Treasury and moved to London. She resigned from the Communist Party, possibly on the Party's advice, and omnicompetently became expert in the details and mathematics of government bureaucracy. She found a quaint flat, 5 Seaforth Place, in a tiny alley off Buckingham Gate, and eventually shared it with Philippa Bosanquet, a lifelong Oxford friend and eventual philosopher of note. Early in 1943, with typical honesty and dispassion, Iris wrote to Frank Thompson some personal news:

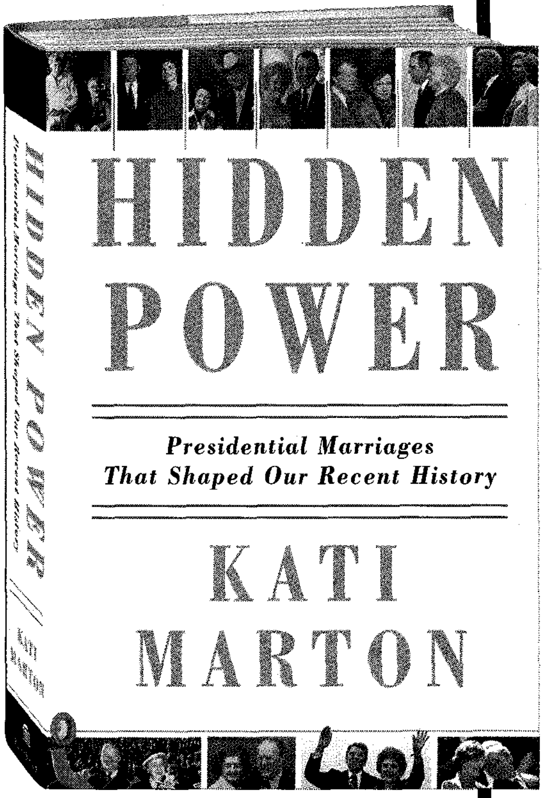
> I should tell you that I have parted company with my virginity. This I regard as in every way a good thing. I feel calmer & freer—relieved from something which was

> obsessing me, & made free of a new field of experience. There have been two men. I don't think I love either of them—but I like them. . . . I am not just going wild. In spite of a certain amount of wild talk I still live my life with deliberation.

In 1944, she applied to join the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Association. She worked in the London office for fifteen months, acting as a secretary and calculating postwar salaries for civil servants drafted into war work. After a stint in Brussels, she was posted to Innsbruck, the headquarters of the French zone of Austria, to Puch, in the American zone, and, finally, to Klagenfurt and Graz, in the British zone. This Continental tour, which ended in July of 1946, reinforced her cosmopolitan tendencies; she met Sartre and Raymond Queneau, read Rilke and Simone de Beauvoir, and imbibed the astringent but intoxicating liqueur of existentialism. She was also exposed, close at hand, to the misery of war and its aftermath, which had created millions of displaced persons, many of whom were repatriated to certain death in Stalin's Russia or Tito's Yugoslavia. Refugees and exiles henceforth figured heavily in her personal acquaintance and in her literary imagination. She herself became, once she returned to England, a sort of displaced person, academic but not quickly assimilated by academe. She won a Commonwealth Scholarship to Vassar, but admitted on the visa application form that she had been a member of the Communist Party and was denied entry under the McCarran-Walter Act. (Hence the United States, though she did eventually visit a few times with her husband, is a distant, fabulous, forbidding realm in her fiction; she has no American novel like Muriel Spark's "The Hothouse by the East River" or Martin Amis's "Money.") Conradi marks this postwar period as her low point:

> The failure of her attempt to get to Vassar left her depressed, lost, lacking the sense of a future. She was unemployed from July 1946 until she went up to Cambridge in October 1947, and her financial situation was dire. Under a photograph of herself taken that bitter winter of 1946-47, in a cold and snowy London, she wrote in her photograph album a single, expressive word: "Nadir."

It was in this desolate time, when neither her romances nor her attempted novels were working out, that she drew closest to Anglo-Catholicism, befriending clerics and converts, drawing too close to Donald MacKinnon for his wife's comfort, and reading the writers made fashionable by Christian existentialism—Unamuno, Heidegger, Berdyaev, Kierkegaard, Simone Weil, Gabriel Marcel. At Cambridge, where she had been granted a studentship in philosophy, she met Wittgenstein, but did not quite fall under his spell; she seemed, according to the writer Elizabeth Sewell, "really a stranger," who "never fit in." However, her faithful friend Philippa, now Philippa Foot, told her of a philosophy tutorship at St. Anne's College, Oxford, and when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Murdoch won the job, in July of 1948, her life got back on track, a track it never left: Oxford became her professional and imaginative base of operations—a sheltered theatre of philosophical and erotic venturing, an island of dreaming towers wherein men and women flitted and form-shifted with the freedom of bodiless spirits, in an ether of intelligent self-regard and benign androgyny, Prospero and Ariel entwined and not even Caliban denied his portion of love.

After parting company with her virginity, young Iris had become a bold and busy sexual adventuress. The loved child had grown to be a love addict. Her entanglements have the prolixity more of the sixties and seventies than of the forties and fifties. Looking back, in 1968, on her journals from 1945 onward, she noted, "That business of falling in love with A, then with B, then with C (all madly) seems a bit sickening." In medias res, however, in 1952, she pleaded in her journal, "I mustn't live in this torment of emotion" and then parenthetically added "(Empty words—I shall always live so)." In 1948, she wrote, "One of my fundamental assumptions is that I have the power to seduce anyone." The main men, after the mysterious two in 1943, were Michael Foot (Iris was his first lover, and, when rejected by her, he was accepted by her flatmate Philippa); Tommy Balogh (a "brilliant but abrasive" Oxford tutor, he had been Philippa's lover and, fickle as he was, gave Iris much grief); David Hicks (he was the first man to kiss her, in 1938, and in 1946 jilted her after a whirlwind engagement); Franz Steiner (a frail, polymathic Czech-German Jewish anthropologist and religious poet styled by Iris "the most beloved" of "my Jewish teachers," he had a heart condition that made physical intimacy perilous and brought about his death at the age of forty-three); Arnoldo Momigliano (this Jewish Italian scholar came up to Oxford from London on weekends, read Dante with Iris in her flat, and travelled with her several times in Italy); and, making the biggest impact of all, Elias Canetti. A Sephardic Jew born in Bulgaria, Canetti lived in England for most of his life but composed his sinister, Nobel Prize-winning works in German. Introduced to Iris by Franz Steiner, he ensnared her in his tyrannical London ménage, which included his one-armed wife, Veza, and his slavish mistress, Friedl; he became the archetype of all the domineering monster-masters in her fiction. With uncharacteristic explicitness she described their lovemaking in her journals:

> [He] held me savagely between his knees & grasps my hair and forces my head back. His power. He subjugates me completely. Only such a complete intellectual & moral ascendancy could hold me.

Canetti's fierce spell was incongruously broken by the advent of mild, innocent, stammering, hyper-English John Bayley. From 1953 to 1956, the two men warred in her affections, which were not confined to the list above, or altogether to men. The triumphant Bayley was awarded with a solemnly confessed roll call of his predecessors, as we read in his "Elegy for Iris":

> Had I not heard all about them, the people of her past and present, at one time or another during the period of our own intimacy? It appeared that I had not. Unknown figures arose before me like the procession of kings in Macbeth, seeming to regard me with grave curiosity as they passed by. There was so-and-so with whom she had first been to bed, and so-and-so and so-and-so who had wanted to marry her. . . . There seemed so many of them, these fortunate persons, and to my amazement, I had just learned that some quite ordinary people, as I thought of them, acquaintances and even colleagues of my own, had at some time or other in the past been recipients of Iris's kindness. They had desired her, and not been rejected.

At the age of thirty-seven, Murdoch married a man six years younger and lived with him, in Oxfordshire houses famous for their messiness, like a (Bayley's phrase) "co-child." She had cleared the decks for what her journal a couple of years earlier announced: "My task after all to write—thank God for this much of a solution." Her tumultuous love life had been a long tutorial in suffering, power, treachery, and bliss; the romantic seethe was for her, like the sea for Conrad and war for Hemingway, a treasury of essential impression. Her promiscuity, if we call it that, manifested the openness of which other aspects were her avid intellectual appetite, the empathy with others that made her a famously kind and attentive friend, and the "Negative Capability" that Keats named as Shakespeare's secret. When we read Murdoch, we feel the ideas and images and imagined personalities pouring through her, unobstructed, cumulative, complicating, gaining power over her mind "without," as Keats said, "any irritable reaching after fact and reason."

Her published novels began sharp, terse, angular, and blithely enigmatic, on the French model of Queneau, and she ended as one of the most expansive and leisurely expositors since the Victorians. Her early mode achieved its masterpiece in "A Severed Head," which I remember being passed around among young suburban couples in the early sixties as a species of news. This news—that we tend to love, that love is ambient and uncontrollable and comically, cruelly protean—never grew stale for her, though for the reader the filaments she spun from this centrifuge could feel, even in the best of her late books, like "The Sea, the Sea" and "The Philosopher's Pupil," like cotton candy. Her characters make an exclusive diet of one another; she once defined happiness as "to be utterly absorbed in at least six other human beings." Utter absorption can cloy. Murdoch gives her characters the full benefit of her past emotional tumult but sometimes denies them what Conradi calls "her own native good sense, that of a cheerful, prudent Ulsterwoman." The philosophical problem she insistently poses—can the Good survive the death of God?—pales to abstraction amid the demonic mischief and moral anarchy of her plots. Indubitably concrete and alive are her world's details, human, animal, mineral, behavioral, and atmospheric. The descriptions of nature, dashed down in commaless strings of adjectives, like those of Saul Bellow, phrase the *gloria mundi*. She possessed the quality she missed in Sartre, as she noted in her calmly brilliant first book, "Sartre: Romantic Rationalist": "Sartre has an impatience, which is fatal to a novelist proper, with the *stuff* of human life." She was beautifully patient with stuff, putting it all down in a steady harvest, a student of philosophy and the classics, alert to the ripples and quirks of contemporary life, a word child who, confident of being loved, could afford to lavish her attention on everything around her. ♦

BRIEFLY NOTED

Germs, *by Judith Miller, Stephen Engelberg, and William Broad (Simon & Schuster; $27).* Deftly interweaving science, history, and politics, three *Times* reporters provide an enlightening account of biological weapons and America's halting efforts both to develop and to defend against them. The book explores all the expected topics (Soviet and Iraqi bioweapon factories; the forays into bioterror by groups like Japan's Aum cult), but it is particularly revelatory about the history of American germ-warfare efforts, which were reduced though not eliminated by the 1972 treaty banning them, and about more recent attempts to raise this country's military and civil preparedness. As the book shows, the obstacles to effective countermeasures are both technical and political. "Biodefense has no natural political constituency in Washington," the authors write, and the military-industrial complex "has little interest in vaccines and public health." Unfortunately, as the book makes plain, all that terrorists need to make devastating germ weapons is some off-the-shelf lab equipment—at a cost, it would seem, of a few airline tickets.

A Trial by Jury, *by D. Graham Burnett (Knopf; $21).* The author, a historian of science, also proves himself an excellent student of human nature in this first-person account of serving as the jury foreman in a New York City murder trial. Though the entire case, from opening gavel to final decision, takes only a few weeks, Burnett manages to paint vivid portraits of his fellow-jurors and examine the knottier issues of class, race, and gender that complicate the justice system's search for objective truth. Until now, the standard-bearer for jury-room dynamics has been "Twelve Angry Men"; Burnett's narrative, while significantly more understated, is no less illuminating.

Simone Weil, *by Francine du Plessix Gray (Viking; $19.95).* A girl who wanted to be a boy, a Jew who wanted to convert to Catholicism, a prodigy who craved the camaraderie of the factory line, a rich kid who was always looking for a harder floor to sleep on, the French philosopher Simone Weil (1909-43) was at war with every aspect of her identity. She was also at war with almost everything else, taking on as her burden a breathtaking array of injustices; eventually, it is fair to say, she was consumed by these struggles, dying of anorexia at the age of thirty-four. And yet between bouts of digging potatoes and arguing with priests and visiting various resorts with her doting parents, the indefatigable activist managed to get quite a lot of writing done. Part intellectual primer and part case study, this slim, sympathetic biography makes us question whether we value Weil's thinking despite the example of her punishing, courageous, profoundly exasperating life, or because of it.

Afghanistan, *by Chris Steele-Perkins (Westzone/Trafalgar Square; $50).* In the introduction to this austere collection of photographs, taken on four journeys that Steele-Perkins made through Afghanistan between 1994 and 1998, the French writer André Velter warns us that every report from this country "speaks of devastation, ambushes, torture, mass exodus, absurd fanaticism, even of birds that are slit open." But, in the pages that follow, amid a grim catalogue of bomb craters and amputees we are given images of eerie ordinariness—a wedding banquet, a merchant catching a melon as it's thrown off a truck, a naked child disappearing through a doorway. This is not a political document but a human one, of a place where menace and tenderness are neighbors. Boys ride wooden horses on a makeshift merry-go-round, laughing at the man with a gun sitting at the center; a woman turns toward the camera, and we glimpse a patch of skin through a small hole in her tattered burka.

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GUT PUNCH

How great was Jack Welch?

BY JOHN CASSIDY

In November of 1986, shortly after General Electric acquired NBC, Larry Grossman, the head of NBC News, went into a budget meeting with G.E.'s chairman, Jack Welch. As Welch explains in his new book, "Jack: Straight from the Gut" (Warner; $29.95), he and Grossman "were on different planets." Welch was a feared and confrontational manager, with a fanatical devotion to cutting costs and boosting profits. Since taking over G.E., five years earlier, he had got rid of more than a hundred thousand employees and earned the nickname Neutron Jack. Grossman, a former president of the Public Broadcasting Service, was an urbane veteran of the television industry. He had already annoyed his new boss by inviting him to dinner the night that Welch's beloved Red Sox were playing the Mets in the sixth game of the World Series. Now he was proposing an increase in editorial spending.

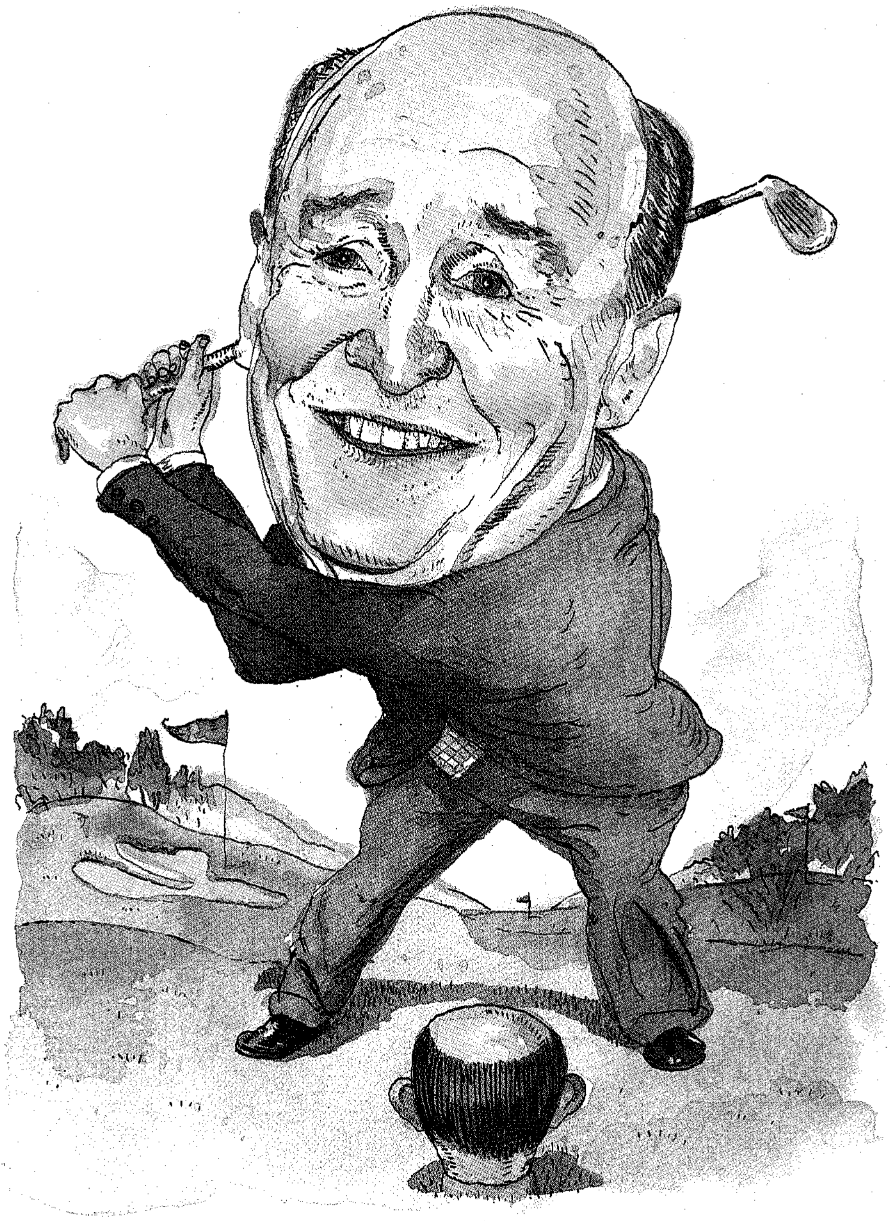
"Larry hated this kind of meeting," Welch recalls. "He thought it was demeaning to talk about costs with some business suits. He operated under the theory that networks should lose money while covering the news in the name of journalistic integrity. His dismissive attitude only added to the friction. I was ripped after the meeting." The following morning, Welch sent a helicopter to bring Grossman to G.E.'s headquarters, in Fairfield, Connecticut. Bob Wright, a G.E. man whom Welch had installed as NBC's chief executive, travelled with him. When the two arrived, Welch got straight to the point:

> "Larry, I didn't like the way the meeting went yesterday."
>
> "What didn't you like?" he asked.
>
> "I didn't like your lack of responsiveness to our cost challenges."
>
> I never touched him. We were miles apart. After a couple of hours, Larry looked at his watch and said, "Jack, I've got to get this over with. I have to get back to New York because I have dinner with Chief Justice Burger."
>
> "Larry, if you like having dinners with the Justice Burgers of this world, you better get this thing in line fast. You work for Bob Wright. You work for G.E. Get your costs in line or move on."

Eight months later, Grossman "resigned." His successor, Michael Gartner, a former editor of the Des Moines *Register*, didn't have much television experience, but his "courage to attack the NBC News cost structure" impressed Welch. When Gartner left, in 1993, Welch found a replacement, Andrew Lack, who managed both to contain costs and to turn the "Today" show and the "Nightly News with Tom Brokaw" into top-rated programs. Welch was so taken by Lack that, eventually, he made him head of all NBC. Lack, for his part, grew close to Welch, but he harbored no illusions about the nature of their relationship. Welch quotes him as having said:

> "Jack and I have been friends for eight years, and our wives see each other all the time. If I started down a path where I made four incredibly bad decisions, I know he would fire me. He'd hug me, say he's sorry and maybe you won't want to go to dinner with me anymore, but he wouldn't hesitate to get rid of me."

This is the world in which most of



It's "false kindness," Welch says, to keep people on the payroll who "aren't going to grow."

us now work—a world where, in Welch's words, "it's all about performance." As chairman of G.E., and the most admired executive in corporate America, Welch did much to create this environment. Before his tenure, most G.E. employees spent their entire careers with the company, and knew they would be looked after when they retired. That company no longer exists. Even when economic times were good, Welch encouraged his senior managers to replace ten per cent of their subordinates every year in order to keep G.E. competitive. He was a Maoist in a blue suit, insisting that only permanent revolution could guarantee economic survival. "Some think it's cruel or brutal to remove the bottom 10 percent of our people," he explains. "It isn't. It's just the opposite. What I think is brutal and 'false kindness' is keeping people around who aren't going to grow and prosper."

There were tough-guy C.E.O.s before Welch, but none of them did as much to raise Darwinism to a business philosophy. From a financial perspective—the only one that matters, he would say—Welch was a great success. When he became chairman, at the start of 1981, G.E. was valued by the stock market at thirteen billion dollars. When he retired, earlier this month, G.E. was worth about four hundred billion dollars. Some of this wealth creation can be attributed to the broader rise of the stock market. A hundred dollars invested in the Dow Jones Industrials Average at the start of 1981 would have grown to $2,229 by the end of 2000. But the same hundred dollars invested in G.E.'s stock would have grown to $6,749. And Welch achieved these results in that most unfashionable of corporate vehicles, a conglomerate, which sold everything from refrigerators to aircraft leases. While Westinghouse and other famous conglomerates disappeared, Welch's hydra-headed company thrived. His aggressive management style was copied by other C.E.O.s, and by aspiring C.E.O.s, to the point that, in many companies, it has become the norm. In 1999, *Fortune* proclaimed Welch the "manager of the century."

Warner Books advanced Welch more than seven million dollars to tell his tale, with the aid of John A. Byrne, a journalist at *Business Week*. Regrettably, Byrne had less than a year to debrief his subject and turn out four hundred and eighty pages, and "Jack: Straight from the Gut" feels rushed. According to Byrne, Welch "went over every draft, word for word, comma for comma." This was probably unfortunate. Throughout the book, Byrne's writing is marred by what sounds like the authentic Welch voice, telling us that people had taken "a big swing" and "given one thousand percent." At times, the sports metaphors become comically confused; a frustrated young Welch is "testing the waters, not really wanting to leave G.E. but not sure where I stood in the race. That lack of self-confidence was rearing its ugly head."

The memoir is as notable for what Welch left out as for what he included. There is more about Welch's golf game—a single-figure handicapper, he once beat Greg Norman—than about the breakup of his first marriage, which lasted twenty-eight years, and there is virtually nothing about his vast remuneration. (In 2000, Welch received about a hundred and twenty-five million dollars, plus options that could be worth up to two hundred and seventy-five million dollars, depending on how G.E. fares over the next decade.) Welch is well known for his temper, but in his memoir the only anger he shows is toward the government (for belatedly trying to force G.E. to clean up PCBs it dumped into the Hudson River), toward an anonymous European businessman (for promising to sell a division of his company to G.E. and then selling to somebody else, at a higher price), and toward himself (for buying Kidder, Peabody, a Wall Street brokerage that lost three hundred and fifty million dollars when one of its employees, Joseph Jett, engaged in rogue bond trades).

For all that, "Jack: Straight from the Gut" contains some telling anecdotes about a man who once said that to be a successful business leader "you've got to be on the lunatic fringe." As chairman, Welch interfered in every aspect of G.E.'s operations, down to vetting the scripts for refrigerator commercials. One of his catchphrases was "Don't Walter Cronkite me"—meaning don't give me the bad news without any solution. He took a particular interest in NBC and CNBC, helping Matt Lauer get his job on the "Today" show, and personally negotiating with Jerry Seinfeld to extend "Sein-

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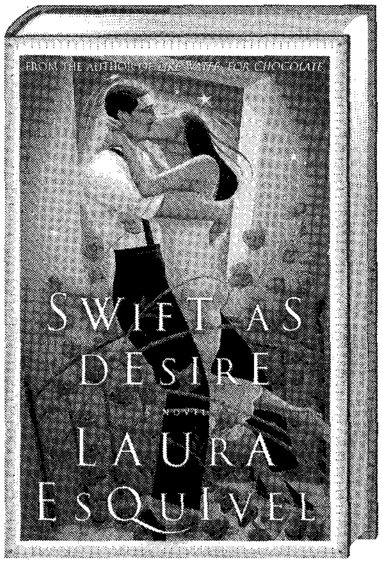

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SWIFT AS DESIRE
BY LAURA ESQUIVEL

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feld" for another season. (Seinfeld agreed after receiving a block of restricted G.E. stock.) The book also gives a revealing, if inadvertent, glimpse of the rarefied world that C.E.O.s of major corporations inhabit. When Welch learned about a *Fortune* piece that labelled him the toughest boss in America, he was on his way to Bohemian Grove, in Northern California, a retreat for America's power élite. When a more favorable article appeared, in *Forbes*, he was flying in a helicopter with Henry Kissinger. (Kissinger, ever the courtier, told him the story was "sensational.") And when he got one of his big management ideas, to promote "boundaryless" behavior within G.E., he was lying on the beach at the luxurious Sandy Lane resort, in Barbados, watching Santa Claus emerge from a submarine.

Welch started out a long way from the Sandy Lane, and his career is testimony to one of American capitalism's great strengths: its openness to talent. He was born on November 19, 1935, in Peabody, Massachusetts, the grandson of Irish immigrants. His father was happy to remain a conductor on the Boston & Maine railroad, but his mother, Grace, a strict Roman Catholic, imbued in him a fierce ambition. When Welch developed a stammer, which he still has, his mother told him it was because "no one's tongue could keep up with a brain like yours." Welch started work at G.E.'s plastics division in 1960, after getting a Ph.D. in chemical engineering at the University of Illinois. By 1968, he was the general manager. Thirteen years later, after a series of promotions, he succeeded Reginald Jones as G.E.'s chairman, surprising many people inside the company, who had considered him far too undiplomatic to reach the top. (Welch had never hidden his contempt for the bureaucrats at G.E. headquarters.)

There seemed to be little wrong with G.E. when Welch took over. The company had just made an annual profit of almost a billion and a half dollars, and Jones, a reserved Britisher, was the most admired businessman of his generation. But Welch, who was only forty-five, believed that G.E.'s military-style hierarchy stifled enterprise, and he considered many of its businesses second-rate. He slashed the bureaucracy and sold a number of subsidiaries, including the famous small-appliance division, which made G.E. televisions and toasters. He imposed two rules on the remaining businesses: they must be first or second in their markets, and every quarter they must generate a higher profit. Welch was influenced by Peter Drucker, the management theorist, who had advised senior executives to consider two questions: "If you weren't already in the business, would you enter it today?" And, if the answer was no, "What are you going to do about it?"

G.E. managers who failed to meet Welch's targets incurred his wrath. In a 1998 book, "At Any Cost: Jack Welch, General Electric, and the Pursuit of Profit," Thomas O'Boyle, an editor at the Pittsburgh *Post-Gazette*, told of how one G.E. executive checked himself into a mental hospital after an encounter with his chairman. Another G.E. man, who struggled with obesity, was so worried that Welch would think him a fat slob that he had his lower bowel stapled—an operation that left him with chronic diarrhea. Terror was accompanied by positive encouragement. Welch gave generous stock options to thousands of G.E. executives, and, over the years, many of them became multimillionaires. He also pursued numerous initiatives influenced by the latest management thinking, with names like Six Sigma, work-out, and destroyyourbusiness.com. (The latter effort, which was intended to move much of G.E.'s business online, resulted from Welch's belated discovery of the Internet, in 1999.)

Welch's draconian policies certainly boosted profitability, but the numbers are not quite what they seem. In order to meet Welch's demands, G.E.'s managers cut back on research and development and avoided entering risky new areas. The company that claims to "bring good things to life," and which brought to market the light bulb, the X-ray machine, and unbreakable plastic, hasn't come up with a revolutionary product in years. (CNBC probably comes closest.)

Under Welch, G.E.'s real "core competence" has been financial engineering. Every year, Welch bought dozens of companies to boost G.E.'s profits and its stock price. The process worked like this: Say that G.E. has a stock-market valuation of four hundred billion dollars and profits of ten billion dollars, which means that its stock is trading at forty times its earnings. (Until the recent turbulence in the stock market, this wasn't far from the truth.) Now assume that G.E. buys another company with a stock-market valuation of twenty billion dollars and annual profits (or potential profits) of two billion dollars. What is the value of the combined company? You might think the answer should be four hundred and twenty billion, but that's not how Wall Street sees it. If investors continue to believe that G.E. is worth forty times earnings, the new valuation will be four hundred and eighty billion dollars. As if by magic, sixty billion dollars will be created.

In relying on acquisitions, Welch exploited the myopic way in which Wall Street often values companies. And, as long as G.E. delivered consistent earnings growth, which it managed to do for twenty years, the strategy has been sustainable. But truly great businessmen—such as Alfred Sloan, the creator of General Motors, and Thomas Watson, the creator of I.B.M.—do not rely on financial trickery. They build durable business franchises that last for decades. Welch did no such thing.

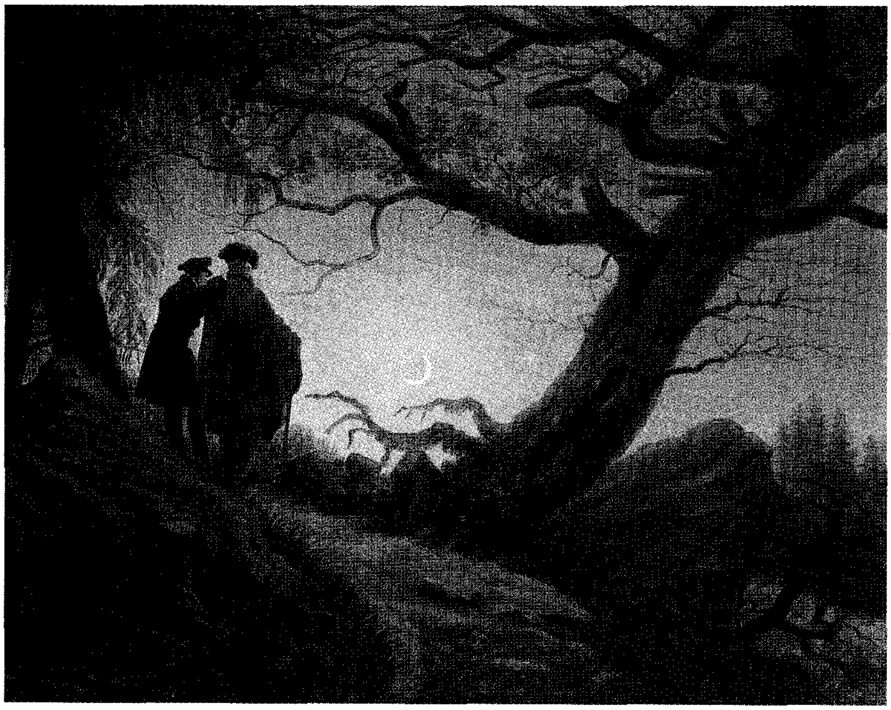
His successor, Jeff Immelt, will be hard pressed to maintain G.E.'s growth rate, which is heavily dependent on G.E. Capital, an internal bank that was in the forefront of Welch's acquisition binge. G.E. Capital is now one of the world's largest financial institutions, with almost four hundred billion dollars in assets, and it already accounts for about half G.E.'s revenues. It can't get much larger or Wall Street will start valuing G.E. as a bank, and that would have devastating repercussions for the company's shareholders, since banks trade at relatively low earnings multiples. If G.E. were to be valued like Citigroup, the biggest American bank, its stock price would be cut roughly in half. To make matters worse, some of G.E.'s older businesses, such as aircraft engines and major appliances, are suffering from the economic downturn. In the past year, G.E.'s stock has fallen from almost sixty dollars a share to below thirty-five. Welch reshaped G.E., and he delighted Wall Street, but the epilogue to the Jack Welch story has yet to be written. ♦

THE ART WORLD

INSPIRED LUNACY

A closer view of Caspar David Friedrich.

BY PETER SCHJELDAHL



METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART

The Met's "Two Men Contemplating the Moon": it is a masterpiece of German Romanticism, small in size but monumental in the viewer's memory.

A small, svelte show at the Metropolitan celebrates the museum's recent acquisition of its first painting by the great, strange, and vexing German Romantic Caspar David Friedrich (1774-1840). The work, "Two Men Contemplating the Moon" (circa 1830), is the last of three versions of the same imaginary scene—figures in autumnal woods at nightfall, beholding a crescent moon—that Friedrich made over the course of eleven years. The other two paintings, in one of which the figures are a man and a woman, have been lent for the occasion by museums in Germany, where all but a few Friedrichs unbudgeably reside. In its purchase of "Two Men," the Met has jumped at a rare chance. Hung together, the lunar triad affords a revealing look at an artist who worshipped nature without ever painting directly from it. (At most, he would mix and match elements from outdoor sketches.) Also in the show are six other works by Friedrich and ten by some of his like-minded, if less adept, contemporaries. Friedrich towered in his milieu.

"Caspar David Friedrich: Moonwatchers," which will be on view until November 11th, was curated by Sabine Rewald and Gary Tinterow. It takes for a theme the moon as a fashionable subject of poetry, art, music, and science in eighteenth- and early-nineteenth-century Germany. Scientific documents of the period are offered as a counterpoint to Friedrich's mystical pathos. The history lesson is mildly interesting, but it is decidedly extraneous to the effect of the paintings, whose glowering sensibility still packs an unassimilated, radical punch. An artist of the so-called sublime who gets more complex and disquieting

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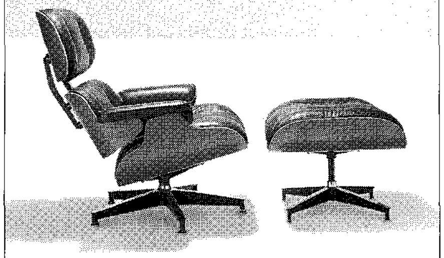

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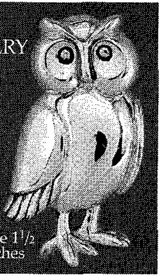

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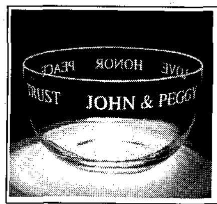

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the more one contemplates his work, Friedrich is a troublemaker among the masters. His slipperiness is like that of the concept of the sublime—a hopelessly jumbled philosophical notion that has had more than two centuries to start meaning something cogent and hasn't succeeded yet. As an adjective in common use, the word is correctly employed not by Immanuel Kant but by Frank Loesser: "The compartment is air-conditioned, and the mood sublime."

Mentioning Friedrich to a serious painter invariably sparks lively talk, pro or con. Rarely direct, his enduring influence has a perennially cultish, Lou Reed-like tinge. You can generally detect its presence in works that bank smoldering emotional fires in motifs of dead calm. Friedrich holds the patent on brooding, vatic fervor.

Born into a family of soap- and candlemakers in Pomerania, Friedrich lived most of his fairly sheltered life in Dresden. He belonged, as Joseph Leo Koerner has written in a study of the artist, "Caspar David Friedrich and the Subject of Landscape," to "the surplus of over-educated, highly ambitious, under-employed, and deeply frustrated middle-class young men" who fuelled the explosion of Romanticism around 1800. Goethe was an early champion, but the tough-minded bard got fed up with Friedrich's doomy, free-floating religiosity and willful arbitrariness regarding color. "One ought to break Friedrich's pictures over the edge of a table; such things must be prevented," Goethe remarked on what we must charitably presume was a bad day. Friedrich was touchy and taciturn. "In order not to hate people, I must avoid their company" is one of his few recorded remarks. He was convinced of his genius on the new Romantic law-unto-oneself model, and admirers in Germany and other northern countries, including Russia, were quick to agree. He despised France, and it returned the compliment. The Louvre didn't acquire its own first Friedrich until 1975.

The fashion turned to naturalism and genre painting well before his death, and Friedrich slipped into near-oblivion. He was later exalted under the ugly auspices of the Nazis, who adored him as a paladin of the Aryan soul. His obscurity in the United States lasted until the appearance, in 1975, of the art historian Robert Rosenblum's hugely consequential "Modern Painting and the Northern Romantic Tradition: Friedrich to Rothko," which shook up the Francophilia of American taste in modern art.

Rosenblum's linking of Rothko's poignant color space to Friedrich's moodily hued, often empty-centered compositions was historically questionable but visually persuasive. (Rothko might as well have been thinking of Friedrich when he characterized his own abstractions as "pictures of a single human figure—alone in a moment of utter immobility.") Friedrich's legacy flared in the nineteen-seventies and eighties amid triumphs of new German painting. Anselm Kiefer made references to the artist in works that, while efficiently stirring sensations of "sublime" landscape, probed retrospective, ghastly ironies of German Romanticism—a liberal movement that had some unpropitiously apocalyptic strains.

The Met's painting is no bigger than a briefcase, but, as often with Friedrich, it becomes monumental in memory. The two men stand on a steep path and look down on a low crescent moon whose full disk is dimly visible in a peachy glow of reflected light from Earth. The planet Venus glimmers nearby in a lavender sky. A partly uprooted oak overarches the scene. A young man leans chummily on the shoulder of a sternly upright elder, who, like many of Friedrich's heroes, defiantly wears German medieval garb, which was banned under the Metternichian order of Europe after the Napoleonic wars. Friedrich had a habit of combining nationalist resentment and spiritual transport, as if they automatically belonged together. That presumption can make one want to turn his mopey characters around and slap them. (At least, one might tell the older man that his immense, puffy beret—

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tradition or no tradition—looks ridiculous.) An erotic subtext is hinted at by the presence of Venus: the men are feasting their eyes on the cosmological Eternal Feminine.

Apart from his lyrical endorsement of male comradeship, there isn't a lot to be said for Friedrich's apparent ideals of human relations. Rewald writes in the show's catalogue, "Friedrich astounded his friends when he married in January 1818, having been a confirmed bachelor until the age of forty-four." In "Man and Woman Contemplating the Moon" (circa 1824), the eponymous couple stand—with her hand perched deferentially on his shoulder—as stiffly as chess pieces. A happy home is not evoked. Nearly the same postures are struck in "Sisters on the Harbor-View Terrace" (1820), a faintly hilarious painting on loan from the Hermitage. Primly dressed, the two young women stand at a balustrade and gaze into a nocturnal, phallic forest of masts and Gothic spires. In this instance, the oddly peremptory hand-on-shoulder gesture calls irresistibly for a caption on the order of "Take it easy." Laughing at the artist's crotchets is the only way I know to stay engaged with some of his more solemn scenes.

To stay engaged opens us to Friedrich's aesthetic genius, which sneaks up on the viewer with cunning compositions and, especially, with slow-acting color. When not converging on literally nothing, his pictorial schemes address objects that are either remote, like the moon, or obdurate, like the battered oak. Human figures intercept our gaze and transmit it into ineffable distance. The pictures don't give; they take. Something is drawn out of us with a harrowing effect, which Friedrich's use of color nudges toward intoxication. What at first seem to be mere tints in a tonal range combust into distinctly scented, disembodied hues: drenching purples and scratchy russets, plum darks and citron lights. One doesn't so much look at a Friedrich as inhale it, like nicotine. Friedrich is an artist of dusky fire, of twilight that sears. It is well worth sticking around for his shuddery pleasures, laced with something cold and weird. ♦

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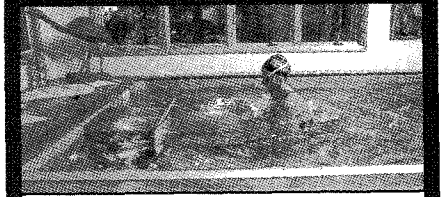

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THE THEATRE

THE CURTAIN RISES

New Yorkers go back to Broadway.

BY NANCY FRANKLIN

The Broadway theatre is one of the most prominent features of New York City's imposing and magnetic public face, and it was quick to compose itself after tragedy struck the city on Tuesday, September 11th. Only two days later, Times Square, which is just a few miles—about an hour's walk—from the devastation of lower Manhattan, resumed its nightly business of pleasure and reckoning, offering, as it has always done, the opportunity to satisfy some basic human needs: the need to forget and the need to remember. But that week many things happened that will be impossible to forget and that we will need no help in remembering. So what good was theatre? I had no idea, and not much inclination to try to come up with one. The knowledge that human beings have always performed for one another in the shadow of tragedy seemed a useless abstraction. But the show did go on, and on Thursday night, all over Broadway, productions in some way took note of the disaster at the World Trade Center. Casts and audiences sang "God Bless America" (a song that Sergeant Irving Berlin originally wrote for, and discarded from, a 1918 Army fund-raising show called "Yip! Yip! Yaphank"; he introduced a revised version, via Kate Smith, on Armistice Day in 1938, intending it to be a "peace song"), and donations were made to the American Red Cross.

"Urinetown"'s terrific cast sending up musical comedy. Photograph by Chris Callis.

Five days after Tuesday, on Sunday evening, I went to a concert performance of a 1941 Cole Porter musical called "Let's Face It," with a book by Herbert and Dorothy Fields, at the New-York Historical Society, which is two blocks from my apartment; two blocks in another direction is my local firehouse, Ladder 25, a small company next to whose entryway there is a growing memorial of candles, flowers, and cards, in honor of nine men in the company who died while trying to rescue people from the Twin Towers. The evening at the Historical Society wasn't exactly like other evenings at the theatre. The publicist and I hugged, for one thing. And as the cast, dressed in impeccable evening clothes, filed onto the stage, I saw someone I knew up there—a friend of a friend—and we smiled at each other; in what may be a first for a theatre critic, I gave him a secret little wave, as if he were my son in a school play. The rules didn't apply at that instant, or at similar instants all over town; last week, audiences and performers felt the need to make it overtly clear that they appreciated each other's presence. During the ballad "Ev'rything I Love," a woman in the cast wiped away a tear. Late in the second act, to everyone's surprise and delight, my friend, whose role so far had been small, stole the show with his over-the-top performance of a silly song called "A Little Rumba Numba." It was a moment of real joy in the midst of real sorrow—a moment that didn't erase the sorrow but celebrated our gift for shouldering it collectively—for which the audience and the cast seemed equally grateful.

The review that follows is unfinished. I began writing it on Monday, September 10th, and was going to continue on Tuesday morning. I don't regret the lighthearted tone, but I am not able to pick it up where I left off.

The new Broadway musical "Urinetown," at Henry Miller's Theatre, has already been produced twice in New York—first at the New York International Fringe Festival, in 1999, then at the American Theatre of Actors, earlier this year—and all the good puns, and all the bad puns, that beg to be made about its name have already been made by other members of the press, so don't look to me for new ones. (But I will say that enterprising travel agents might want to think about offering a Private Parts weekend-theatre package, taking in "Urinetown," "The Vagina Monologues," and, opening in a couple of weeks, "Puppetry of the Penis," in which two Australian men perform full-frontal "genital origami" onstage at the John Houseman Theatre, manipulating their equipment into such shapes as "the windsurfer," "the pelican," and "the Eiffel Tower." The act was a hit in England, though it is probably not exactly what Houseman had in mind when he talked about making money the old-fashioned way.) Of course, you're not supposed to like the title—that's part of the big, good-natured, and remarkably successful joke that is "Urinetown." On the cover of the original-cast recording, a handwritten editorial notation says, "Is this really the title?"

Created by Greg Kotis (book and lyrics) and Mark Hollmann (music and lyrics), two mid-eighties graduates of the University of Chicago, the show is a terrifically spirited sendup of musicals and their conventions—just the thing for older audiences who have endured some pretty bad serious musicals on Broadway in recent years and for younger audiences who may be more inclined to spend their money on software or shoes than on a Broadway show. It's a clever cartoon, in the Warner Bros. vein; and it can provide kids with their first, thrilling taste of a certain kind of show-biz tradition, much as kids of an earlier age heard their first Shakespeare and Mendelssohn while watching Bugs Bunny. The lack of subtlety that pervades "Urinetown" is deliberate and gleefully sophomoric: no gag that can possibly be hit with a hammer is left alone here—not only does a sign saying "Secret Hideout" hang above a secret hideout but the sign has an arrow on it.

"Urinetown" was inspired, Kotis has said, by a stay in Paris during which he found himself short of money and was faced one afternoon with having to decide whether to spend precious francs to use the pay facilities in the Luxembourg Gardens or wait until dinnertime. "It was then that the notion of a city where all toilets were controlled by a single, malevolent corporation first struck me," he wrote in the CD's liner notes. "Corruption, oppression, class warfare, environmental degradation, all these things seemed possible in a show where desperately having to go to the bathroom was a principal motivating factor. . . . Furthermore, the profound badness of the notion demanded it be a musical, the one form capable of delivering a bad idea with ultimate gusto." When it comes to politics and economics, let's just say that Kotis and Hollmann—whose show is in part a gloss on the shows of Bertolt Brecht and Kurt Weill but has about as much of their essence as the recipe for Mock Apple Pie on the back of the Ritz-crackers box has of apples—don't quite rank with other thinkers associated with their alma mater (or even, one might say, with Gerard Alessandrini, the creator of the beady-eyed, loving spoof "Forbidden Broadway"). But they do know something about gusto, and their effort has been aided on every front: by a uniformly wonderful cast (with only one holdover, out of sixteen actors, from the original Fringe Festival production), led by Jeff McCarthy, Nancy Opel, and John Cullum, as Caldwell B. Cladwell, the chief of Urine Good Company, the malevolent corporation that Kotis imagined back in Paris; by the director, John Rando; by the designers; and by John Carrafa, who staged the musical numbers.

At this point, I was going to add specifics about some of those musical numbers (the unexpected and very funny homage to "West Side Story" 's choreography in Act II) and performers (a top-hatted Cullum singing a mustache-twirling paean to corporate greed; McCarthy as an absurdly stereotypical Irish beat cop) and quote some lines that illustrated the show's comic self-consciousness (McCarthy's Officer Lockstock, who is also "Urinetown" 's narrator, explaining to a wide-eyed ragamuffin at the beginning of the evening, "You're too young to understand it now, but nothing can kill a show like too much exposition"). But many things that were begun on the tenth were on the morning of the eleventh irretrievable and irrelevant. Metaphors, our powers of description, our ability to understand and interpret reality—sense itself—vanished for a time. Those of us who happened to be in New York on September 11th and the days that followed, however, and those of us who have been able to bring ourselves to go back into theatres since then, have seen proof that we have not lost the ability to hear each other, and to bear witness. It is why we have always gone to the theatre, and it is why we always will. ♦

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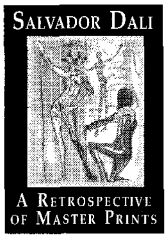

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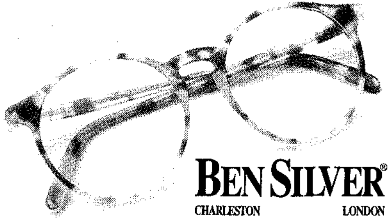

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

TALKING PICTURES

Scenes from a restaurant.

BY DAVID DENBY

A wave of fear passed through the country two weeks ago, but was there any sign that people were giving in to it? We saw an enormous amount of grief, but very little panic; anger, but very little hysteria. What people wanted—and, often enough, what they received from public officials, friends, and neighbors—was lucidity and courage. It came as a surprise, therefore, to read an article in the *Times* of Sunday, September 16th, that offered a very different interpretation of the national mood. "A lot of people will be looking for blue skies and escapist dramas and programs as an alternative to the realities that all of us are dealing with now and for years to come," Dana Walden, the president of Twentieth Century Fox Television, said. Another executive said, "We see entertainment now as much more wholesome, where movies reinforce American values and family and community."

Executives planning long-term projects are obviously uncertain about what will play well a year or two down the road. Still, a reflex dependence on escapism—as if relief from a new and disturbing reality could only be found in kitsch—surely amounts to a misreading of the moment. It's true that bland family entertainment attracted a lot of movie-goers during the Second World War. But the early forties were also the time of highly popular noir melodramas, Preston Sturges's boisterous comedies, and Humphrey Bogart's emergence as a sardonic new hero. Certainly, material of equivalent power would flourish now. Americans need to solve mysteries, attain clarity; they might hope that the popular arts will bring some measure of moral sense to an existence that, at times, appears to possess very little of it. The question is not what the audience can take but what Hollywood has the courage to turn out.

"Dinner Rush," a tangy independent film directed by Bob Giraldi, is set in Tribeca. The movie starts in the afternoon. Louis Cropa (Danny Aiello), the owner of a local restaurant, is airing his problems: a couple of minor-league Mafia thugs, known as Black and Blue, are moving in on him. Louis and his longtime partner, Enrico, have always done bookmaking on the side, and the thugs want the action and a piece of the restaurant as well. Louis, meanwhile, is thinking of turning the business over to his son, Udo (Edoardo Ballerini), a brilliant young chef who has attracted the notice of New York's food writers with his nouvelle-fusion Italian fare. The restaurant, Gigino, has become the hottest thing downtown, which doesn't make Louis altogether happy, since the place was once a family affair in which his late wife ruled the kitchen. Louis, it seems, can't eat Udo's rabbit Piedmontese with wine reduction and chocolate. He prefers the sausage-and-peppers fodder cooked for him by the sous-chef, Duncan (Kirk Acevedo), a wild young gambler who is always in debt. By the time Gigino opens for dinner a few nights later, Enrico has been shot down in the street by Black and Blue, and the two of them have shown up to eat. Other curious characters arrive—the denizens of the eternal party that is Manhattan's after-hours life. "Dinner Rush" combines pulse-of-the-city drama and comedy with an elaborate revenge plot, but mostly the movie is about New Yorkers talking. The allusive and generous-hearted screenplay was written by the team of Rick Shaughnessy and Brian

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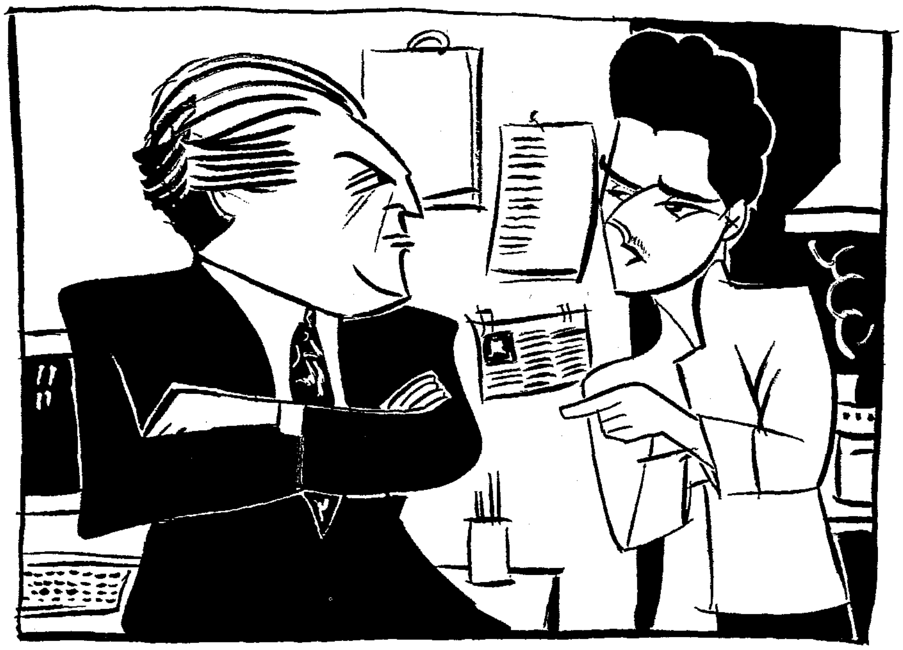
Kalata, and much of the script is delivered sotto voce, as if the dialogue had been jotted down late at night, on cocktail napkins.

Bob Giraldi has directed hundreds of commercials, but, except for a portentously blurred early sequence, the movie is fast and sure without ever being slick. Working with the cinematographer Tim Ives, and shooting in his own New York restaurant (he owns several), Giraldi sticks close to the frenzied activity in the basement kitchen, where Udo screams and rants, bullying the staff, and food gets pounded, slapped, flipped, flamed, and then dumped onto plates. He follows the waiters as they hustle up the stairs, catches the testy give-and-take between the impoverished staff and the hungry, late-dining customers. Giraldi doesn't yet have the virtuosity of Robert Altman, the ability to use the camera in long takes to connect one thing with another in a continuous flow. The movie breaks into many vignettes, intercut, and some of the pieces are a little sketchy and the cuts too rapid. But Giraldi is an entertainer—his movie has life and temperament, a Maileresque texture of appetite and hustle. As the filmmakers see it, everyone who's out at night in New York is on the make, eager to hook up, gain power, or get rich. The movie is filled with semi-hostile riffs, and it has a superb example of New York rudeness in the performance of Mark Margolis, as Fitzgerald, an art-gallery owner, who shows up with a party of artists and hangers-on. Margolis, lean and elegant, with a crown of white hair, speaks in a slow art-world whine. Fitzgerald pushes every moment to see what he can get away with, and the slowness of his speech dares you to upset his apple cart.



Danny Aiello and Edoardo Ballerini in "Dinner Rush."

TOM BACHTELL

Many of the vignettes are so entertaining that it takes us a while to see in their midst not only a revenge plot but the story of a father and two sons. Udo, Louis's real son, is a haughty and good-looking young man—Edoardo Ballerini has a fox's eyes, a slight, silky beard and mustache, and the intense self-possession of a ballet dancer. Slightly contemptuous of his father's ways, Udo still craves his love, but Louis has lost interest in him. Duncan the gambler, on the other hand, is a mess, and Louis keeps trying to straighten him out. As Duncan, Kirk Acevedo is a highly mobile young dynamo, but, in his scenes with Aiello, it's the old pro that one wants to look at. Aiello regards people warily from within the fortress of his enormous skull. Louis has seen and done everything; he's not surprised by ego, but he is disgusted by violence. Aiello doesn't punch up the performance; he just inhabits Louis's experience easily and comfortably. The movie is called "Dinner Rush," but it has a stillness at its heart. Aiello's Louis takes revenge on his enemies, sets the next generation of young men on the right track, and exits, as happily as anyone can, from the New York night that never ends. ◆

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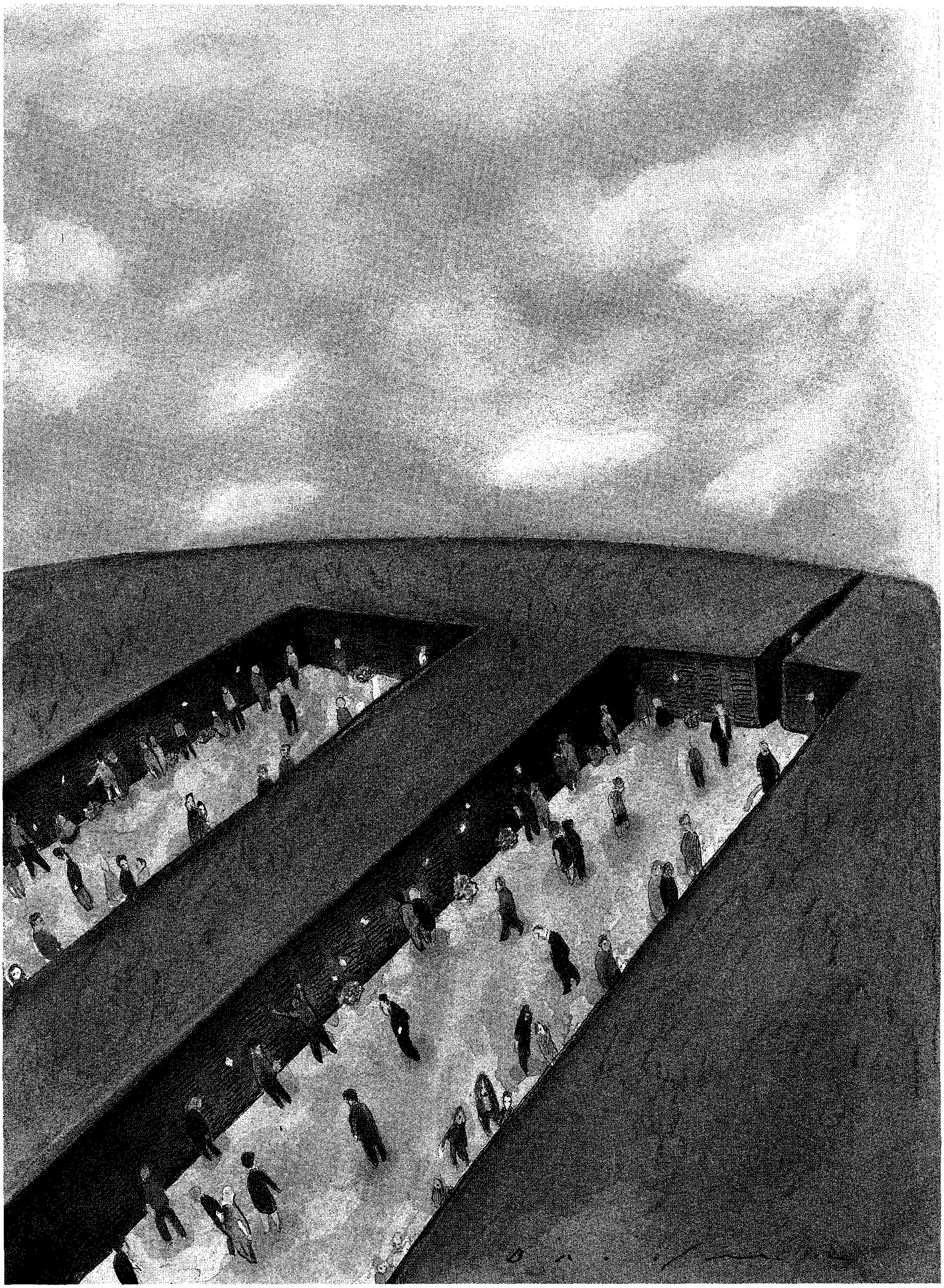

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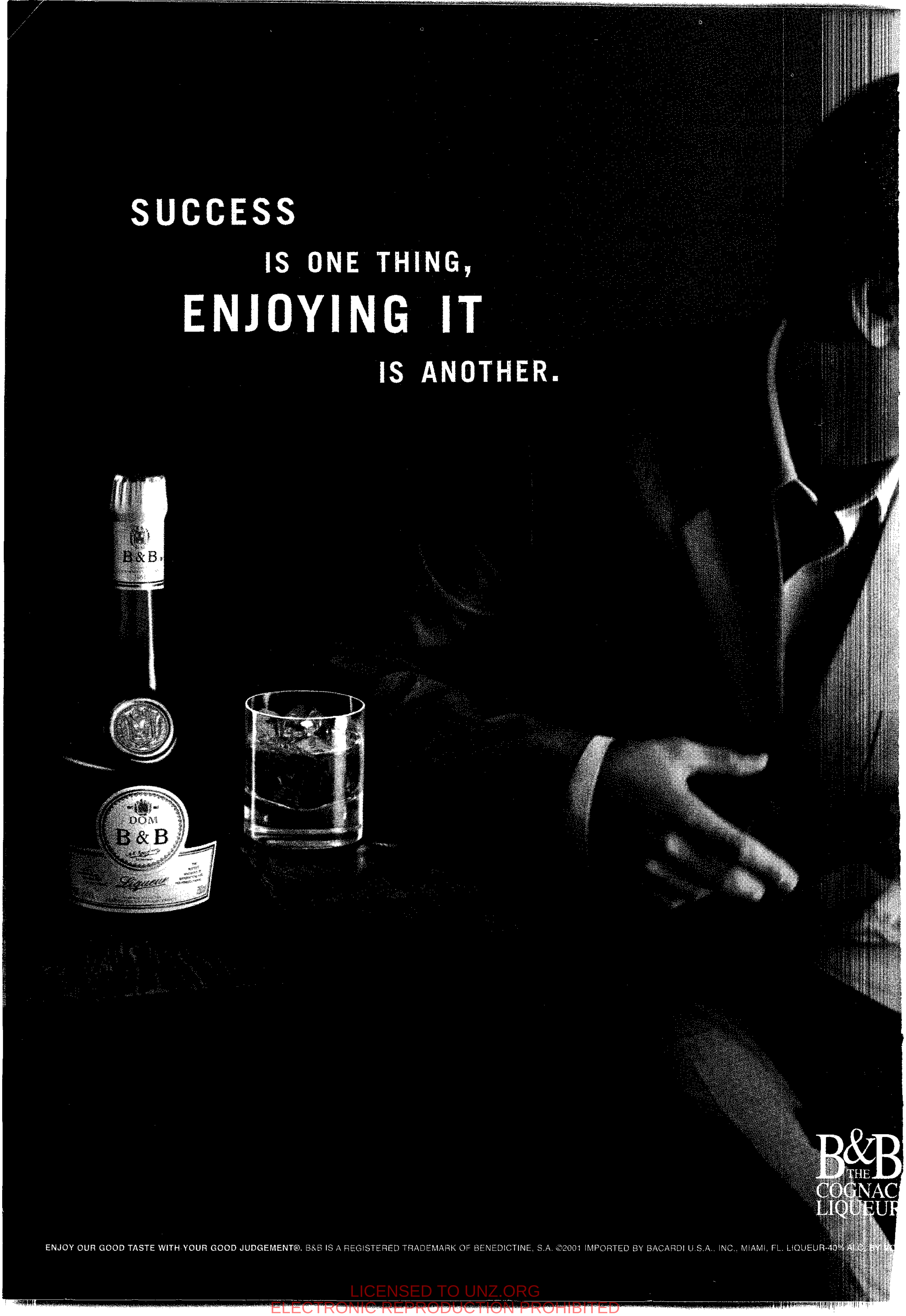
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